W., 10,000—20/9/98.

Croydon Public Libraries.

Central Reference Library.

Accession No. 5330 Class No. 941

Besides the class topic, other topics treated of in this book are as follows:—

Topic No.	Pages.	Topic No.	Pages.

RERUM BRITANNICARUM MEDII ÆVI SCRIPTORES,

OR

CHRONICLES AND MEMORIALS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

DURING

THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE CHRONICLES AND MEMORIALS

OF

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

DURING THE MIDDLE AGES.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHORITY OF HER MAJESTY'S TREASURY, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MASTER OF THE ROLLS.

On the 26th of January 1857, the Master of the Rolls submitted to the Treasury a proposal for the publication of materials for the History of this Country from the Invasion of the Romans to the Reign of Henry VIII.

The Master of the Rolls suggested that these materials should be selected for publication under competent editors without reference to periodical or chronological arrangement, without mutilation or abridgment, preference being given, in the first instance, to such materials as were most scarce and valuable.

He proposed that each chronicle or historical document to be edited should be treated in the same way as if the editor were engaged on an Editio Princeps; and for this purpose the most correct text should be formed from an accurate collation of the best MSS.

To render the work more generally useful, the Master of the Rolls suggested that the editor should give an account of the MSS. employed by him, of their age and their peculiarities; that he should add to the work a brief account of the life and times of the author, and any remarks necessary to explain the chronology; but no other note or comment was to be allowed, except what might be necessary to establish the correctness of the text.

The works to be published in octavo, separately, as they were finished; the whole responsibility of the task resting upon the editors, who were to be chosen by the Master of the Rolls with the sanction of the Treasury.

The Lords of Her Majesty's Treasury, after a careful consideration of the subject, expressed their opinion in a Treasury Minute, dated February 9, 1857, that the plan recommended by the Master of the Rolls "was well calculated for the accomplishment of this important national object, in an effectual and satisfactory manner, within a reasonable time, and provided proper attention be paid to economy, in making the detailed arrangements, without unnecessary expense."

They expressed their approbation of the proposal that each chronicle and historical document should be edited in such a manner as to represent with all possible correctness the text of each writer, derived from a collation of the best MSS., and that no notes should be added, except such as were illustrative of the various readings. They suggested, however, that the preface to each work should contain, in addition to the particulars proposed by the Master of the Rolls, a biographical account of the author, so far as authentic materials existed for that purpose, and an estimate of his historical credibility and value.

In compliance with the order of the Treasury, the Master of the Rolls has selected for publication for the present year such works as he considered best calculated to fill up the chasms existing in the printed materials of English history; and of these works the present is one.

Rolls House,
December 1857.

THE

BUIK OF THE CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND;

OR

A METRICAL VERSION OF THE HISTORY OF HECTOR BOECE;

BY

WILLIAM STEWART.

EDITED

BY

WILLIAM B. TURNBULL, ESQ.

OF LINCOLN'S INN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHORITY OF THE LORDS COMMISSIONERS OF HER MAJESTY'S TREASURY, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MASTER OF THE ROLLS.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, AND ROBERTS.

1858.

941

ayr

l R 5330

N 1718

Printed by
EYRE and SPOTTISWOODE, Her Majesty's Printers,
For Her Majesty's Stationery Office.

THE BUIK OF THE CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

Vol. III.

How Malcolme efter the Deceis of King Dauid was crownit King, and of his Prudence and chest Lyfe, and of greit Darth and Hungar that fell in Scotland, and how the Erle of Angus faucht with Symmerleid, Lord of Argyle, quha tynt the Feild and fled.

Lib. 13, f. 198. Col. 1.

Efter the deid of gude Dauid the king,
The sone of Henrie, Malcome richt benyng,
Prevenit wes as ȝe haif hard be deid,
Succeidit syne into king Dauidis steid,
Ane prettie cheild of threttene ȝeiris of age.
Thocht he wes ȝoung he wes of hie curage,
As efterwart rycht weill sic thing did preve;
Quhairfoir ilk man of him had gude beleif,
Thocht he that tyme wes bot so ȝoung ane cheild,
Throw greit vertu quhen that he come to eild,
As weill appeirit be his hie prudence,
That he suld preue ane nobill king and prince.
And so it wes syne as my author sais,
Ane clene virgin he leuit all his dais,
Without corruptioun into thocht or deid,
Gif all be suith in my author I reid.

Col. 2. In his first ȝeir, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
Sic darth and hungar wes ouir all Scotland,
For falt of fude richt mony man and wyffe,
Baith ȝoung and ald, that tyme loissit the lyfe,
And mony one, that had aneuch befoir, 42,590
To pouertie wes put for euir moir.
The samin tyme now that ȝe heir me reid,
Lord of Argyle wes callit Symmerleid,
Knawand the king so far wes within ȝouth,
And he him self inclynit wes till stouth, 42,595
To reif and slauchter and to all mischeif,
In cumpany with mony commoun theif,
Of all the baronis la him neir about
Greit heirschip maid, with mony cry and schout;
And mony one into the tyme he slew, 42,600
That schupe himself or guidis to reskew.
The lord of Angus of richt nobill fame,
That Gillecristus wes callit to his name,
With mony berne that wes baith bald and wicht,
Buskit for battell all in armour bricht, 42,605
This king Malcome hes furneist for till go,
But ony baid, with mony vtheris mo,
Quhilk gaif ane feild syne to this Symmerleid,
Quhair mony berne richt baldlie tha gart bleid.
Tua thousand men of his that da tha slew, 42,610
And he himself than wist of na reskew,
Bot the few folk [that] in the tyme he hed,
To saue him self than into Irland fled.
And so he hapnit throw sic chance and cace,
Ontane or slane to chaip out of that place. 42,615
The king of Ingland Stevin that tyme wes deid;
Henrie the secund rang into his steid,
The emprice sone, befoir as I ȝow schew.
Of this triumph quhen that he hard and knew
That king Malcolme of his fais wan, 42,620
So prysit wes with euerie wyfe and man,

And so greit honour of him that tha spak,
Traistand thairof sic curage he suld tak,
Now into ȝouthheid quhen he wes ane cheild,
That efterwart syne quhen he come to eild,
For Huntlyngtoun and eik Northumberland,
And Cumbria, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
No homage mak nor ȝit till him obey,
Bot dalie hald him in greit sturt and pley.
Thairfoir that tyme to king Malcome he send
In haist ane herald, quhilk till him did wend,
Commandand him, as I sall schaw ȝow heir,
In Lundoun toun befoir him to compeir
Richt haistelie, without ony demand,
For Huntlyngtoun and als Northumberland
Obedience thairfoir to maik him till;
And wald he nocht, in magir of his will,
Tha landis all that he sould lois for euir;
Cheis him, he said, quhilk of thame he had leuer.
This king Malcome that wes so ȝoung ane cheild,
Quhilk scantlie than wes fourtene ȝeir of eild,
Suppois he wes of the imperiall blude,
And naturallie inclynit ay to gude,
Gentill and meik, large and liberall,
Ȝit neuirtheles his wisdome wes bot small.
Semdill or nocht is sene, sa Christ me saue,
Sa ȝoung ane man greit wisdome for to haue.
Wisdome requyris dalie diligence,
With greit ingyne and lang experience,
Considderance, with greit subtillitie,
Quhilk in ȝouthheid nocht kyndlie is to be.
So wes this Malcome of Scotland that wes king,
Without wisdome, of ȝeiris wes so ȝing,
Siclike also as oft hapnis to be,
His counsall all than wer alss ȝoung as he.

42,625 42,630 42,635 42,640 42,645 42,650 42,655

Lib. 13, f. 198b. Col. 1.

So is the natuir baith of puir and ryik,
As wysmen sayis, ay lyke drawis to lyke.
And so did he this Malcolme that wes king,
Applyit him to men that war ouir ȝing.
Throw sic counsall as I haif said ȝow heir,
In Lundoun toun that tyme he did compeir,
Quhair that he micht, but ony skaith or blame,
Be commoun law remanit weill at hame;
For-quhy this Henrie as I schew befoir,
And als king Stevin, all clames les and moir
Of Huntlyngtoun and als Northumberland,
Frelie gaif ouir vnto king Dauidis hand:
Ȝit neuirtheles for perrell of moir pley,
That causit him that tyme for till obey.
Befoir king Henrie into Lundoun toun,
Comperit hes with protestatioun,
That his presens so far wes within aige,
Suld no wa hurt the richt and priuilege
That he and his had to Northumberland,
To Huntlyngtoun and also Cumberland,
And for na det that he mycht at him craif,
Bot for kyndnes that he thair presens gaif.

How King Malcolme passit with King Henrie in France, aganis Lodovick, and seigit the Toun of Tollos, and how the Scottis Lordis war discontentit and efter misit, and of the Weiris that fell betuix King Henrie of Ingland and King Malcolme of Scotland, for the Reskew of Northumberland.

That samin tyme it hapnit vpone chance,
This ilk king Henrie passit into France,

With mony rynk that ryall wes and ryke,
In plane battell aganis Lodowyke
The king of France and saxt wes of that name,
Aganis quhome he had so greit ane clame.
For moir effect his forwardtis to fulfill,
This king Malcolme full soir aganis his will,
Without ressoun, as he aucht nocht do so,
In France that tyme hes maid with him till go;
In that beleif withoutin variance,
To brek the band betuix Scotland and France.
Into that land ane lang tyme thair he la,
With countering and carmusche euirilk da;
To Tullois sone ane seig than set he,
Quhair he compellit king Malcome to be
In proper persone sair aganis his will,
Throw neid and force constranit him thairtill.
Richt litill honour in that seig he wan,
For-quhy he loissit mony nobill man;
Amang the laue, as my author recordis,
He loissit thair tua worthie nobill lordis,
Ane hecht Williame, quhilk wes ane nobill prence,
King Stevynnis sone erle of Bellomens,
Of Glocister the nobill erle also,
Callit Honan, and mony vther mo.
And quhen he saw that he culd nocht prevaill
Off his purpois, bot ilk da maid to faill,
Come hame agane, but stop or ȝit ganestand,
To Lundoun toun and Malcolme to Scotland.
The lordis of Scotland all into tha dais
Convenit hes, as that my author sais,
In parliament befoir Malcome the king,
Richt soir complaynt makand of all that thing;
Schawand the maner and the circumstance,
How he him self aganis the king of France

Faillit so far, but ony caus or quhy,
Takand so plane part with his awin ennimy
Aganis thair freind, as it mycht eith be sene,
So lang befoir to Scotland ay had bene.
This king Malcome suppois that he wes ȝing,
Wyslie agane he ansuerit to that thing,
And soberlie sayand agane thame till,
All that he did wes soir aganis his will,
Quhilk wes includit in his fais hand,
Brekand to him baith oblissand and band,
And of sic power wes that tyme for-thi,
That in that tyme he micht nocht him deny.
The lordis all quhen that tha hard that thing,
Considderit than that saikles wes the king;
That neid and force constranit him thairtill,
And weill tha wist it wes aganis his will,
And als on force that tyme in France wes led,
Quhairfoir of him the moir patience tha hed.
Siclike in France to gude Lues the king,
He send to him and schew him all that thing;
Excusand him of all thing les and moir,
Schawand to him the caus quhy and quhairfoir,
In forme and effect as ȝe haif hard ilk deill.
The quhilk king Lues hes considderit weill
Into the tyme and, for the samin quhy,
Remittit all thairfoir wes passit by.
This ilk king Henrie quhen he hard sic thing,
So soir accusit wes Malcome the king
With all his lordis that tyme les and moir,
For his passage with him in France befoir,
Content he wes of sic thing quhen he kend,
And suddantlie ane herald to him send,
Commandand him rycht sone incontinent
In Eborak, on to his parliament,

Befoir him self that he suld sone compeir:
And so he did as ȝe sall efter heir.
Quhair that he wes accusit in the tyme
With king Henrie of greit tressoun and cryme,
Quhilk fenȝeit wes with all the circumstance,
Sayand with him quhen that he wes in France,
Throw greit tressoun that he committit than,
In tha weiris he loissit mony man.
Quhairfoir, he said, he mich[t] weill wnderstand,
All Huntlyntoun and als Northumberland,
And Cumbria withoutin ony faill,
For that tressoun he had forfaltit haill:
Ȝit neuertheles he said it suld nocht be
Done at that tyme with his auctoritie
Allanerlie, nor ȝit at his command,
Bot be the counsall that tyme of Ingland,
That present war into that parliament.
Quhairtill richt sone tha gaif alhaill consent,
For na defence that king Malcome culd mak,
Thocht all wes ressone in the tyme he spak,
It availlit nocht his power wes so smaw,
Thocht he alledgit mony sindrie law.
Than force it wes thair sentence to sustene,
Was no man thair that wald him help or mene. Lib.13, f.199. Col. 1.
All[1] this wes done, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
To caus the lordis that tyme of Scotland,
Gif all be trew I hard my author tell,
Agane thair king richt sone for to rebell.
For moir effect sic thing suld cum till hand,
Or he come hame befoir him in Scotland,
Ane haistie word ouir all the land gart spred,
That king Malcolme that tyme resignit hed,
Withoutin caus compelland him thairtill,
Tha landis all of frie motiue and will.

[1] In MS. *As*.

Quhilk causit hes his lordis les and moir,
At him ilkone to be aggreuit soir;
Ane quiet counsall for that samin thing,
Conspyrit hes that tyme agane thair king.
Quhen he come hame syne efter on ane da,
In Bartha toun quhair that king Malcome la,
Then of Stratherne the nobill erle and lord,
And mony vther I will nocht now record,
Hard tell befoir how all that thing wes done,
About the toun tha laid ane seig full sone,
All in ane will and ane auctoritie,
Of king Malcome for to revengit be,
Into the tyme commouit wes so soir,
For the same caus that ȝe haif hard befoir.
This king Malcolme that wnderstude full sone,
Be wrang relatioun all that thing wes done;
Than sone to thame his innocence he schew,
Wyss agit men the veritie that knew,
And suithfast men that tyme that said thame till,
That all wes done richt soir aganis his will,
Quhairfoir of him tha sould compassioun haif:
And so tha did, lordis and all the laif
Remittit hes all malice and dispyte,
Quhen that tha knew thairof he had no wyte:
Syne efter that ay than the nobill blude
But ony pley at his opinioun stude.
Syne king Malcolme efter ane lytill we,
Of king Henrie for to revengit be,
For the greit falt that he maid him befoir,
And for the landis also les and moir
He held fra him withoutin caus or quhy,
Proclamit hes than with ane oppin cry,
Ouir all Scotland, richt suddantlie ilkone
Suld reddie be with fourtie dais lone,
To follow him quhair that he fuir of toun.
And so tha did richt mony bald barroun,

Lang in that weir, as my author did sa,
At countering and carmusche euerie da,
On euerie syde, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
Greit slauchter maid into Northumberland,
And mekill blude on baith the sydis spilt,
In tha weiris that saikles wer but gilt.
And quhen tha knew, as it is rycht weill kend,
Of all weiris peax is the latter end,
And for that caus boith the parteis, but leis,
Hes set ane da quhair tha suld speik of peice,
Neir Carlill toun, quhair that the kingis met
At tyme and place quhair that the tryst wes set;
And on this wyiss concordit than wer tha,
That Huntlyngtoun and also Cumbria
This king Malcolme suld frelie haif agane;
Northumberland with king Henrie remane,
Bot ony clame of king Malcolme thairtill.
Quhilk wes full soir aganis his lordis will;
Ȝit neuirtheles rycht weill that tyme tha wist,
Without greit skayth tha micht him nocht resist,
For ony way that tha culd mak thairtill;
Thairfoir as than tha gaif him all his will. Col. 2.
Thocht tha had at him greit malice for-thy,
Ȝit neuirtheles, for that same caus and quhy,
Dissimulit with him all his dais
In that mater, as that my author sais.
In this same tyme now that ȝe heir me sa,
Ane callit Angus, lord of Gallowa,
Carrik and Kyle, and Cuninghame also,
Perturbit hes, and vther landis mo,
With thift and reif, greit slauchter and with fyre,
Rycht cruellie with greit malice and yre.
With greit power wes send him to resist
Ane nobill man wes callit Gillecrist,
Of Angus lord, befoir as ȝe mycht reid,
In plane battell quhilk vincust Symmerleid,

Lord of Argyle, in Ireland that wes fled.
This Gillecrist in Gallowa him sped,
And twyss or thryis with this Angus straik feild,
On euerie syde richt mony man wes keild,
Syne vincust him in feild besyde ane firth.
This ilk Angus in Quhiterne than tuke girth,
Quhair he wes walknit all tyme round about,
That be no way that tyme he mycht wyn out.
Quhairfoir he come into the kingis will;
His eldest sone in pledge syne gaif him till;
Syne for his falt, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
He loissit hes ane greit part of his land,
Depryuit als of all his dignitie.
And quhen he saw that no better micht be,
All warldlie honour in the tyme forsuik,
And on his corce religious habite tuik
In Halieruid hous, as my author sais,
Diuotlie thair remanit all his dais,
In the same will quhair that he first began,
And syne endit ane gude religious man.
Sone efter this, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
Ane hecht Godwyn into Murra land,
In Ross, in Buchane, and in Gariot,
Bayth reft and staw, and cuttit mony throt:
That tyme in Mar and in the Mernis also,
Greit wrang he wrocht and vther landis mo.
The king Malcome quhen that he knew and kend
Sic wrang wes wrocht, on[to] him sone he send
Ane messinger into the samin tyme,
Commandand him, for his greit gilt and cryme,
Befoir the king to enter and thoill law.
This Godowyn that stude bot litill aw
Of king Malcolme, or his auctoritie,
That messinger he hes hangit richt hie,

And all the laue that tyme, bayth gude and ill,
Fra king Malcolme sic message brocht him till;
Quhairat king Malcome, wes richt far com-
mute, 42,890
Gude Gillecrist, the quhilk so weill wes lute,
In Murra send with greit power that tyme,
To be revengit of Godvynis cryme.
This Gillecrist, syne efter on ane da,
In Murra land, as my author did sa, 42,895
So hie he wes and full of arrogance,
Throw negligence and greit misgouernance,
With Goldowe vincust wes and chaist.
Quhilk to the king wes schawin into haist,
That with greit power efter on ane da, 42,900
He come him self into Morauia,
At Speyis mouth with this Goldowe met,
And suddanelie syne maid ane greit onset,
And stalwartlie on euery syde tha stude,
Quhill mony berne la bulrand in thair blude, 42,905 Lib.13, f.199b. Col. 1.
Syne as God wald [and] so all thing man be,
This Goldowe wes maid that tyme to fle,
Syne in that chace slane quhair that he fled,
And all the laue siclike with him he hed.
The quhilk to do the king than gaif command, 42,910
And all the laue that duelt in Murraland,
Nane sould be saif, bot all suld loiss the lyvis,
Except ald men, barnis, and ald wywis.
And so tha did with greit crudelitie,
Till all vther exempill for till be, 42,915
Agane thair king so oft for to rebell
As tha haif done, befoir as ȝe hard tell.
On euerie part of Scotland syne tha socht
For husband men, syne in Murra thame brocht,
And euerie man into his place hes plaist, 42,920
In fault of laubour it suld nocht ly waist.

This beand done as ȝe haif hard of new,
This Symmerleid, of quhome befoir I schew,
Lord of Argyle, in Ireland that wes fled,
With all the power in that tyme he hed,
At the west se he enterit on ane da
Into Scotland out of Ybernia,
With all his power that tyme les and moir,
And tynt the feild siclike as of befoir.
Syne at Renfrow, sic wes his chance and grace,
Him self levand wes tane into the chace;
Syne efterwart, that mony man mycht se,
Vpone ane gallous hangit wes richt hie.
Quhen all this thing wes passit and bygone,
King Malcome hed few fais than or none;
His purpois wes than for that samin quhy,
In tyme of peax for to mak policy,
And to reforme all faltis wer bigone.
Of his tua sisteris first he wald dispone;
Margaret the eldest, ȝe sall wnderstand,
To schir Florence, that erle wes of Holand,
In mariage that samin tyme gaif he;
The secund sister in the same degrie,
Onto the duke of Bertanȝe tha dais,
In matrimony, as that my author sais.
This beand done ane counsall syne wes set,
Quhair all his lordis thair togidder met,
All in ane purpois that tyme to prouyde,
The commoun weill how tha suld reull and gyde.
Ane nobill man of greit auctoritie,
Of Sanct Androis bischop that tyme wes he,
Ane faithfull father and of nobill fame,
Quhilk callit wes Arnaldus to his name,
Richt greit persuasioun in the tyme did mak
To king Malcome, quhair mekle gude he spak

Of mariage, of hie or law degrie
So gude it wes ane weddit man to be.
This ilk Malcome, as that my author sais,
Ane virgin clene he leuit all his dais,
Without corruptione ay of his bodie frie; 42,960
Richt clene he wes in puir virginitie.
And for that caus Arnald this nobill man
Persuadit him in all thing that he can,
Be the consent and counsall of the laue,
Of his bodie successioun for to haif, 42,965
To tak ane princes that micht be his peir.
Sayand far moir than I will say ȝow heir,
That he had sene in mony sindrie storie,
Quhilk I haif nocht this tyme into memorie: Col. 2.
And thocht I hed, I think it litill speid 42,970
Now to my purpois forder to proceid.
Quhen he had said befoir thame all in plane,
Than king Malcome sic ansuer maid agane.
Sayand, sen he discretioun had thairtill,
For to decerne betuix gude and ill, 42,975
His mynd wes ay, and ȝit, hé said, suld be,
For to leif chest in puir verginitie.
Sen Christ, he said, as the scripture dois mene,
Ane virgin wes, and of ane virgin clene
Wes borne in, and alss virginitie 42,980
Heir in this tyme gritlie commendit he,
" Thairfoir," he said, "I think for to fulfill
" As I haif said, quha lykis weill or ill."
Quhen this ansuer wes hard with euerie man
Into the tyme that present wes thair than, 42,985
Tha said no moir, or dreid it suld him greve,
Bot laulie than ilk man hes tane his leve,
That present war that tyme les and moir,
Syne went all hame quhair tha come fra befoir.
Sone efter this Malcolme ane litill we, 42,990
Of Sanct Androis the kirk foundit he;

Translatit it fra secular preistis syne
To channonis regularis of Sanct Augustyne;
And of Cowper the abba in tha dais
Foundit and feft, as that my author sais.
This being done this worthie nobill king,
Into the tuelt ȝeir efter of his ring,
And of oure Lord ane thousand ȝeir alsò,
Ane hundreth sextie and fyve ȝeiris mo,
Throw soir seiknes quhilk persit hes his hart,
His blissit saull did fra the bodie depart.
The quhilk bodie into Drumfermling,
With all honour pertenit to ane king,
Ingrauit wes than in ane sepulture;
With mad murning than to the erd him buir.

How Williame, Bruther to King Malcolme, wes crownit King efter him, and of his Comperance befoir King Henrie of Ingland tueiching Northumberland.

Williame his bruther, efter his deceis,
Ane plesand prince that all tyme louit peice,
With ane consent of euerie lord ilkone,
Wes crownit king vpone the marbell stone.
Ane man he wes, alss far as I haif feill,
In all his tyme ay for the commoun weill;
So full of justice and of equitie,
Thairfoir the Lyoun callit than wes he.
Sone efter he ressauit had the croun,
Ane herald syne he send to Lundoun toun,
To king Henrie, asking him to restoir
Northumberland with fredome les and moir,
Quhilk he befoir without proces of lawis,
Fra Malcolme tuke but ony quhy or caus,

Quhairfoir he aucht it to restoir agane.
Quhen this wes said, king [Henrie] than rycht plane
Sic ansuer maid as I sall schaw ȝow heir:
Bad him that tyme in Lundoun to compeir
Befoir himself withoutin ony demand,
For Huntlyngtoun and also Cumberland
Obediens thairfoir to mak him to,
Siclyke befoir as wont wes for till do.
That beand done he suld weill wnderstand
Anent the richtis of Northumberland,
All clame or richt that he culd haif thairtill,
That ressoun war, he suld thame all fulfill.
Quhen this ansuer to king Williame wes tald,
Without dilay no langar leind he wald;
With mony nobill that wes of renoun,
Befoir king Henrie into Lundoun toun,
Comperit hes richt haistelie and sone,
And did till him that aucht for to be done
For Huntlyntoun and als for Cumberland;
Desyrand syne at him Northumberland,
As he that had richt just titill thairtill,
As promittit wes be him for to fulfill.
This ilk king Henrie that tyme for ane trane,
To king Williame sic ansuer maid agane,
Sayand tha war in congregatione
Of his lordis annexit to the croun;
And sen sic thing with thair consent and will
Wes wrocht, he said, he mycht do nocht thairtill,
Without it war with all thair haill consent,
Agane retreittit in the parliament.
Thair he said sone, quhen efter that he ma,
Tha suld convene togidder on ane da,
Quhen he had lasar as fast as he mycht,
Quhair he suld haif all that he aucht of rycht.
He micht nocht tarie in that tyme for-thi
His purpois wes to pas in Normondy,

Lib. 13, f. 200. Col. 1.

For greit mater thair that he had till do,
Requyring him for to pas with him to.

How King Williame passit in Normondy, and puneist Men Murderaris and wickit Levaris quhen he come Hame in Scotland, and of greit Weiris and Skaith in Northumberland on baith the Syidis be Inglismen and Scottismen.

This king Williame that micht him nocht ganestand,
Into the tyme quhairfoir at his command
In Normondy he passit with him hidder,
Thir tua kingis with greit triumph togidder;
And thair ane lang tyme that tha did remane,
But ony word of hame cuming agane,
Na to king Williame nothing les no moir
Wes done of all[1] promist wes maid befoir.
Quhairfoir king Williame efter on ane da,
His leif he tuke for to pas his wa;
Suppois it wes with greit difficultie,
Zit neuirtheles sic leif that tyme gat he.
Sone efter syne, without stop or ganestand,
Baith haill and feir come hame into Scotland,
Quhair mony theif and revar in the tyme,
Of throt-cutteris and all sic cursit cryme,
And murderaris of leill men be the way,
Abundant wer into that samin day.
This king Williame greit diligence hes done,
Quhill all sic cryme he clengit hes full sone;
Or he wald sober in that tyme and ceis,
He maid all Scotland for to leif in peice.

[1] In MS. *all all.*

As ȝe haif hard all thing so beand done,
To king Henrie he send agane full sone, Col. 2.
Askand at him, siclike as of befoir,
Northumberland agane to him restoir,
Be his promit schort quhile befoir ago.
This king Henrie quhen he consideritt so,
Than force it wes to fulfill his desyre,
Or to sustene greit malice and his yre
In plane battell, quhilk he wes laith till do,
Thairfoir sic ansuer hes he maid him to;
That he agane resigne sould in his hand
Alhaill the boundis of Northumberland,
That his foirgudschir king Malcome Canmoir
In his possessione brukit of befoir.
The quhilk king Williame glaidlie did ressaue,
Sayand the richt that he had to the laue,
That be no way for that he wald remit,
Schortlie that tyme he did him weill to wit.
This ilk king Henrie syne efter richt sone
Repentit hes that he sic thing had done;
With secreit counsall thairfoir than he wrocht,
For to perturb king Williame and he mocht,
Perswadit hes richt mony wer duelland
Within his boundis of Northumberland,
Vpone the Scottis on thair bordour syde,
Ilk da be da in plane heirschip to ryde;
And tak all guidis tha mycht les and moir,
And neuir ane stirk agane thame to restoir.
All this wes done in to the samin effect,
To caus king Williame trewis for to brek,
That he micht fynd ane just titill belyve,
Of all the landis him for to depryve.
Sone efter syne in previe and in plane,
Tuke mekill gude and nothing come agane;
And for na wardane other les and moir,
Of all that gude wald nocht agane restoir;

And of thair reif and ryding wald nocht rest,
Bot mair and mair ilk da tha war oprest;
And no remeid tha culd get of that thing,
Quhill it wes schawin to gude Williame the king.
Quhilk to the Scottis that tyme gaif command,
Remanand war into Northumberland,
And all the laif vpoun the bordour syde,
With haill power in Ingland for to ryde,
And haistelee revenge thame of thair skaith.
And so tha did with fyre and blude than bayth,
Ouir all the bordour of Ingland so braid,
Baith tuik and slew, and rycht greit heirschip maid.
Becaus it wes so lait than of the ȝeir,
Also the sessoun drawand wes so neir,
That men suld wyn baith thair corne and hay,
Thairfoir as than tha thocht best to delay
Farder to pas, and of thair purpois blin,
Quhill efterwart that thair cornis war wyn.
And so tha did as it wes rycht weill knawin,
Passit all hame for to defend thair awin,
Till efterwart quhill tha mair lasar hed,
Tha war content that tyme as tha had sped.
Syne efterwart quhen thair laubour wes done,
All winter ouir with licht of sone and mone
Baith brint and slew, rycht mony slew and chaist,
Quhill [all] the bordour of Ingland la waist.
In symmer syne quhen fair flouris will spred,
This king Williame with all power he hed,
Quhilk gydit wes with mony lord and knycht
Bodin for battell all in armour bricht,
In that purpois richt pertlie to persew,
Northumberland agane for to reskew.
Gude Gillecrist, of Angus that wes lord,
Quhome of befoir ȝe hard me oft record,

Lib. 13, f. 200b. Col. 1.

Quhilk in his tyme that helpit oft in mister,
And weddit had also the kingis sister,
Als with his fais greitlie ay wes dred,
At his gyding the vangard than he hed.
Ane greit nobill neir of the kingis blude,
Callit Rannald, that wes ane man of gude,
The secund wyng vpone the tother syde,
The nobill king gaif this Rannald to gyde.
The middill ward he tuke him self on hand,
Syne enterit sone into Northumberland;
So greit power with him that tyme he hed,
That all the pepill far fra him than fled.
The king of Ingland callit wes Henrie,
Remanand wes that tyme in Normondie,
Quhairfoir of Ingland that tyme les and moir,
The pepill all king Williame dred rycht soir,
And of his cuming quhen tha knew and wist,
Gatherit richt sone his power to resist,
Ouir all Ingland that tyme bayth far and neir.
And quhen tha saw thair power wes no peir
Till his power in ordour and in strenth,
Than to postpone the battell to moir lenth,
That tha mycht haif moir lasar tyme and space,
For to convene togidder in ane place,
Tha soucht king Williame with ane subtill wyle,
With giftis grit gif tha mycht him begyle.
Syne send to him ane herald that did proffer
Gold infinit in kistis and in coffer,
For to ressaue at set place and at da,
Out of tha boundis for to pas his wa.
Quhen this herald had schawin thair his will,
This king Williame[1] sic ansuer maid him till;
Sayand, for gold, as it suld rycht weill pruif,
His mynd wes nocht sic battell for to muif;

[1] In MS. *Malcome.*

No ȝit, he said, as weill wait mony man,
It wes nocht he tha weiris first began.
His will wes nocht bot to debait his richt,
Quhilk tha, he said, with greit falsheid and slicht,
Gart brek the peax the weiris to begin.
" And quhen ȝe se na vantage thair to win,
" Bot mair and mair greit danger, skayth and lak,
" Now ar ȝe fane sic men[d]is for to mak.
" ȝit neuirtheles," he said, " ȝe sall find me
" Into this cace nothing cruell to be,
" So that tha will all dampnage les and moir,
" Redres agane that tha haif tane befoir,
" And frelie syne, without stop or ganestand,
" Resigne agane ouir all Northumberland.
" This beand done, withoutin ony leis,
" Of me ȝe sall haif baith fauour and peace :
" Se to thame self gif tha will nocht do so."
With this ansuer he tuke his leif to go,
No langar thair as than he wald remane,
Syne to the lordis passit hame agane,
And all his ansuer did to thame reherss,
Ilk word be word as I haif put in verss,
And all his credence richt so to thame schew.
The lordis all weill be his ansuer knew
He wald nocht stop of his malice and yre,
Col. 2. Quhill he of thame had gottin his desyre,
As [he] befoir proponit had thame till,
The quhilk that tyme tha doucht nocht to fulfill.
Also thairto perfitlie than tha[1] wist
His greit power tha micht nocht weill resist,
Thair king being that tyme in Normondy.
Ane counsall maid than for that samin quhy,

[1] In MS. *he*.

Quhairin tha fand ane fals and subtill wyle,
How that tha sould this king Williame begyle;
And how it wes tak tent and ȝe sall heir.
To him tha send that tyme ane messingeir,
Promittand him quhat that he list to haue,
Quhat euir it wes at his plesour to craue.
All his desir that he had to thame schawin,
Bot ask and haif, for all suld be his awin;
And mekill moir nor euir wes on the mold,
As men wald sa, greit montanis of fyne gold;
Beseikand him to hurt thame in nothing,
Quhill tha agane gat ansuer fra the king,
Than suld he haif all his desir but lane.
Oft syis fair hechtis makis fuillis fane;
So did it him that tyme throw thair dissait,
And all his wisdome come him syne to lait;
All this tha dyd hydand the veritie,
Quhill efterwart that tha thair tyme mycht se.
This king Williame giffand sic traist thairtill,
Into his camp richt quietlie la still;
Farder ane fit that tyme he wald nocht steir,
Traistand richt sone gude tydenis to heir;
He thocht him self sicker out of ony dreid,
To watche and walk trowand thair[1] wes na neid.
The Inglismen seand that it wes so,
Richt quietlie tha dressit thame till go
Towart his oist wnder scilence of nycht,
Onwittand than of ony Scottis wicht.
Than equallie diuydit hes thair men
In tua partis, the ane half in ane glen
Richt clois wes laid, ane counter for to mak,
Ane signe wes maid behind the Scottis bak.
The tother half, sone as the da wes licht,
Tha gart apeir into the Scottis sicht,

[1] In MS. *that.*

In gude ordour with mony pynsall proude,
And schalmes schill with bugillis blawand loude.
Quhen bayth the feildis reddie wer till june,
Gaif thame command all[1] for to fle rycht sone
In gude ordour onto the same effect,
To caus the Scottis out of ordour brek,
For fercenes than to follow on the chace:
Rycht weill tha knew it was thair commoun cace.
And so it wes as ȝe sall wnderstand,
As tha diuysit efter come till hand.
And of thair oistis sone efter the da,
Neir by the place quhair that king William la,
Apperit pertlie thair into his sicht,
With helmis cleir and mony basnet brycht;
With speir and lance weill schrowdit wnder scheild,
In gude array evin reddie for the feild.
Quhome of the Scottis at the first luke
Astoneist war, and richt greit terrour tuke,
To se thame thair with so greit bost and schoir,
Heirand no word of sic thing of befoir,
Trowand alway tha had bene traist and trew.
Quhairby richt weill tha wnderstude and knew,
That thair fair hechtis befoir that maid thame fane,
Translatit wes in sic ane subtill trane.
Lib.13,f.201. Col. 1. Thairfoir in hy with all the haist tha ma,
Out of the tentis that tyme quhair tha la,
Richt mony wy that waponis weill culd weild,
Fordwart than furth thairfoir to gif thame feild.
And as tha war reddie than for to june,
The Inglismen richt suddantlie and sune
Turnit thair bak out of the feild, and fled
In gude ordour with all the speid tha hed.
The Scottis, so it hapnit vpoun cace,
Without ordour fast followit on the chace,

[1] In MS. *and all.*

And left thair king but ony but or beild,
With few feiris remanand in the feild.
The Inglismen that la into the slak,
Quhen it wes so, come in behind thair bak
In gude array with mony pynsall proude,
Rycht suddantlie with mony schout full loude.
Quhairof greit terrour in the tyme did tak
The Scottis all, seand behind thair bak
So braid ane battell cumand neirhand by,
Behind thair bak with mony schout and cry.
The Inglismen, that fled fra thame befoir,
Turnit agane with mekill bost and schoir,
Richt suddantlie quhen tha saw sic supple;
The Scottis all tuke purpois than to fle,
Befoir thair face seand so greit ane rout,
Behind thair bak heirand so mony schout.
Quhairfoir that tyme richt mony men of gude
Fled to the king middis the feild that stude,
And all the laif quhilk war out of array,
Tha left the feild and fled out of the fray.
This king Williame efter his folk war fled,
With the small power in the tyme he hed,
On euerie syde with his fa sett about,
Weill wist he[1] nocht quhair than he suld wyn out.
Ane lang quhile so at his defence he stude
Rycht manfullie agane that multitude,
Quhair mony sutheroun in that tyme wer keild,
Quhill [he] on force wes tane syne in the feild.
Syne all the laif that tyme with him he hed,
Seand him tane out of the feild tha fled,
With litill skayth suppois tha war bot few,
Syne till ane strenth wes neirhand by tha drew.
So beand done as I haif said all thing,
In Normondy tha hed Williame the king

[1] In MS. *he wist he.*

To king Henrie, quhair he did lang remane,
Quhill efterwart till he come hame agane.
The Inglismen haifand sic victorie,
So proude tha war than for the samin quhy,
With all thair power pertlie did persew,
Gif tha agane mycht Cumberland reskew.
Gude Gillecrist of Angus that wes lord,
And als Rannald of quhome I did record,
With mony freik agane thame maid defence,
And sparit nocht for travell nor expens.
Thir worthie men, that wer bayth wyss and wycht,
Rycht manfullie debaittit all thair richt,
Quhill all tha weiris cuming war and gane ;
Syne at the last betuix thame trewis wes tane
On this maner as I sall to ȝow sa :
That Huntlyngtoun and also Cumbria
Scotland sall haif without ony demand ;
Ingland siclike alhaill Northumberland,
Ay and quhill that this king Williame be
Deliuerit furth of his captiuitie.
Ane thousand ȝeir and ane hundreth also,
Sextie and four withoutin ȝeiris mo,
Col. 2. Of Christ Jesu, that done wes all this thing,
And the nynt ȝeir of this king Williams ring.
Heir will I leif of this mater ane quhile,
And turne I will to vther talk my style.
In Cantirberrie,[1] as all the warld knawis,
Ane halie bischop wes, as my author schawis,
In all his tyme withoutin cryme or blame,
Quhilk callit wes Thomas to his name,
The kirk of Christ did in his tyme decoir ;
Quhilk flemit wes with king Henrie befoir,
The libertie becaus he did defend
Of halie kirk, as it is rycht weill kend.

[1] In MS. *Cartirberrie.*

Befoir the tyme the space than of tua ȝeir,
That this wes done, as I haif said ȝow heir,
At the requeist than of the paip of Rome,
Hecht Alexander, gif I richt presume,
And Lues als, the nobill king of France,
Also Philip gudlie till advance,
The nobill erle of Flanderis in his dais,
At thair requeist than, as my author sais,
This halie bischop, laulie and benyng,
Ressauit wes in Ingland with the king.
Thocht he forgaif him with his word outwart,
Ȝit neuirtheles richt clois in to his hart
It stak full still als het at ony fyre,
Lurkand full law with greit malice and ire,
Of this bischop the greit stabilitie
In the defence of richt and libertie
Of halie kirk, the quhilk he did defend.
Quhairfoir this king, as it wes rycht weill kend,
Foure of his men most honest and preclair,
Into that tyme wer most familiair,
Williame Bretone on of tha he was,
Hugo Morvill and Regenald Fetas,
Williame Tracie the ferd of thame wes he,
Send fra this king full of crudelitie,
Of this bischop for to revenge his yre.
Thir foure feiris, as het as ony fyre,

How King Henrie of Ingland causit slay Thomas, Bischope of Canturberrie, and denyit quhen he had done.

In Cantirberrie of ȝule the fyft da,
Into the kirk, as my author did sa,
This ilk bischop, of quhome befoir I schew,
At the hie altar cruellie tha slew.

Quhilk[1] efterwart this cruell king Henrie
Baith men and deid richt faslie did deny.
In Rowane syne, efter the secund ȝeir
That this wes done as I haif said ȝow heir,
Into the kirk, gif that I richt presume,
Quhair present war tua cardinallis of Rome,
Also of vtheris ane greit multitude,
Into the tyme neirby thame thair that stude,
Befoir thame all this king his God forsuke,
And swoir also vpoun the evangell buik,
That he wes saikles of this bischopis deid.
Sone efter [that] forthocht and socht remeid,
The stang of conscience broddit him so soir,
That he forthocht all that he did befoir;
Syne sark allane, for mair mereit and meid,
And barfeit als to Canterberrie ȝeid,
Befoir his graif, or than my author leis,
Lib.13, f.201b. Col. 1. Richt humblie thair sittand on his kneis,
In that same place quhair that his blude wes spilt,
Greittand for grace, confessit all his gilt.
This ilk bischope, as halie kirk now grantis,
Rycht hie in heven is numberit amang the sanctis,
And for ane martir also haldin is he
Be halie kirk quhilk hes auctoritie.
Quha list of him to heir now ony mair,
Gang luke his legend, tha will find all thair
The nobill werkis in his tyme he did,
And ilk miracle efter sensyne he kid.
Richt langsum [wer] to me to tell for-thi,
Thairfoir as now I lat thame all go by;
Sic to reherss I will nocht heir remane,
Now to my purpois pas I will agane.

[1] In MS. *Quhill.*

So beand done as I haif said sic thing,
Dauid the bruther of Williame wes ouir king,
Quhilk erle that wes than, as my author sais,
Of Lewcester in tha samin dais,
Of king Henrie had sic auctoritie,
Quhair euir he ȝeid with him thair wes he,
Quhilk leif of him obtenit but demand,
That samin tyme to cum into Scotland,
Into the absence of Williame his bruther,
As he that wes narrest of ony vther,
Into his steid to haif auctoritie,
To reule and gyde and gouernour to be.

How Dauid, Bruther to King Williame, come in Scotland and wes Governour in Absence of his Bruther, quha rewlit the Cuntre at Rest, and how thai send ane Ambassadour for to redeme and bring Hame King Williame.

Quhilk in Scotland resauit wes rycht weill,
In all his tyme, as far as I haif feill,
Plesit the pepill ay with equitie,
In ilk mater so trew and just wes he.
Quhen to gude poynt than put wes euerie thing,
With haill consent for to redeme thair king,
Ane ambaxat[1] send into Normondy
Of nobill men onto this king Henrie:
Thair principall, as that my author sais,
Wes ane hecht Richard, bischop in tha dais
Of Sanct Androis; ane nobill man wes he,
And all his tyme of greit auctoritie.

[1] In MS. *greit bischop.*

Thir nobill men of quhome to ȝow I spak,
With king Henrie his ransoun thair did mak;
On this same wyiss accordit than war tha:
Ane hundretht thousand pundis for to pa
Of stirling money, quhairof in his hand
Sum pairt suld haif, and for the laue ane pand
Quhill all the laif in handis war laid doun;
Northumberland and also Huntlyngtoun,
And Cumbria, withoutin pley or pleid;
And als to sueir, for fauour or for feid,
Neuir to reuoik the bandis that war maid,
Na for na landis Ingland to invaid,
For ony feid that efterwart micht be.
Of all that thing for mair securitie,
Or dreid tha suld sum falt efter alledge,
Four strang castellis tha suld gif into pledge,
Beruik, Roxburch, neirby the bordour stude,
Stirling, Edinburch; syne, schortlie to conclude,
Col. 2. Deliuerit wes king Williame by his name,
With his lordis in Scotland syne come hame.
That samin tyme, as my author did sa,
Ane callit Fergus, lord of Gallowa,
Ane sone he had callit Gilbert to name;
In that same tyme that king Williame come hame,
I can nocht tell ȝow richt weill gif I lie,
Quhat wes the quhy thairfoir speir nocht at me,
He wes so hardie for to tak on hand,
He held him self for king than of Scotland;
And euerie man than, baith be land and se,
Assistit nocht to his auctoritie,
He leit thame leve bot into litill eis,
With all thair power that wald nocht him pleis.
All brokin men that hereit, reft and staw,
And murdereris that mycht nocht byde the law,
And sueir swyngeouris that haue [na] will to wirk,
Oppressouris als of God and halie kirk,

That durst nocht cum befoir ane equall judge,
To him tha drew for succour and refuge:
Vnnumerabill that mycht nocht weill be tald,
Quhilk better war to hang no for to hald.
His one bruther that wes wyiss and bening,
Becaus he him repreuit of sic thing,
This fals tirrane, throw cruell yre and tene,
Dispytfullie gart put out bayth his ene;
And baith his handis gart stryke him fro,
Syne gaif him leve quhaireuir he list to go.
Ilk da be da he wrocht sa mekle wrang
That he mycht nocht be sufferit weill so lang.
Gude Gillecrist, of quhome ȝe hard befoir
In mony feild wan greit honour and gloir,
With greit power wes maid that tyme to pas
Agane Gilbert in Galloway that wes,
Quhair baith thair power sone togidder met;
With brandis brycht ilkone at vther bet,
Quhill mony freik wes fellit thair on force,
And mony kene man keillit throw the cors.
This Gilbertis men richt werie all forbled,
Tha tuke the flicht out of the feild and fled
Vp and doun to mony sindrie place;
Gude Gillcrist fast efter maid ane chace,
And in the fleing thair wes far ma slane
No in the feild quhair tha faucht on the plane.
This ilk Gilbert into the samin quhile,
To saue himself he fled to Mona Yle,
Sone efter syne into Ybernia,
Thair to remane, as my author did sa.
No moir of this; for heir I think to tell
Of aduenture that efterwart befell.

Off ane Cardinale that[1] come to reforme the Kirkis of Ingland and Scotland out of Rome.

The secund ȝeir efter as I presume,
Ane cardinall that tyme wes send fra Rome,
Into ilk land with haill power in plane
The kirk of Christ for to reforme agane;
And Scotland als fra faltis les and moir,
Gif ony war committit of befoir.
In Ingland syne quhen endit wes and done
His legacie, he summonid efter sune
Lib. 13, f. 202. Col. 1. Of all Scotland the prelattis les and moir,
In proper persoun to cum him befoir.
At Northamptoun quhair that the place wes set,
In that counsall togidder all tha met,
Ilk da be dà with greit wisdome tha wrocht,
Quhill all thair mater till ane end wes brocht.
Quhen all wes done, as I haif said but lane,
This cardinall proponit into plane
The bischopis all of Scotland for to mak,
To the bischope that tyme of Eborak,
Obediens, and ay fra that furth he
Of thame to haif the haill auctoritie.
For-quhy in Scotland, as my author sais,
No archibischop thair wes into tha dais;
And for that caus it semit weill, said he,
All wnder him as suffragans to be;
Gif hapnit sua, as oft syis sua hes bene,
Actioun or pley be movit thame betuene,
Moir esie war to thame intil all tyde,
Sic materis all richt sone for to decyde

[1] In MS. *that that.*

Befoir this bischop into Eborak
No into Rome, quhair tha behouit mak
Sumpteous expenss and grit travell thairto,
In Eborak war nocht neidfull to do;
And lang persuasioun maid thame in that thing,
To his purpois gif that he culd thame bring;
For his opinioun alledgand mony law,
That is nocht neidfull at this tyme to schaw.
Ane Scottis clerk, that callit wes Gilbert,
In all science richt cuning and expert
Of ony vther in his tyme wes kend,
To that counsall fra king William wes send,
To heir and se that tha did no injure
To him or his than other riche or puir,
Sic ansuer maid withoutin ony mair
Befoir thame all that wes present than thair:
" Forsuith," he said, " as ȝe sall vnderstand,
" Sen that the fayth come first into Scotland,
" The kirk of Scotland ay sensyne wes fre,
" Within our self haiffand auctoritie;
" Quhome be all faltis hes bene ay correctit,
" And to nane ȝit wes euir subjectit
" Except the paip, withoutin ony pley,
" Christis vicar quhome to we suld obey.
" Vnconsonand is to the veritie
" To do to ws so greit inormitie,
" That ȝe pretend now in this tyme till ws,
" The quhilk of ressoun we ma weill refus.
" To fortifie thairfoir," he said, " this thing
" That I haif said in the name of our king,
" Heir I protest, quhat ȝe sa or alledge
" That hurt nocht him nor ȝit our priuiledge."
This being said as I haif said ȝow to,
In that mater thair wes na mair ado,
Bot left it so evin as tha first began,
Skaillit that counsall and ȝeid hame ilk man.

This ilk Gilbert, of quhome I schew ȝow heir,
Within les space efter nor thre ȝeir,
Bischop of Caitnes consecrat wes he,
And had thairof the haill auctoritie.
Of sanctitude the quhilk that did exceid
Into his tyme all vther as we reid,
Quhilk now in gloir into the hevin so hie,
Amang the sanctis numberit now is he.
Neirby this tyme now that ȝe heir me mene,
In Albione greit wonderis than wes sene.
Col. 2. At midsomer, as my author did tell,
Of hailstanis ane felloun schour that fell;
Quhilk stonis war of so greit quantitie,
Bayth man and beist, bot gif my author lie,
Beand thairout als lang as it did lest,
Throw violence of that schour wer oprest.
Of September efter that this wes done,
In the idus neirby the hour of none,
Of tua houris the space it did induir,
The sone it wes als mirk[1] and als obscuir,
Bayth blak and dym withoutin ony lycht,
As it had bene about the mirk midnycht.
Withoutin clippis this aduenture befell;
Quhat wes the caus wes no man than culd tell.
Of Eborak all in the dyocie,
So aufull thunder fell doun fra the sky,
And fyre-flaucht als, as my author did sa,
The quhilk distroyit mony fair abba,
Into that tyme without ony refuge:
Quhat wes the caus I leif to ȝow till judge.

[1] In MS. *meik*.

How King Williame foundit and feft the Abbay of Abirbrothok, and his Mother the Abbay of Haddingtoun.

This king Williame into tha samin dais
Foundit and feft, as that my author sais,
The fair abba of sic auctoritie,
Of Arbroth standand neirby the se:
And Sanct Thomas, of quhome befoir I spak,
Of that abba the patrone he did mak;
Quhome with befoir into his lyfe had he
Quentance and greit familiaritie.
The quhilk abba ay sensyne hes bene
Of greit honour, as ȝit ma weill be sene.
This samin ȝeir this king Williamis mother,
Gude Adama, quhilk did exceid all vther
Of perfectioun, as my author did sa,
Of Haddington quhilk foundit that abba,
Aganis deid that had no strenth to stryve,
Departit hes out of this present lyve.
Neirby this tyme, gif that I rycht presume,
This king Williame ambaxat send to Rome
Ane faythfull father withoutin ony cryme,
Quhilk bischop wes of Sanct Androis that tyme,
That callit wes Joannes to his name;
And Regenald of greit honour and fame,
Ane man that tyme of greit auctoritie,
Of Arbroth the first abbot wes he;
On to the paip, as tha war wont till do,
Obediens than for to mak him to.
Paip Alexander, thrid wes of that name,
Thir tua prelatis of greit honour and fame
Ressauit hes with all humanitie,
Of thair cuming so blyth that tyme wes he,

For the greit wirschip, honour, laud and gloir
Of king William that ȝe hard speik befoir.
Ane rois of gold rycht gudlie to commend,
To king William with thame agane he send,
Of balsamon fulfillit and repleit,
Semlie sauour and als of odour sweit;
To represent ane greit taikin and sing
Of singular love that he had to that king.
Lib. 13, f. 202b. Col. 1. Neir by this tyme that ȝe heir me record,
Gude Gillechrist, of Angus that wes lord,
His weddit wyfe suspectit so hes he
In to that tyme of greit adulterie,
Out of his hous he gart hir sone be hed,
And fra his hous bayth of burd and bed.
Judge ȝe or nocht gif that he did hir wrang.
Sone efter that than he maid hir to hang
In till ane place, efter ane littill we,
Callit the Manis standand neir Dundie.
This king Williame thairof wes nocht content,
Quhen that he hard his sister so wes schent;
With greit power come in the tyme and socht
This Gillecrist, bot ȝit he fand him nocht:
Quhairfoir that tyme with greit crudelitie,
In to his ire and furiositie,
His fair castell biggit of stone and lyme,
Law to the grund gart cast it doun that tyme:
Confiscat syne baith his cattell and corne,
Him self also he hes put to the horne.
Sone efter this now that ȝe heir me mene,
King Williames wyfe, of Scotland that wes quene,
In to this lyfe that micht no langar lest,
Departit hes and passit to hir rest.
For caus my authour schew it nocht to me,
I can nocht tell this tyme bot gif I lie
Quhat wes hir name or quhat scho wes, thairfoir
Of hir this tyme now I will speik no moir.

Efter all this that I haif said ȝow heir,
It hapnit so in to the samin ȝeir,
At the requeist than of ane nobill man,
Bischop of Durhame in the tyme wes than,
The quhilk Hugo to name callit wes he,
Ane man all tyme of greit auctoritie,
This king Henrie, of quhome I spak befoir,
To king William agane he gart restoir
The Madin Castell, as my author sais,
Now Edinburgh is callit in thir dais.
This samin tyme ane ladie of greit fame,
Quhilk Emangard wes callit to hir name,
The dochter barne of William Bastard king,
The first of Normanis in Ingland did ring,
The erlis dochter also of Muntbell,
This king William, as my author did tell,
That samin tyme he weddit to his wyfe,
In joy and peax quhome with he led his lyfe.
That samin tyme this king Henrie and he
Greit bandis maid throw that affinitie;
And sic ane law tha maid amang the laue,
That nane of thame within thame self ressaue
Of fugatouris other ald or ȝoung,
That rebell war or exul to the king.
This Gillecrist of quhome befoir ȝe reid,
Furth of Scotland in Ingland that wes fled,
Of tha lawis fra tyme that he hard tell,
Into Ingland no langar than durst duell.
In vyle habit as that himself deuysit,
With his tua sonis that tyme disagysit,
Of Ingland for dreid of skayth and blame,
Rycht quyetlie in Scotland syne come hame.
Far[1] out of sicht he held himself wnschawin
In wildernes quhair he wes lang wnknawin,

43,670 43,675 43,680 43,685 43,690 43,695

[1] In MS. *for*.

Withoutin fude, quhilk wes the moir pitie,
Bot cald water and frute grew on the tre.
Meit or drink no vther than he hed;
Col. 2. With his tua sonis lang tyme so wes fed.
In his distres I lat him heir remane,
And to my purpois turne I will agane.
In this same tyme now that ȝe heir me tell,
In Affrica greit harmes than befell:
King Saladyn, ane wickit infidell,
Perturbit hes thairof the commoun weill,
With greit distructioun in the Halie Land
Of Cristen men that tyme wer thair duelland:
Jerusalem hes seigit alss and wan,
Quhair he distroyit mony Cristane man;
Judea als and Palistyne also,
Seigit and wan with mony townis mo,
That Cristen men inhabite in tha dais;
Quhome of neuir ane, as that my author sais,
He left levand, without ony remeid
Like vyle serpentis he hait thame to the deid.
King Guedo als, quhilk in ane feild wes tone,
And gude Rannald with vtheris mony one
Of thir princes, with yre and greit dispyte,
To satisfie his cruell appetyte,
That bludie bouchour with ane birneist brand,
Thir princes baith bernit with his awin hand.
And of fit men threttie thousand also,
Siclike of horsmen tuelf thousand and mo,
Come in that feild, without ony remeid,
Richt cruellie gart put thame all to deid.
That samin tyme of France come of the new
Ane messinger that all thir tydenis schew;
Siclike in Ingland to Henrie the king,
Rycht piteouslie reportit all that thing,
Of that mischance and infidelitie
At tha princes askand help and supple.

Quhome to king Henrie grantit hes rycht sone,
Richt weill I wait that tyme so hed he done,
For-quhy it wes his purpois and intent,
War nocht so greit he gat impediment.
His eldest sone, callit Henrie to name,
Fraudfull but faith, without dreid or schame,
With mony lord, as my author did tell,
Aganis his father thocht for to rebell.
Suppois he suld succeid into his steid,
He thocht ouir lang to byde his fatheris deid,
Quhilk causit hes this king Henrie but blame,
With his awin sone that tyme to byde at hame.
At this purpois I let thame heir remane,
And to king Williame turne I will agane.

Of Tua rank Revaris that did greit Skaith in Catnes and in Ros.

Into the Ylis in tha samin dais,
Tua rank revaris, as my author sais,
MakWilliame ane and Makbrene the vther,
Weill wait I nocht gif that he wes his bruther,
That samin tyme with greit power and force,
Thir tua tha come in Catnes and [in] Ross,
In Murraland ouir all tha boundis braid,
With thift and reif greit heirschip thair tha maid.
On Catnes cost that tyme thair schippis la,
To that purpois that tha mycht pas thair wa
Hame in the Ylis quhen tha list to fle,
Gif hapnit so that ony neid sould be.
This king Williame quhen that he hard and knew
Of thair refuge, as traist men to him schew,
Rycht quietlie that tyme decreittit he
Ane greit navin of schippis to the se,

Lib. 13, f. 203. Col. 1.

Quhilk quietlie in Catnes on ane da,
Or euir tha wist, come quhair tha schipis la ;
And suddantlie, with greit malice and yre,
Tha schippis all tha brint intill ane fyre ;
And all the schipmen thairin that tha fand,
Tha slew thame all without ony demand ;
Syne still remanit in the samin place,
Quhill efterwart as ȝe sall heir the cace.
As I haif said thir schippis beand lost,
That samin tyme king Williame with ane ost,
Or euir tha wist, come into Murraland,
Aganis quhome tha durst mak no ganestand ;
With all the haist into the tyme tha hed,
Throw Ross to Catnes to thair schippis fled,
Trowand to fynd thair schippis at the schoir,
In the same place quhair tha left thame befoir.
Quhen tha come thair and fand it wes nocht so,
Remanit thair and durst na forder go ;
Neirby ane wod tha ludgit all that nycht.
Syne on the morne be that the da wes lycht,
This king Williame come to the samin place,
The quhilk all nycht had followit on the chace.
The men of weir that brint thair schippis befoir,
In gude array come raikand fra the schoir
Behind thair bak, and wald no langar byde ;
King Williame als vpoun the tother syde,
With mony man of greit nobillitie,
And gif thame nother tyme nor place to fle.
Than war tha lost thocht tha had bene far ma,
Thair wes nothing that tyme bot tak and sla.
Of thame that da slane war mony one,
And all the laif in handis alss wer tone ;
Syne on ane gallous maid ilkone to die,
The maister men aboue the laif richt hie,
Gat sic reward as tha seruit to haif,
In tyme to cum quhairby that all the laif

Ane suith exempill by sic thing mycht tak,
Agane thair king sic insolence to mak.
This beand done with sic honour and fame,
With all his oist king Williame turnit hame;
On till Arbroth neirby his gait that la,
Quhair he befoir foundit that richt abba,
As he wes wont richt oft to do befoir,
Requeistit hes his werkmen les and moir,
With diligence ay to thair laubour gang,
Of all that werk that nothing suld go wrang.
Quhen this wes done as ȝe haif hard me tell,
Tak tent and heir quhat efterwart befell.
Sone efter that king Williame on ane day,
Than fra Arbroth rydand furth the way,
Besyde him saw ane ald man and ane hair,
Neirby the gait wes makand dykis thair,
Delfand full fast with ane spaid in his hand,
For febilnes scant on his feit mycht stand,
Befoir sic thing wes neuir wont till do,
Thocht neid and force compellit him thairto.
His tua sonis that war baith ȝoung and fair,
Proper of persone, plesand and preclair,
In vyle habit siclike that tyme as he,
With spaid in hand war makand dykis all thre;
Tha thocht no ill to wirk and weir sic weid,
For to releif thair father of his neid.
This nobill king quhen he beheld tha thre, Col. 2.
Greit pitie had than of thair pouertie;
That agit man he thocht richt sone suld irk,
For falt of mister that so soir did wirk;
His tua sonis so plesand tha war and fair,
Thocht tha had bene ane prince or kingis air,
For so greit neid and mister that tha hed,
To wirk so soir in sic vile habit cled.
And as the king did luke on to thame so,
This agit man then and his sonis tuo,

Onto the king cõme rakand on ane race,
Syne laulie doun befoir the kingis face,
On kneis fell. This aigit man and hair,
That sevintie ȝeir of age wes and far mair,
Richt piteouslie than with ane havie cheir,
Said to the king as I sall say ȝow heir:
" O,[1] royall prince! gif that thair be in the
" Mercie or reuth, as I traist weill thair be,
" Gentres or grace, or ȝit kyndnes withall,
" For Cristis saik that drank the bitter gall
" Vpoun the croce, syne sufferit for to de,
" So greit kyndnes to mankynd than hed he,
" To rew on me and of my sonis tuo,
" And gif us leif at peice and rest till go
" Into this land oure lyvis to defend,
" With sic laubour onto oure latter end,
" Quhairof," he said, "we may nocht irk no tyre.
" At the," he said, "we list nocht to desyre
" Lordschip no land, gold, riches no gude;
" Bot gif us laif to wyn oure lyvis fude
" At sic laubour vnpersewit of the,
" Or ony vther of thy auctoritie."
Quhen that the king hard his desire and will,
Richt sone agane sic ansuer maid him till:
" Quhat hes thow done, or quhat man may thow be,
" So piteouslie that askis grace at me?
" Tell me," he said "the caus how that it standis."
This agit man haldand vp baith his handis
Vnto the hevin for to imploir his grace,
Syne quhen he luikit in the kingis face,
Baith fit and hand trymlit for verra dreid
To schaw his mynd, quhill that grit force and neid

[1] In MS. *Or.*

Compellit him aboue the tother part,
That tyme to schaw sic thing la in his hart.
Quaikand for dreid as ony leif of tre,
With piteous voce thir wordis than spak he :
" Vnhappiast this da levand am I
" Of ony one that euir wes borne, for-quhy
" Thocht I be now so law and wratchit wicht,
" Sumtyme I wes of greit honour and micht ;
" Haiffand all welth at grit plesour perfite,
" Lordschip and land with riches infinite.
" I, Gillecrist, quhat causit me till dude,
" So cruellie into the kingis blude
" In my wodnes to wirk so mekle wrang,
" Withoutin caus my awin wyfe to gar hang !
" Syne for that caus maid exyl to thy grace,
" Far furth to fle in Ingland fra thy face,
" Quhair thair [bot] schort quhile I durst well remane,
" With my tua sonis sped me hame agane,
" In sic habit as thow thi self ma se,
" So disagysit wnknawin for to be.
" In wildernes syne euerilk symmer tyde,
" Quhair we wnknawin micht remane and byde ;
" Sic wes oure lyfe, we had no vther bute,
" Withoutin fude bot grene herbis and frutt;
" Fameist for falt haiffand na vther fude,
" Hunger and force compellit ws till dude.
" And I myself, so febill now and ald,
" Full oft wes fane to drink the water cald,
" Quhairof richt oft I gat nocht half my fill,
" Of riche wynis sumtyme had welth at will.
" In wynter syne, quhen that the nycht grew lang,
" In frost and snaw, with wynd and weit amang,
" Hungar and cald, and wnkyndlie distres,
" That caus[it] ws to leif the wildernes

43,870 43,875 43,880 43,885 43,890 43,895 Lib.13, f.203b. Col. 1. 43,900

" And draw to toun, as thow thiself hes sene,
" With sic laubour oure lyvis to sustene.
" Now haif I tald the haill maner and cace,
" Do as ȝe will, I put me in ȝour grace."
Quhen this wes said, with sad and havie cheir,
Sobbit full soir that harme wes for to heir.
This humbill king, quhen he beheld and saw
Gude Gilcrist with hair alss quhit as snaw,
Werie forwrocht, and richt weilsum of wane,
Greit reuth in hart had for to heir his mane;
Quhen he consideritt also of befoir
The greit wirschip, the honour and the gloir,
In mony jornay worthelie he wan,
In sic distres quhen that he saw him than,
For puir pitie and greit kyndnes betuene,
The bitter teiris brist frome baith his ene.
And fra his hors discendit haistelie,
And in his armes hint him vp in hy;
And said to him, " Gude Gilchrist, lat be
" All thi murning, and put thy traist in me.
" All thi offence that thow hes done befoir
" Heir I forgif the now and euirmoir.
" And thow thiself siclike salbe with me
" Familiar as thow wes wont to be.
" And for thi gilt I think the neuer to greif,
" Thy pouertie also I sall releif."
Quhen this wes said and all thingis we[s] done,
Thre horss in haist the king has gart fet sone
To Gilchrist and to his sonis tuo,
With him till Forfair causit thame till go.
Syne on the morne befoir all that wes thoir,
All thingis wes done as I haif said befoir
Be Gillecrist, the greit offence and cryme,
Frelie the king remittit in that tyme;
Als frie befoir as he wes wont to be,
To siclike honour and auctoritie.

Into that tyme the maist part of his landis
Remanand still wes in the kingis handis,
The laue of thame, as my author did say,
He gaif befoir onto this ilk abbay
Of Arbroth, quhilk he foundit and feft.
Syne all the laue in his handis wer left,
Frelie agane to Gillecrist he gaif,
With all fredome as he wes wont to haif;
Quhilk efterwart richt weill his prince did pleis,
Levand alway at greit honour and eis.
Syne efter sone as that the cace befell,
Ane of his sonis, quhilk I can nocht tell,
Befoir him self throw greit seiknes and soir,
Departit hes, for he micht leif no moir.
The tother sone vnabill wes to haue
Wyfe or barnis, thairfoir that tyme he gaue
Of his landis, as my author did sa,
Ane greit portioun on to that same abba
Of Arbroth, to magnifie the rent,
Quhairof his sone wes richt hartlie content.
Quhilk he appreuit weill but ony pleid;
For all the laue efter his fatheris deid,
Quhilk wes richt sone efter ane litill space,
Richt frelie gaif onto that samin place.
Quhair his father, his bruther als, and he
Ingrauit war with greit solempnitie, Col. 2.
Befoir the altar thair of Sanct Katherene,
Quhair sung and said is seruice richt diuyne.
Thair sepulture of greit auctoritie,
Remanis ȝit still in that place to se.
Neirby this tyme as ȝe sall wnderstand,
The empryss sone, Henrie of Ingland,
For-quhy his dais cuming war till end,
He tuke his leif out of this world to wend.
His eldest sone, that callit wes Henrie,
Befoir him self departit, and for-thy

His secund sone of greit honour and fame,
Wes crownit king, quhilk Richard hecht to name,
Hed sic desire to honour, laud and gloir,
The croce[1] quhilk his father tuke befoir,
Of his passage into the Halie Land,
Richt hardelie this Richard tuke on hand,
With greit power of hors, harnes and geir.
Of men and meit, and all thingis for to weir
That neidfull war, or belangit thairtill,
Thar wes na want, he hed aneuche at will.
And or he wald pas fordwart in that tyde,
He thocht it best for peax than to provyde,
In his absence that his revyne suld tak
Of his fais [n]other skaith or lak.
Thairfoir in haist for to declair his will,
This king Williame he hes gart cum him till,
With him that tyme treittand for rest and pece,
To caus freindschip and mak all weiris ceis.
The thre castellis, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
Of king Williames he had into his hand,
Beruik, Roxburch, and Stirling of stone,
To king Williame gaif frelie thame ilkone.
Richt so alsua he gaif him but demand,
Al haill the partis of Northumberland,
The quhilk he tynt into the feild befoir:
Siclike also he gart agane restoir
All Huntlyntoun and also Cumberland,
Except the strenthis he hed in his hand.
Quhairfoir king Williame suld gif him agane
Ten thousand pundis for all pledgis and pane,
In his voyage for to mak him supple;
Fra that tyme furth tha landis ay be frie.

[1] In MS. *tuke*.

As I haif said, quhen all this thing wes done,
This king Williame rycht suddantlie and sone,
On to his bruther Dauid than gaif he
All Huntlyngtoun in heretage and fie.
The quhilk Dauid into tha samin dais,
Fyve hundreth men, as that my author sais,
With him awin self and mony vther mo,
Furneist that tyme with king Richard to go.
This beand done as I haif said anone,
This king Richard vnto his bruther Johne
Committet hes of his kinrik the cuir,
In his absence than baith to riche and puir
Justice to keip, and equall for to be,
Without fauour or ȝit crudelitie.
Syne tuke his leif and fuir that tyme of toun,
With this Dauid, erle wes of Huntlyntoun;
Of Cantirberrie and Serwyne also
With him he tuke thir halie bischopes tuo.
Of Glocister the nobill erle than was,
Schir Hubertus, he tuke with him till pas,
And mony vther worthie nobill men.
Sevin scoir of schippis into the tyme and ten,
Furneist richt weill he hes put to the se; Lib. 13, f. 204. Col. 1.
That neidfull war thairof aneuche had he.
To schip tha went, the wynd wes loud and schill,
Haiffand all wedder at thair awin will,
Evin as tha wald withoutin variance.
That samin tyme Phillip the king of France,
Throw Italie that samin tyme ȝeid he,
Quhill that he come to Jannes by the se;
The nobill duke of Burgundy also,
The quhilk to name that callit wes Odo,
Of Flanderis erle [Phillip], ane worthie man,
And ane hecht Henrie, erle wes of Campan,
And Theobald, that erle wes of Blasens,
And mony bischop of greit excellence,

And mony vther nobill man also,
With king Phillip that tyme wer maid till go.
At Ptolome ane reddie port tha fand,
Quhair tha with boittis passit all to land;
Vpoun ane plane plantit thair palȝeonis doun,
Syne set ane seig evin round about the toun.
Than king Richart in the samin quhile,
With his navin landit in Cipris Yle;
On him that tyme tuke greit travell and pane,
Quhill he reskewit all that Ile agane
Fra Sarasenis, that wan that Yle befoir,
To Cristin men syne did agane restoir;
To Ptolomon syne tuke the narrest way,
Quhair king Phillip than at the seig thair lay.
And as he wes than cumand on the se,
Into his gait ane greit navin met he
Of carvell wark, with mony bark and barge,
To Ptolomon fuirand ane fraucht full large
Of neidfull thing the toun for to supple,
Quhairof tha had richt greit necessitie.
This king Richart, or he wald forder gone,
He gaif thame feild, baith men and schippis ilkone
Distroyit [hes] with litill force or pley,
Quhen this wes done passit to Ptolomey.
Thair with his armie passit syne to land,
Quhair he king Phillip at the seiging fand.
With baith thair power went syne in one,
Onto that toun so strang of lyme and stone,
Tha laid ane seig quhilk lestit mony da.
The Sarasenis within the toun that la,
Maid sic defence, suppois than of that toun
The vter wallis win war and put doun,
The inwart wall so stalwart wes and strang,
That wes the caus that seig lestit so lang.

Quhat mair of this quha lykis for to speir,
Tak tent to me and I sall tell ȝow heir.
Ane Cristiane man thair wes within the toun,
Quhilk wes ane Scot als of his natioun,
That Oliuer to name callit wes he,
Within the toun had greit auctoritie;
Thair langage als, baith for to wryte and dyte,
Expert he wes and culd speik richt perfyte;
And for that caus tha trowit he had bene
Of thair natioun ane inborne Sarasene.
This Oliveir, of quhome to[1] ȝow I schew,
Sumtyme ane seruand of king Williames slew,
Quhilk in the court committit had sic cryme,
Quhairfoir he wes maid exul in the tyme
First into France, syne fordwart for to fle
To that same land quhair thair remanit he,
And waigis tuke amang the men of weir.
Perfyte he wes in no thing for to leir,
Quhilk causit him for his wisdome to haif
Auctoritie that tyme aboue the laiff.

How Oliueir and Johne Dewar met, And quhair and how the Tryist wes set.

Sa on ane tyme it hapnit him on cace Col. 2.
Walk on the wall neirby the samin place,
Quhair erle Dauid of Huntlyngtonis men
Woik in the tyme, of quhome ane he did ken,
Quhilk of befoir, as my author did mene,
Into the court his companȝeoun had bene
Into Scotland quhen that he wes at hame,
And Johnne Dewar he callit wes to name.

[1] In MS. *to to.*

This Oliueir that stude vpoun the wall,
In Scottis langage loude on him did call,
With so hie voce that he mycht rycht weill heir,
Sic plesour had at him that tyme to speir
Of his freindis in Scotland how tha fuir.
In sic talking ane lang quhile he tuke cuir;
Syne at the last this Johnne Dewar said he,
Promittand him, gif that sic thing micht be,
Lordschip and land, greit honour and eis,
This toun to thame so that he wald betreis.
This Oliueir sic ansuer maid him sone,
Of that conditioun said it suld be done,
So he wald caus thair erle Dauid, but leis,
All his offence remit and grant him peice;
And causs king Williame to him till restoir
The landis all he tuke fra him befoir.
The quhilk he hes than hecht him for till do,
His treuth in pledge promittit hes thairto;
And euirilkone till vther maid ane band,
Obleist and sworne wes ilkone be his hand;
Syne set ane tryst that nicht quhair tha suld meit,
At that same place thair purpois to compleit.
To king Richard quhen all this thing wes schawin,
Betuix thir tua how sic ane tryst wes drawin,
To erle Dauid he gaif richt sone command,
With his armie to tak that thing on hand.
This king Richart, as I think weill micht be,
Of all that ost had maist auctoritie,
For-quhy befoir it hapnit vpoun ane chance,
That gude Phillip, the nobill king of France,
Sic seiknes tuke he micht nocht thair remane,
Quhill into France he passit hame agane.
The erle Dauid, quhilk manlie on him tuke
The watche that nycht, in that same place he woik,
Quhair Oliueir with litill noy or dyn
Opnit the port and leit thame enter in.

Ouir all the toun syne sone and suddantlie
Greit slauchter maid, with mony schout and cry,
Of ȝoung and ald quhair thair wes na refuge,
Bayth gude and ill without sentence or juge,
Or ȝit lokman, but respect or remeid,
Richt cruellie tha pat thame all to deid.
In the morning syne be the da wes licht,
This king Richart with mony cruell knycht,
At his bidding with mony bald barroun,
So aufullie syne enterit in the toun,
With greit distructioun baith in fyre and blude.
Into the toun ane strang castell thair stude,
With greit travell quhilk tha seigit and wan,
And in thair travell loissit nocht ane man.
This beand done, the castell and the toun
Tha brint in ass, and kest the wallis doun.
Sua had tha done with mony townis mo,
Quhilk pitie wes, war nocht it hapnit so
For ambitioun, my author did record,
Amang thame self diuisioun and discord.
Quha had the wyit it wes richt ill to ken,
Quhither the Ingliss or the Frenche men.
The Inglismen thocht tha war most conding
For to prefer, becaus tha had thair king;
The Frenche men the contrair did conclude,
Becaus thair power and thair multitude
Richt far, in valour also and in deid,
The Inglismen at all tyme did exceid.
This royall ost of sic honour and fame,
Skaillit that tyme and ilk man passit hame.
King Richart with all his greit armie,
So stormested wes that tyme vpone the se,
That all his schippis drevin war fra vther,
Thair sum [but] saill and vther sum but ruther.
His awin schip wes drevin on ane sand
In Ytalie, quhair he him self tuke land.

Lib. 13, f. 204b. Col. 1.

The empriour, callit Henrie tha dais,
Be ane fals tratoure as my author sais,
Quhilk schew to him how that sic thing sould be,
Tuik this king Richart in captiuitie,
And keipit him in ane strang wallit toun,
Quhill efterwart he payit his ransoun.
The schip also that erle Dauid wes in,
Fra all the laif wes drevin far in twyn;
Intill Egipt, on ane craig by the cost,
This nobill schip with all the men war lost,
Except him self, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
With few vther come levand to the land.
And how it hapnit efter ȝe sall heir,
How he wes tane than as ane presoneir,
And haldin thair, quhill efter on ane day
That he wes hed to Alexandria,
Quhair he wes keipit in ane presone strang;
Quhill efterwart, quhen he wes keipit lang,
The men of Vennus that tyme by the se
In merchandice thair hapnit for to be,
Quhilk lousit him out of that strang presoune,
Payand for him also ane greit ransoun.
Syne into Vennuis brocht him hame agane,
For his ransone quhair he did thair remane,
Quhill Inglismen come thair in merchandice,
Bocht him agane and pait the samin price
At his plesour syne maid him till pas fre
On hame agane out throw all Italie
To Flanderis, syne, as my author did sa,
Quhen he come thair, syne efter on ane da,
Feit ane schip and pat her to the fame,
Into Scotland agane for to cum hame;
Throw aduenture so hapnit him to be
Richt soir trublit with storme in the se,
And drevin away neirhand to Norrowa cost,
Quhair schip and men neirhand had all bene lost.

Quhat suld I langar tarie heir to tell?
That storme it wes so furius and fell,
Ouir wynd and waiv so fast it did thame dryve,
That euerie man in dreid wes of his lyve,
Seand the se so furius and enorme.
Gude erle Dauid, quhen strangest wes the storme,
Onto the Virgin Jesu Christ that buir
Ane vow he maid, syne put all in hir cuir,
Quhair euir scho brocht him saiflie to the land,
In hir honour that euirmoir suld stand
Ane tempill big of poleist stone and lyme.
Syne schort quhile efter in the samin tyme,
But saill or ruthir in the mirk midnycht,
And mvneles als withoutin ony licht,
Neirby Alectum at ane roche of stone,
Thair schip tuke land but skaith of ony one:
At that same place arryuit in the mirk,
Quhair now standis Sanct Nicolas kirk;
Syne at da licht tha passit all to land. Col. 2.
This erle Dauid thair with his awin hand
Foundit ane kirk in ane feild at that cost,
Quhilk in that tyme wes callit the Quhit Cross,
In to the honour of the Virgin puir,
Eternallie in that place till induir.
Thairof in taikin and memoriall,
That place to name Dundie he hes gart call
In Erss toung, alss mekle for to sa
The gift of God in oure langage this da.
The quhilk to name sall callit be euirmoir,
That callit wes Electum of befoir.
Than king Williame quhen that he knew that cace,
How his bruther tuke land into that place,
Throw help of God the quhilk he did imploir,
Sa oft had bene in greit perrell befoir,
As he had ryssin new fra deid to lyfe,
Als blyth he wes as ony be in hyfe.

This king Williame no tarie than maid he,
Intill all haist quhill he come to Dundie,
With his bruther erle Dauid quhen he met,
On gudlie wyiss ather hes vther gret.
This king Williame, for grit blythnes and jo,
He[s] hint his bruther in his armes tuo,
And kissit him as he ane barne had bene,
With bitter teiris bristand fra bayth his ene,
Quhylis for joy, quhylis for havines,
Quhen he rememberit of the greit distres
That he sufferit in mony sindrie part,
Sobbit full soir and sichit with his hart.
And syne agane, for greit blythnes and jo,
That he wes chaipit fra sic perrell so,
Both haill and feir, without ony harmes,
Richt tenderlie wald tak him in his armes,
Ane lang tyme so quhill all his pane wes past
And syne to him he said this at the last :
" Thankit be God that all thing hes in cuir,
" His blissit moder also that him buir,
" Of greit triumph and honour thow hes win,
" And greit perrell syne efter hes bene in,
" Of his greit grace hes brocht the haill and feir,
" Now hame agane in gude heill to ws heir.
" Quhairfoir we aucht the God omnipotent,
" Ilk da to luif with clene mynd and intent."
And mekle mair syne to his bruther[1] deir,
He said that tyme na I will tell ȝow heir.
This beand done as ȝe haif hard me sa,
Quhair present war the lardis all ane da,
This king Williame vnto his bruther gawe
Landis and fredome quhair he list to haue ;
Quhairwith this village dotit than hes[2] he,
Quhilk he foundit that callit wes Dundie ;

[1] In MS. *moder*.

[2] In MS. *was*.

And mony vther priuilege thame gaif,
That neidfull wes to ony toun to haif.
Into this tyme remanis ȝit to se,
That nobill toun of greit auctoritie.
Sone efter this now that ȝe heir me sa,
Of Lundoris the nobill riche abba
This erle Dauid, as my author sais,
Foundit on Tay, the quhilk in thir dais
Religious like ay sensyne hes bene
Fra all faltis wnmaculat and clene.
Neir by this tyme the nobill king Richard,
Of quhome befoir rycht schort quhile syne ȝe hard
The empriour hed in captiuitie,
With greit [ransoun] redemit than wes he.
Quhairof his lieges joyfull war and fane,
Into Ingland quhen he come hame agane,
Ressaueand als his hie magnificence
With all honour pertening till ane prince.
His bruther Johnne in his absence that buir
The pais of all and had the gyde and cuir,
Befoir his bruther Richart in that tyme
Accusit than wes of ane deidlie cryme.
His bruther being in captiuitie,
Richt wranguslie aganis his majestie,
With subtill mene and conspiratioun,
Intrusit him self and tuke on him the croun,
And lute his bruther for the pledge remane.
Quhairof this Johnne hes clengit him rycht plane
Befoir thame all that present war that tyme,
And schew him saikles of that gilt and cryme.

Lib. 13, f. 205. Col. 1.

How King Williame and Erle Dauid his Bruther with mony nobill Man passit to Lundoun to meit and welcum Hame King Richart, of Ingland King.

Than quhen king Williame vnderstude and knew,
But ony dout as suith men to him schew,
That king Richart wes cuming hame agane,
Withoutin rest na langar wald remane.
Syne with his bruther Dauid maid him boun,
And mony nobillis, on to Lundoun toun
He passit hes, with greit honour and fame,
This ilk king Richart for to welcum hame.
Of Stirling money in the same time also,
Tua thousand merkis and vther jowellis mo,
He had with him king Richart for to gewe,
Of his ransoun to help him and releue.
This king Richart, as that my author said,
Of his cuming richt blyth he wes and glaid,
Ressaueand him with greit honour betuene,
And all plesance micht till ane prince pertene.
For the present that he till him brocht,
Richt weill he wist that he forȝet him nocht,
Quhen that he wes into so greit distres,
That schew to him so hartlie sic kyndnes.
Of erle Dauid siclike also wes he,
Into that tyme als blyth as he micht be,
Traistand he had bene tynt for euirmoir,
In the greit storme of quhome I tald befoir.
Thir tua kingis togidder mony da,
Remanit thair with greit sporting and pla;
And all solace that neidfull is to haif,
Tha wantit nocht quhairof tha list to craue.

Off King Williames Seiknes in Ingland, of the Stryiff and Debait than was in Scotland, and how King Williame convalescit and come quietlie in Scotland, and apprehendit all Misdoaris and puneist thame as tha deseruit.

That samin tyme as ȝe sall wnderstand,
This king Williame beand in Ingland,
On auenture so hapnit him to be
Viseit richt soir with greit infirmitie;
Quhairof the fame ouir all Scotland than flew,
Swift as ane swallow, of tha tydenis new,
That mony one trowit he had bene deid,
Quhilk at thair nichtbour malice had and feid,
Than to revenge thair greit anger and ire, Col. 2.
With thift and reif, with slauchter and with fyre,
Ilkone vther dalie did invaid;
Ouir all Scotland greit heirschip than wes maid.
Richt mony theif befoir of force wes leill,
Into that tyme ȝeid new agane to steill;
And mony revar into glak and glen,
Murdreist and reft richt mony leill trew men.
The lord of Catnes, Herald hecht to name,
And of Orkna; withoutin dreid or schame,
Without conscience into the tyme wes he
Als full of vice as ony man micht be;
In Ros that tyme with all his power la,
Heirschip and slauchter makand euirilk da,
Richt cruellie ouir all part far and neir,
That horribill wes to ony man to heir.
Ane nobill man, as that my author sais,
That bischop wes of Catnes in tha dais,
For caus that he him tech[i]t in the tyme
For to decist fra sic wnhappie cryme,

Schawand to him how efterwart it wald be,
This angrie eddar full of iniquitie,
Throw greit invie and birnand ire betuene,
With greit dispite gart put out baith his ene.
To king Williame quhen this thing wes maid knawin,
Into Ingland as suith men hes him schawin,
Than haill aneuche baith for to ryde and gang,
No tarie maid nor ȝit lethit rycht lang.
Or word suld ryss other be se or land,
Richt quietlie he come hame in Scotland;
Syne suddanelie with all power he hed,
To Ross that tyme richt spedilie him sped;
Or this Herald wes done till wnderstand,
Gude king Williame wes enterit in that land.
Than this Herald with all the speid he hed,
Sone out of Ros to Catnes syne he fled,
With all his men to mony sindrie place.
This nobill king fast followit on the chace,
Without tarie quhill tha war all ouirtane,
And hynt in handis in that tyme ilkane.
Herald thair lord, throw mony subtill wyllis,
With waill few men vmschewit to the Ylis,
And all the laif, as tha seruit to haif,
Rewardit war than be the leist ane knaif.
Sone efter syne with men of tha same landis,
This ilk Herald wes taikin into handis,
And suddantlie on[to] the king syne brocht.
This nobill king, the quhilk forȝet him nocht,
Rewardit him that tyme amang the laue,
With sic reward as he seruit to haue;
As he befoir in his greit ire and tene,
With greit dispyte pat out the bischopis ene,
Siclike to him that tyme hes gart be done.
Syne efter that within schort quhile richt sone,
Vpoun ane gallous hangit him richt hie,
In audience that euerilk man micht se.

In the detesting of his cryme and fame,
For to distroy for euir efter his name,
All the menkynd of his surname and clan,
Gart lib thame all than be the leist ane man.
Wes neuir ane that tyme that he wald saue,
That abill wer successioun for to haue,
That efter him suld neuir ane spring or spreid
Of all his clan, sic haitrent at him hed,
In the detesting of his cruell cryme.
Thus endit he and his surname that tyme.
All beand done as [I] haif said ȝow heir,
Sone efter syne into the secund ȝeir,
So greit scantnes ouir all Scotland thair fell,
None wald gif treuth to ony toung wald tell.
Gif all be suith as that my author tald,
Ane boll of beir for fyve crownis wes sald;
Baith quhit and meill in thair awin kynd als deir.
So greit abundance [syne] in the nixt ȝeir,
Wes neuir sene in all kyn kynd of corne.
That samin ȝeir wes Alexander borne,
King Williames sone, richt lustie and plesand,
Eldest and air, and prince als of Scotland.
The king of Ingland, Richart, that same ȝeir
Departit hes and bad na langar heir.
His bruther Johnne efter that he wes deid,
With haill consent wes crownit in his steid;
For he him self efter that he wes gone,
Of his bodie successioun than had none.
The thrid ȝeir efter Alexander wes borne,
The lordis all befoir the king war sworne,
Efter his tyme, as that my author schew,
To Alexander to be leill and trew.
That samin ȝeir, gif that I richt presume,
To king Williame than fra the paip of Rome
Ane sword wes send, nane farar on the mold,
With hilt and plumbet all of massie gold;

44,410 44,415 44,420 44,425 44,430 44,435 44,440

Lib. 13, f. 205b. Col. 1.

The scalbart wes of purpure poleist new,
With perle and stone of mony diuerss hew
As protectour of halie kirk to be,
For all his tyme gaif him auctoritie.
That samin ȝeir decreittit wes and done
In ane counsall, that Setterda fra none
Suld halie be fra all laubour and werk,
Alsueill of secularis as of preist or clerk.
To fortifie the pepill in sic thing,
On Setterday at tuelf houris suld ring
[At] nune, and halie baith in kirk and queir,
In audience that euerie man micht heir.
Into this tyme, or thair about neirhand,
This king Williame is passit in Ingland;
Befoir king Johnne, but ony lat or baid,
In Lundoun toun obedience thair than maid
For Cumberland, and alss Northumberland,
The quhilk king Williame had than in his hand,
His band and faith agane for to renew.
This ilk king Johnne of quhome befoir I schew,
Quhilk wes so full of pryde and arrogance,
That samin tyme proponit to pas in France,
Agane Phillip quhilk wes his mortall fo;
With him that tyme desyrit for till go,
This ilk king Williame in his cumpany.
The quhilk king Williame schortlie did deny
Into that tyme for other bost or schoir,
For-quhy, he said, to king Phillip befoir
He maid promit, the quhilk he wald nocht lane,
To tak his part, and he siclike agane
To byde with him bayth into weill and wo;
Thairfoir with him that tyme he wald nocht go.
Quhen this wes done as ȝe haif hard me sa,
He tuke his leif and syne come home awa.
Sone efter syne, for malice of that thing,
This ilk king Johne of Ingland that wes king,

With greit power ouir all Northumberland
Greit heirschip maid, quhair none mycht mak ganestand,
And Cumbria evin at thair awin will,
That samin tyme fra Scotland come thame till.
Than gude Williame of Scotland that wes king,
Richt suddantlie revengit hed that thing,
Had nocht the lordis of Ingland tha dais Col. 2.
Remedit sonar, as my author sais,
That all the spulȝe that wes tane befoir,
Be the leist stirk, tha gart agane restoir.
In winter syne into the samin ȝeir
All this wes done, as I haif said ȝow heir,
So strang ane storme doun fra the hevin fell
Of frost and snaw, as my author did tell,
Continewallie all winter throw and throw,
That neuir ane ox wes ȝokkit into bow,
Bot lay full still into thair stall wnsteird
Quhill that mid Merche come neuir pleuche in eird.
So furius ouir all part wes that frost,
Of bestiall that thair wes mony lost;
The starkest aill of malt that mycht be browin,
Thocht it war keipit neuir so clois and lowin,
It wald congeill and freis into hard yis.
The thing of all me[n] thocht wes than most nys,
That this be weycht, and nocht mesour, wes sauld
That tyme for drink, as that my author tald.
Quhen passit wes than the E[pe]pheny,
Quhill Januar passit wes all neirby,
Anis on the da with greit rumour and reird,
In sindrie partis trymlit all[1] the eird.
In symmer syne quhen the wedder grew fair,
This ilk king Johnne, of quhome I schew ȝow air,

[1] In MS. *and all.*

Vpone king Williame seikand occasioun
Of weir and battell maid perswasioun,
Foirnent Beruik neirhand by Tueid that tyme,
Ane strang castell biggit with stone and lyme.
Sone of sic thing quhen that king Williame wist,
Send to king Johnne to caus him to decist,
Sayand to him, sic noveltie and newis
Wald mak occasioun for to brek thair trewis.
The quhilk king Johnne wald nocht grant thame till,
No be no way wald gif consent thairtill.[1]
Quhairfoir king Williame in the winter neist,
Law to the ground that castell doun he kest;
Leit neuir ane stane with vther thair remane,
That it micht nocht be biggit weill agane.
Quhen this king Johne knew that that thing wes done,
With all his power sped him on richt sone
Agane king Williame with ane greit armie,
Of tha injuris to revengit be;
With mony berne or he wald langar byde,
In gudlie haist come to the bordour syde.
Onto king Williame quhen that this wes tald,
With mony berne richt bellicois and bald,
Come to that place sone efter on ane da,
Quhair this king Johnne and all his armie la,
In rayit battell wald no langar byde.
King Johnne also vpoun the tother syde,
Rayit in feild evin reddie for till june,
Ane bludie battell thair had been rycht sone,
Till euerie syde quhilk had bene deirlie coft,
Had nocht greit lordis ȝeid betuix thame oft,
With fair tretie and greit terrour also,
Quhilk causit thame to hald thair hand and ho

[1] In MS. *thairto.*

Into the tyme, and new trewis to tak.
Syne set ane tryst thair concord for to mak,
With baith thair handis subscriuit and indost;
In that beleif ilk king skaillit his ost. 44,545

How Peax was taikin betuix thir Tua Kingis, and of greit Mariage to be maid betuix King Johnis Sone and King Williames Dochter.

This beand done togidder baith ar gone Lib.13, f.206. Col. 1.
To Eborac with lordis mony one,
And thair agane tha did the peax renew,
First of befoir as I first to ȝow schew.
And to conferme all in effect to stand, 44,550
This gude Williame, that king wes of Scotland,
Tua dochteris had, richt fair and of gude fame;
Margaret the eldest callit wes to name,
And Issobell the ȝoungest hecht also.
This ilk king Johnne that tyme had sonis tuo, 44,555
Henrie hecht ane, quhilk wes the eldest bruther,
Richart to name as callit wes the vther.
Deuysit wes in that counsall and sped,
Thir tua brether thir tua sisteris suld wed,
To that effect, for moir affinitie, 44,560
Betuix thame tua moir peax and rest suld be.
King Williame als thairof him to releif,
In mariage with his dochteris suld geif
Ane sowme of gold quhairof tha did accord,
Quhilk is nocht neidful now for to remord. 44,565
Becaus tha war than of so tender age,
And wnlauchtfull to tak in mariage,
This king Williame was obleist to fulfill
That band he maid, and gaif pledgis thairtill.
Accordit als wes in that conventioun, 44,570
The New Castell king Williame gart cast doun,

At sic ane poynt it suld ay still remane,
In tyme to cum vnbiggit vp agane.
In that counsall withoutin ony demand,
All Cumbria and als Northumberland,
This king Williame as he wes wont to haif,
Wnto his sone ȝoung Alexander gaif:
Quhilk to king Johne, as vse wes than to be,
For tha landis obediens maid he.

How ane Man of Gude had ane Dochter that suld haif bene his Air, and wes sa deformit that scho wes crukit, deif, dum and blind, and how King Williame be his Intercessioun to God Almichtie haillit hir as followis.

Ane man of gude into tha samin dais,
Neir Eborac, as that my author sais,
Ane dochter had quhilk suld haif bene his air,
In hir bodie deformit ouir all quhair;
Baith in hir ene and in hir handis also,
With toung or feit micht nother speik nor go.
Wes no chirurgeane of his craft so slie,
Na medicine that micht mak hir supple,
Suppois richt mony tuik hir wnder cuir,
Of hir seiknes the[1] caus wes so obscuir.
This ilk king Williame to that place ȝeid he,
Quhair that scho wes that farlie for to se;
Quhen scho wes brocht and presentit in his sicht,
Befoir the face of mony gudlie wicht,
Vnto the hevin he held vp bayth his handis,
Beseikand God to louss hir of tha bandis.

[1] In MS. *thes.*

Syne on hir brow, withoutin ony baid,
The croce of Christ thair with his hand he maid,
Beteichand hir to him that bocht ws deir;
And with that word scho rais vp haill and feir
Vpoun hir feit withoutin ony moir,
As scho had aillit neuir ill befoir.
The pepill all that standand thair wer by,
Quhen that tha saw sa sone and suddantly
That ȝoung virgin restorit to hir heill,
Richt weill tha knew God wald nocht lat conceill
Sic halines into that king wnknawin,
At his requeist that greit miracle hes schawin.
Fra that tyme furth, as that my author sais,
In moir honour tha held him all his dais,
With all the pepill reput for ane sanct,
The quhilk to ressone wes so consonant.
In Scotland syne, efter that he come hame,
All halie place of honour and of fame
He viseit syne in gude and clene intent,
And dotit thame with mony riche rent.
Of Lesmorens the bischop in Argyle,
Fundit and feft into that samin quhile.
Heir will I leif ane litill space and tell
Of aduenture befoir this tyme befell.

Col. 2.

Off ane greit Spait and Tempest of Weit that did greit Skayth in Bartha Toun, and sindrie Pepill thairin did droun be the Efflux of Amond and Tay.

Off Bartha toun quhilk in that samin da
At Amond mouth stude on the water of Ta,
Weill wallit wes with stone and lyme about,
And mony foussie cassin als without;

Schort quhile befoir into the samin ȝeir,
Sic thing wes done as I haif said ȝow heir,
Vpoun ane nycht quhen it wes mirk and lait,
Out of the hillis thair come sic ane spait,
With so greit force als fast as it mycht flow;
Quhilk causit hes the tua fluidis to grow,
Amond and Tay, into sic quantitie,
That throw the greit impetuositie
Of tha fluidis it brak the wallis doun,
Syne with greit force it enterit in the toun.
Quha had bene thair into the tyme to heir
The aufull schout, the greit noyis and beir,
Quhen that the flude, with sic ane hiddeous sound,
Richt mony ludging law buir to the ground;
And mony one into the streit that stude,
Disconfeist war and drownit in the flude;
And mony one into thair bed that la,
With that same flude war borne quyt awa,
Or euir tha wist, or walknit of thair dreme,
Nakit and bair lay fleittand in the streme.
The samin tyme now that ȝe heir me mene,
Gude Amengard, to Williame that wes quene,
Remanand wes within the samin toun,
Quhen hapnit all this haistie confusioun.
Hir awin self, withoutin ony leis,
With greit perrell wmschewit fra that preis;
Hir ȝoung sone Johnne in his creddill that lay,
With his nureis, war borne baith till Tay;
And tuentie also of hir houshald men,
And of hir madynnis other nyne or ten,
And mony vther worthie nobill wicht,
All into Tay wer dround that samin nicht.
Of this mater heir will I mute no moir.
This king Williame, of quhome I spak befoir,
Sone efter this, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
That he come hame now laitlie fra Ingland,

To Bartha toun and saw it so distroyit ; 44,660 Lib. 13, f. 206b. Col. 1.
Quhairof than he wes greitlie anoyit,
The veritie thairof quhen he did ken,
Baith for the toun and also for the men
Distroyit wes that tyme into the flude,
With gold, riches, and mekle vther gude. 44,665

How the Toun of Sanct Johnistoun callit Perth was foundit and tuke begynnyng be King Williame.

This nobill king tuke purpois to remane,
Quhill that he gart reforme the toun agane.
Syne when he knew in sic perrell it stude,
On euerie syde of greit watter and flude,
Changit his mynd within ane litill space, 44,670
Translaittand it intill ane vther place
Doun vpoun Tay into the samin quhile,
Out of that steid the space neir of tua myle.
Syne foundit thair of greit honour and fame
Ane nobill toun, callit Perth toun to name, 44,675
Efter the name than of ane nobill man,
Callit Perthus, quhilk wes the first began,
Of frie motiue without compulsioun,
Landis or rent for to gif to that toun.
The toun of Perth ȝit to the name is cald, 44,680
With derogatioun to the name of ald;
The quhilk befoir that callit wes Bartha,
Sanct Johnistoun is callit now this da.
This king Williame that foundit hes and feft
This nobill toun, that tyme or he it left, 44,685
Greit priuiledge and fredome to it gawe,
That neidfull war to ony toun to haue,
Into the eiking of thair increment,
Possessand it with landis and greit rent.

This thing wes done as I haif said ȝow heir,
Quhen of oure Lord tua hundreth and ten ȝeir,
Ane thousand than to eik to thame also,
Compleittit wes perfitlie and no mo.
The secund ȝeir efter that this we[s] done,
Subjectit wes vnto this ilk king Johnne
The Waillis all, as my author did sa,
The best part als than of Ybernia.
In this same tyme now that ȝe heir me reid,
Ane rank revar that callit wes Gothreid,
Mak-Williames sone of quhome befoir I tald,
Come into Ross with mony berne full bald,
And greit injuris wrocht ouir all the land.
Quhen to king Williame done wes wnderstand,
That this Gothreid, with mony commoun theif,
Within his landis had done sic mischeif,
Quhair that he sparit nother man no wyfe,
Than gude MakDuff the nobill erle of Fyiff,
And of Athoill the worthe erle also,
And thane of Buchane with thame for till go,
Sex thousand men that stalwart war and strang,
With thir lordis king Williame maid till gang.
Baith da and nycht ouir mony mont and moss,
Tha passit syne quhill that tha come till Ross,
That samin tyme quhair tha this Gothreid fand.
In battell syne with mony birneist brand
Tha vincust him, fechtand vpoun ane plane,
Quhair mony one than of his men war slane;
Him self in handis taikin wes also
Richt sair woundit, and mony vther mo
Into the tyme all bludie and forbled;
And hed nocht bene he wes the soner sped
Onto the king, withoutin ony stryffe,
So woundit wes he had loissit the lyfe.
Col. 2. And quhen the king knew he wes neirhand deid,
Richt haistelie he gart stryke of his heid,

Syne on ane staik gart set it vp full hie,
In publict place quhair euerie man mycht se.
The laif also than of his men war tane,
Vpoun ane gallous maid thame all to grane.

How King Johnne of Ingland spulȝeit the Kirk, and tuik all in his awin Hand, and baneist the Bischope of Canterberrie with all his Convent.

Neirby the tyme that all this thing wes done,
The king of Ingland, that callit wes Johne,
Richt wranguslie begouth than for to work
With greit oppressioun vpoun halie kirk.
This wes the thing that he did at thame craue,
Of all thair rent the tent part for to haif;
Quhilk schortlie all tha did ilkone deny.
Of Canterberrie for the samin quhy,
The nobill bischop, callit Stevin to name,
He baneist him but ony vther blame.
The monkis all, and priour to also,
All sindrie gaittis maid thame for till go,
With pouertie to leif that tyme richt puir,
And of thair rentis tuke the gyde and cuir.
Bayth of thair kirkis also and of thair land,
The fructis all he tuke in his awin hand
Till his awin vse, withoutin ony caus,
As he lykit for to alledge the lawis.
Of Sistersens siclike ane fair abba,
That samin tyme, as my author did sa,
Becauss tha monkis wald nocht gif him till
Tua thousand pund at[1] his plesour and will,
He gart thame all within ane litill space,
Excludit be ilkane out of thair place,

[1] In MS. *as.*

In sindrie partis vp and doun the land.
The jowellis all into that place he fand,
With ornament and all sic precious geir,
As it had bene into the tyme of weir,
He tuke away richt oppinlie and plane,
In that beleif neuir to restoir agane.
Paip Innocens, the thrid paip of that name,
Into that tyme ane father of greit fame,
Herand in Rome how that sic thing wes done,
Ane legat send wnto this ilk king Johnne;
Perswading him with wordis richt bening,
At his requeist for to reforme sic thing.
Quhilk for till do he wald nocht grant him till,
Nor satisfie worth ane myte of his will,
Bot leit him pas and maid him na outred,
Hame to the paip of his erand onsped.
On[to] the paip this legat schew richt sone,
Of his erand how he had sped and done;
Thairof the paip that tyme wes nocht content;
Richt sone agane ane vther legat sent,
With scharpar langage nor he did befoir,
Sayand agane, and he wald nocht restoir
To halie kirk the spulȝe all richt sone,
And syne reforme all faltis he had done,
Traist weill, he said, that he suld huke no burd
And he did vse of halie kirk the furd,
And [suld] smyt him be his auctoritie,
Till all vther it sould exempill be,
In tyme to cum so wranguslie to wirk,
Lib.13, f.207. Col. 1. In the contemptioun of the halie kirk.
This ilk king Johnne rycht pertlie than in plane,
With als scharpe langage send he him agane,
With lytill les na he did him defy;
Quhairfoir the paip richt sone and suddantly,
The greit cursing without ony refute,
On this king Johne he hes gart execute;

With interdictioun, edick and command,
Ouir all the realme and regioun of Ingland,
No mes nor matenis suld be said or sung
In audience, nor ȝit no bellis rung;
Deid cors[1] erdit, nor ȝit barnis in font
Baptist to be, siclike as tha wer wont;
No kynd of seruice with oblatioun,
Of sacrament with ministratioun,
In Ingland maid, wnder all pane and charge
Micht efter follow quhilk [that] wes richt large.
Quhen this king Johnne perfitlie vnderstude
Of that proces the strenth and fortitude,
Also he knew that euerie Cristin prence
Commovit wes richt far at his offence
Agane the kirk of Christ that he had wrocht;
Thairfoir richt sone it come into his thocht,
Without thairof ane mendis he wald mak,
Richt sone of him ane vengence tha wald tak.
So weill he knew be the paipis desyre,
In contrair him he wald thame all requyre,
The quhilk he knew tha wald him nocht deny;
This ilk king Johnne for that same caus and quhy,
Forthocht full soir all thing that he had done;
Syne to the paip richt suddanelie and sune
He send and said, withoutin tarie moir,
He wald reforme all faltis maid befoir,
At his plesour but ony pleyd or pley,
The kirk of Christ for all his tyme obey,
Desyrand him of his auctoritie,
Fra that proces for to relaxit be.
Quhome of the paip wes in ane part content;
Ȝit wald he nocht thairto gif his consent,
For the greit falt that he had maid befoir,
Without he wald in taikin and memoir,

[1] In MS. *croce.*

He, and his airis after him alsua,
Ten thousand pund of pensioun for to pa,
Ilk sevin ȝeir onis to the kirk of Rome,
Perpetuallie wnto the da of dome,
For Ingland sevin and alss for Ireland thre.
Quhen this king Johnne saw no better mycht be,
Rycht glaidlie than consentit hes thairtill,
To satisfie all his desyr and will.
Syne oblist him with mony aith and band,
In forme and effect that all that thing suld stand
Perpetuallie, as that my author sais;
This quhilk pensioun is payit in thir dais.
This being done and brocht to sic ane end,
Paip Innocens onto king Johnne he send
Ane nobill man with his auctoritie,
His dekyn Phillip callit than wes he;
Ane man he wes of policie and pax,
Fra that proces quhilk did king Johnne relax,
And all Ingland he did agane restoir
In integrum siclike as of befoir.

Off the Deceis of King Williame, quha was bureit in Abirbrothok, and of Tua halie Men that war levand in that Tyme.

Col. 2.

Sone efter syne quhen done wes all this thing,
This gude Williame of Scotland that wes king,
Of sevintie ȝeiris than, as my author sais,
That samin tyme completit wes his dais,
[And] of his ring the nyne and fourtie ȝeir,
He tuke his leif and bad na langar heir,
Into Stirling gif that I richt record,
One thousand ȝeir quhilk wes than of oure Lord,
And tua hundreth with fourtene ȝeiris also,
Completit wes perfitlie and ago.

In Abirbrothok syne efter that wes he
Intumulit with greit solempnitie,
Of his lordis also and all the laue,
As ressoun wald that sic ane king suld haue.
Quhilk did prefer all vther, to conclude,
In policie and als in sanctitude;
Thocht now to ws tha ar wnknawin and hid,
Richt mony miracle in his tyme he kyde.
Tua halie man than, as my author sais,
Levand thair war into tha samin dais,
Sanct Dominik ane, quhilk in tha samin ȝeiris
He wes the first and foundit the blak freiris;
And Sanct Frances, the tother of the tua,
Quhilk wes the founder of the freiris gra.
And mony mo no I will heir report
Now at this tyme, becaus the tyme is schort;
And mekill moir no I haif in memorie,
The quhilk pertenis nothing to this storie.
Thairfoir sic thing I lat it pas as vane,
And to my storie turne I will agane.

How ȝoung Alexander was crownit King efter King Williame his Fader deceissit, and tuke on him the Dule Weid, and for his Saik delt Almous Deid.

As I haif said quhen done wes all this thing,
Efter the deid of gude Williame the king,
Alexander that wes his sone and air,
Ane propper prince, baith plesand and preclair,
With haill consent of his lordis ilkone,
In Scone wes crownit on the marbell stone.
Syne in Abirbrothok efter fyiftene dais,
Thair he remanit, as my author sais,
Quhair euirilk da solempnitlie wes sung,
Solempnitlie and all the bellis rung,

Matenis and mes with contemplatioun,
With almous deid, fasting and oratioun,
With humbill mynd richt hartlie and benyng,
For his father gude Williame that wes king.
And on him self the murning weid he tuk,
For ȝeir and da all sporting he forsuik;
And gaif command ouir all Scotland richt sone,
Ilk man to do siclike as he had done.
Quhen this wes done as ȝe haif hard me sa,
In Edinburgh syne efter on ane da,
In conventioun quhen the da wes set,
This Alexander with all his lordis met,
Quhair [he] confermit that tyme les and moir,
The lawis all his father maid befoir;
And euerie man with office that wes cled,
Quhilk of befoir of his father he hed,
Lib.13, f.207b. Col. 1. He suld remane into his office still,
But contrapleid, at his plesour and will.
Allane the lord that tyme of Galloway,
Quhilk of Scotland the constabill wes that day,
And of Dunblane the gude bischop also,
The quhilk to name callit wes Basso,
The chancellar of Scotland than wes he,
Onto thir tua the haill auctoritie
Committit wes, to haif the gyde and cuir
Of all Scotland baith to riche and puir.
This beand done, that tyme amang the laue,
Onto his mother Armengard he gawe
The toun of Forfair thairin to remane,
At hir desyr with mony plesand plane;
And all tha landis lay about the toun,
He gaif to hir in frie possessioun;
And mony vther greit communitie,
That scho sould nocht fall in necessitie.
Heir will I leif of this ane litill quhile,
And to king Johnne turne agane my style.

Off King Johne of Ingland, and of his Oppressioun and Auariciousnes, and of his Statutis and Lawes for Gredines of Geir, and how his Lordis rais aganis him.

The samin king Johnne of quhome to ȝow I tald,
Quhilk of befoir infectit wes of ald
With auerice, that baith to man and child,
The moir perfite it growis now in ild;
Quhair vther vices in age ar maid les,
Than auerice begynnis to incres.
This ilk king Johnne, of quhome befoir I schew
So enmulant with auerice, of new
Ouir all Ingland richt greit extorsioun
Maid on the pepill with oppressioun,
Makand new lawis euerie ȝeir by ȝeir,
Abhominabill till ony man to heir.
And in the first he maid ane law, but leis,
Gif man or woman hapnit to deceis,
Had he ane air vther to land or gude,
That ather to him suld gif ane gratitude
Or he succeidit other to gude or land,
Or than forfalt all in the kingis hand.
Als in the tyme he maid ane vther law,
No man of gude sould, other greit or smaw,
For his barnis with mariage dispone,
Without he did first with the king compone,
And gif ane tribute for the kingis leif:
Quha war so pert the contrar for to preif,
It suld be repute for ane falt and cryme,
And all his gude confiscat in the tyme.
The thrid law maid, quhilk be the werst of all,
Gif policie, other greit or small,

As bischop, abbot, dene, archidene also,
Hapnit to vaik, with mony vther mo,
The haill restis in his hand suld remane;
Quhill that [thai] war provydit new agane,
The haill proffeit thairof him self sould haue.
Ane ȝeirlie pensioun also he did crawe
Fra[1] ilk prelat withoutin ressoun or skill,
So far he wes affectit to his will.
Quhairfoir the lordis that tyme of Ingland,
Convenit all togidder in ane band,
For to remeid the wrang and greit injure,
That he had wrocht baith agane riche and puir.
Syne to Phillip the king of France tha send
Col. 2. For his supple to bring that thing to end;
To Alexander of Scotland that wes king,
Tha send also for supple of that thing.
Thir kingis baitht richt hartlie with gude will,
Promittit hes that tha suld cum thame till,
Amang thame self sua that tha wald be trew,
And perseveir thair purpois till persew.
This ilk king Johnne of that quhen he hard tell,
How his lordis agane him did rebell;
Also he knew his power wes ouir small,
For to resist aganis thair poweris all;
And for that caus he send his lordis till,
Promittand thame, at thair plesour and will,
All wrangus thing he suld agane restoir,
And als reforme all faltis maid befoir;
In tyme to cum na mater suld be sped,
Without thair counsall in the tyme wer hed.
For moir effect in writ he put this band,
Subscryuit it syne with his awin hand,
His chancellar[2] withoutin falt or cryme,
To him[3] he gaif tha writtis in the tyme,

[1] In MS. *That.* | [2] In MS. *counsallouris.* | [3] In MS. *thame.*

With all the lordis as it wes deseruit,
In his keiping most straitlie be conseruit.
Sone efter this that all sic thingis wes done,
The auerice ȝit of this ilk king Johnne,
That men trowit wes meneist and maid les,
Begouth agane to grow and to incres,
With puir invie and greit crudelitie
Of his lordis for to revengit be.
For that same caus, as ȝe ma weill presume,
Ane seruand send onto the court of Rome
With his desyr, the quhilk wes put in wryte,
Of fynest gold ane sowme als infunyte.
This messinger directit wes till go
Vnto ane man that callit wes Guallo;
Ane cardinall he wes into that tyme,
Full of all vice and conscius of that cryme;
With sindrie vices thocht that he wes blekkit,
With auerice I hald him maist suspectit.
This ilk Gu[a]llo considderit hes full sone,
So greit reward wes send him fra king Johne,
Presentit[1] hes onto the paip in write
His soir complaint with dolorus indyte;
Quhilk I pretend this tyme to tell ȝow till,
In forme and effect the tenour of his bill.
Into the first he menis him full soir
Of all his lordis that tyme les and moir,
That wranguslie tha did him greit injure,
Restrenȝeand him fra regiment and cuir
Of his kirkmen, without ressoun or quhy,
At thair plesour for malice and invy.
All that he did, he said, bayth moir and les,
Wes for the proffeit of his halines,
And for the weill also of halie kirk.
Traist weill, he said, he wald nocht ellis wirk,

[1] In MS. *He presentit*

And for the best it wes ay that he wrocht.
Quhairfoir that tyme his halynes besocht
For sum remeid to keip him vnouirthrawin
In his kinrik, sen that it wes his awin,
Withoutin noy of ony nichtbour by.
Paip Innocens for that same caus and quhy,
And greit reward that he had send him till,
Promittit hes his plesour to fulfill,
At all power richt glaidlie with his hart,
In that purpois ay for to tak his part.
This cardinall, that callit wes Gualo,
Blindit the paip and mony vther mo;
Lib. 13, f. 208. Col. 1. For greit reward king Johnne had to him send,
In that mater he gaif him sic commend,
To thame that wes most inwart with the laif
Into the court richt greit reward he gaif,
Quhilk causit mony to corruptit be,
In Rome that tyme quhilk hed auctoritie.
Becaus in Rome, as I hard wyiss men tell,
Baith richt and wrang wes all tyme for to sell;[1]
So is it ȝit, as mony suith men sais,
In Rome siclike into the samin dais.
This messenger than passit hame full sone
Onto the king and schew how [he] hed done;
And how the paip rycht glaidlie with his hart,
Promittit hed that he suld tak his part,
And wryttin alss into the tyme also,
With greit credence than fra this ilk Gualo.
To quhome that tyme king Johnne aboue the laif,
Throw his ansuer so greit confidence gaif;
And suddantlie, withoutin ony moir,
Begouth agane evin quhair he left befoir,
To his lordis so wranguslie to wirk,
And greit injure also to halie kirk.

[1] These two lines precede the former couplet in MS.

Quhairfoir his lordis gudlie till advance,
For ȝoung Lues, quhilk Dolphene wes of France,
Rycht sone tha send than for that samin thing,
And Alexander of Scotland that wes king,
Be the promit befoir to thame tha maid,
Gif that thair king thocht mair thame till invaid.
This ȝoung Lues, with greit power he hed,
Richt sone to Ingland in the tyme him sped,
With wrytting syne diuysit hes to wend
In haist ane herald, to king Johnne he send,
Quhilk schew to him into the tyme, but leis,
Gif he of him plesit for to haif peice,
And his lordis withoutin ony moir,
Reforme all falt that he had maid befoir,
Siclike also in tyme to cum betuene,
Fra all injure and faltis till abstene;
And gif, he said, it plesit him do so,
His eldest sone and vther freindis mo,
To ly in pledge, or than, he said, but leis,
That he suld leif in lytill rest and peice.
Than this king Johnne that wes nothing adred,
In this Gualo so greit beleif he hed,
Into the tyme sic ansuer maid him till,
Sayand he wald all his plesour fulfill
In spyte of him, rycht so of all the laif,
Quhome of he thocht ane mendis for to haif.
With this ansuer, as ȝe haif hard heir plane,
He passit on to ȝoung Lues agane;
Ilk word be word he did to him rehers,
As I befoir hes put now into vers.
This ȝoung Lues than quhen he hard and knew
The ansuer all, as the herald him schew,
With his armie, as my author recordis,
To Lundoun toun he come and met the lordis.
Of his cuming richt glaid wes les and moir,
Ressaueand him with greit honour and gloir,

Pretendand syne richt sone for to corrak
This ilk king Johnne, for the grit skayth and lak
That he had done on to thame all ilkone.
Quhairfoir this Lues send to him anone,
And bad him meit quhair he ane tryst hes maid,
And gif him battell withoutin ony baid.
Than this king Johnne, quhilk that perfitlie knew
In all Ingland freindis he had richt few,
Him to supple than other les or moir,
For greit injure he had done thame befoir,
Rycht weill aduysit in that samin cace,
He drew him sone onto ane sicker place;
Col. 2. And suddantlie the battell than refusit,
Syne efterwart his awin devyss he vsit.

How King Alexander passit throw Ingland to King Lues, Dolphene of France, quhair his Armie la in Ingland for the Tyme, quha of [ilk] vther war greitlie rejosit, and efter lang Talking left thair Armeis in Ingland, syne passit bayth in France.

Than Alexander of Scotland that wes king,
Into Scotland quhen he hard tell sic thing,
How that king Lues into Lundoun la;
With greit power sone efter on ane da,
Out throw Ingland richt haistelie him sped,
To Lundoun toun ane greit ost with him hed,
Without danger other of riche or puir,
In his passage but skaith or ȝit injure,
Quhill that he come sone efter on ane da,
Onto the place quhair this ilk Lues la.
Thir tua princes togidder quhen tha met,
Ather hes other into armes plet;
Als tenderlie ilkone hes braissit vther,
As it had bene ane ȝoung child with his mother;

With all plesour that neidfull wes to haue,
Siclike wes done that tyme amang the laue.
Efter lang talk and counsall thame amang
Betuix thir tua togidder had bene lang,
Decreittit wes, or ony moir wes done,
Thir tua princes suld pas thame self richt sone
In France to Phillip, to conferme the band
Wes maid befoir betuix him and Scotland.
Sone efter syne thir princes bayth ȝeid hidder,
And left thair oistis liand baith togidder,
Of greit power at reule and ordenance;
Thir princes tua syne passit baith to France.

How King Alexander and King Phillip met in France, and of thair Band maid betuix thame.

Richt haistelie withoutin hovir,
In sax schippis tha passit ouir at Dover.
In Bolon syne, quhair that the tryst wes set,
This Alexander and king Phillip met.
Quha had bene thair that tyme for to haif sene
So greit kyndnes as wes thir tua betuene,
The greit triumph, the honour and the gloir,
That this king Phillip ordand had befoir.
At thair meitting wes mony men of gude,
Syne all in counsall, schortlie to conclude,
Confermit hes ilkane baith les and moir,
The band and leig that maid wes of befoir.
As ressoun wald tha thocht it wes bot skill,
New actis also eikand than thairtill.
The first of thame it wes amang the laif,
That nane of thame within thame suld ressaue
That rebell was or onfreind to the tother;
Siclike also that tyme tha maid ane vther,
That no man of gude out of ane far cuntrie
In France or Scotland sould ressauit be,

But vtheris leif and with his haill consent ;
Quhairof that tyme tha war hartlie content.
This beand done tha tuke thair leif till go,
Ilk man agane to the place he come fro.
Thir tua princes with thair lordis ilkone,
To Lundoun toun rycht sone agane is gone.

Lib.13, f.208 b. Col. 1.

Off the Deith of King Johnne, of Ingland King, throw hie Displesour.

This ilk king Johnne, of quhome I spak befoir,
Throw his displesour and seiknes richt soir,
With greit blythnes of mony man and wyffe,
Departit hes out of this present lyffe.
Sum did alledge that samin tyme that hie
Intoxicat with ane blak monk suld be,
For-quhy he had distroyit of befoir,
Of thair places richt mony les and moir.
Giff it wes trew I can nocht tell, for-thy
Now at this tyme I lat sic thing go by,
Becaus I haif nocht sic thing in memorie,
And tell ȝow furth now the lawe of my storie.

How King Alexander returnit in Scotland, and how be the Way the Inglismen he fand, and of thair Skaith done to him, and of King Alexanderis Revenge.

King Alexander seand, as weill it pruifit,
King Johnne wes deid quhome for tha war mufit,
And all Ingland quit of his ill for euir,
He tuke his leif that tyme and did disseuer
At ȝoung Lues and lordis les and moir,
Quhilk causit him at thair requeist cum thoir.
That samin tyme as ȝe sall wnderstand,
As he wes cumand hame into Scotland,

Quhair he offendit nother riche nor puir,
Als of him self haiffand no dreid nor cuir;
Thairfoir his men baith quhen tha woik and sleipit,
Had litill dreid and far les other keipit,
Traistand to thame that no man ill had meind;
Thairfoir sum men that wes king Johnis freind,
That fand his men into ane quiet place,
Rycht suddanelie, withoutin mercie or grace,
Into that tyme richt mony hurt and slew.
Than Alexander quhen he hard and knew
To him wes done sic lichtlines and lak,
Richt sone thairof ane mendis he did tak
Of thame ilkone war doaris of that deid,
Fordwart ane fit or he wald than proceid.
Syne in thair gait, withoutin ony tarie,
All kynd of thing that tha micht turs or carie,
Quhat euir it wes befoir thame that tha fand,
Without reskew tha brocht all in Scotland.
That samin tyme, as ȝe sall weill presume,
Paip Innocens ane counsall maid in Rome,
Quhair present wes thairat richt nobill men,
Four hundreth bischopis in that tyme and ten,
Aucht hundreth [abbottis] siclike than also,
War present thair with mony prelat mo.
Paip Innocens of his auctoritie,
In this counsall concludit than hes he,
And all the laue appreuit hes the same,
To curs and widdill, warie and condame,
Bayth ill and gude, the quhilk that tyme wes done,
That enimie wes to this ilk king Johnne.
The cardinall that callit wes Gualo,
With that proces in Ingland maid till go,
With haill power, fra quhome wes na refute,
That ilk proces thairfoir to execute.
This ilk Gualo, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
Sone efter syne quhen he come in Ingland,

King Johnis sone that callit wes Henrie
He crownit hes; syne sone and suddantlie
Col. 2. He cursit hes thair be thair name ilkone,
That ennimie wes to this ilk king Johne,
And speciallie this Lues be his name,
In Ingland wes that tyme wnpassit hame.
This ȝoung Lues than, schortlie to conclude,
Quhen that he knew richt weill and wnderstude
That all the maist part of Ingland as than,
Greit fauour had onto that samin man,
This cardinall that callit wes Gualo,
To Henrie alss thair new maid king also,
Dreidand sum thing for haistie chang and newis,
That tyme with thame he hes tane peax and trewis.
Ane sowme of gold syne to this Gualo gawe,
As plesit him into the tyme to haue,
And wes absoluit of all charge and blame;
Syne tuke his leif richt sone and passit hame.
This ilk Gualo, without tribute or tax,
Fra that proces wald nocht that tyme relax
No lord of Ingland that wes ennimie
To that king Johne, and for that samin quhy,
Ilkane thairin had intermissioun,
Hes payit for his absolutioun
Ane sowme of gold that tyme, sum les, sum moir,
Suppois it wes agane thair will full soir.
This ilk Henrie of quhome befoir I tald,
Into that tyme richt bellicois and bald,
With mony berne or he wald langar byde,
Richt suddantlie come to the bordour syde,
Syne into Scotland baith with blude and fyre
Greit wrang he wrocht in his crabing and ire.
King Alexander quhen that he hes hard tell,
How this king Henrie, furius and fell,
Within his boundis sic wrangis had wrocht,
In gudlie haist, alss sone than as he mocht,

Collectit hes ane greit power of men.
The quhilk rycht sone quhen king Henrie did ken,
He sped him hame rycht sone into the tyde;
Of his cuming he had no will to byde.
This Alexander that tyme neuirtheles,
Thocht he wes gone thocht he wald haif redres,
Of peax or weir cum as it wald to hand;
Richt sone he enterit in Northumberland,
And thair he la at greit laser and lenth,
Seigit and wan ilk castell, tour and strenth;
Syne to the erd richt law he kest thame doun,
Quhen that wes done passit to Carlill toun.
With litill sturt baith toun and castell wan,
Of that conditioun, thairin euirilk man
Sould leuit be to pas but ony skaith
Of thair bodie, and of thair guidis baith.
And sua he did richt frelie leit thame go,
Syne in the toun and the castell also,
Left men of weir and watchis for to keip
Vpone the wall quhen vtheris war on sleip.
To Norhame[1] syne the narrest way he tuke,
About that hous he watchit lang and woik,
Of stone and lyme that stude so wonder strang.
Quhen he had lyne about that hous so lang,
Withoutin furder other nicht or da,
He left the hous and syne come hame his wa.
Syne king Henrie with mekle brag and bost,
Quhen he hard tell that skaillit wes his ost,
Quhilk with his power than bayth nycht and da,
La waittand still quhill he wes past awa,
Richt suddanlie syne enterit in Scotland.
The toun of Beruik on the se did stand,

[1] In MS. *Morhame.*

With the castell into the tyme hes[1] tane;
Lib. 13, f. 209. Col. 1. Syne forder mair furth with his ost hes gane,[2]
With fyre and spulȝe baith by daill and doun,
Withoutin stop ay onto Haddingtone.
Dumbar castell, becauss it wes so strang,
He wald nocht seig nor ȝit tarie so lang;
He stude greit aw thair langar to remane,
Thairfoir rycht sone he sped him hame agane.
Neirby the tyme that thir kingis did so,
The cardinall, that callit wes Guallo,
Of all thir weiris quhen he hard rehers,
That samin tyme his office did exerce,
And cursit hes by his power of law
King Alexander and his lordis aw.
Syne interdytit all Scotland siclike,
Declairand ilk man for ane heretike,
As he alledgit, sayand tha sould wirk
In contrare the fredome of halie kirk.
ȝit neuirtheles king Alexander sone,
To be revengit of the thing wes done
Be king Henrie bot laitlie of befoir,
Collectit hes ane power than far moir
Na that he had befoir wnder his band,
Quhen that he hereit all Northumberland.
That tyme he thocht for to revengit be,
Or mony one vpoun ane da sould de.
The archibischop of ȝork in tha dais,
And Sarisberrie, as my author says,
Thir tua gude men with mony vther mo,
Dreidand full soir that all to wrak suld go,
Thir tua greit princes beand at so greit feid,
Without richt sone tha saw for sum remeid,
Tharfoir that tyme, thair purpois to fulfill,
In Scotland come king Alexander till,

45,280 45,285 45,290 45,295 45,300 45,305

[1] In MS. *hed*, [2] In MS. *agane*.

Haiffand that tyme the power of Ingland,
Trewis till tak, to obliss, and mak band,
And to compone for all thing moir and les,
To gif agane and for to mak redres.
And so tha did into that samin place,
Or tha departit fra the kingis grace,
With solistatioun of thame and greit cuir,
Tha tuke trewis for lang tyme till induir.
Of this conditioun, without pledge or pane,
That Alexander suld restoir agane
The toun of Carlill, and the castell to,
Till king Henrie, and he siclike till do
The toun that tyme and castell of Beruik,
Till him agane for to restoir siclike;
And Alexander suld haif all the cuir
To the Re-Corss that standis in Stone-mure,
In heretage, siclike as wes befoir
Possessit wes with gude Malcome Canmoir.
Quhen this wes done with all thair haill consent,
Thir tua bischopis hame onto Lundoun went,
Confermand thair all thing that tha had done;
To Beruik syne tha come agane full sone,
Thair in[1] that place quhair that the tryst wes set,
With Alexander and his lordis met,
Absoluand him and his lordis ilkone,
Fra all proces wes[2] led on thame bigone.
The interdictioun of Scotland also,
Relaxit hes be power of Gualo.
Off ȝork the bischop, ane rycht nobill man,
Wes executor of the office than.
Fra his power the kirkmen les and moir
Exceptit wes, for-quhy Gualo befoir
Consideritt weill that tyme that he suld haue
Far moir jurisdictioun nor ony of all the laue:

[1] In MS. *in in.* [2] In MS. *wed.*

Col. 2. And for this caus that I haif said ȝow heir,
He summond thame in Anwik to compeir.
And so tha did befoir him self richt sone,
To heir and se how all thing suld be done;
Befoir him thair quhen tha war all present,
This ilk Gualo declarit his intent,
Sayand, without tha maid him conditioun,
Ilk man till pa for his remissioun
To him ane sowme efter his facultie,
Tha suld for him all wnabsoluit be.
Into the tyme richt mony hes done so;
Ȝit neuirtheles, of all the laif far mo
To his desyr wald nocht consent ane fit,
Sic symonye wnlefull till commit:
Sayand it wes expres agane the law
Of God and man, alss far as tha culd knaw,
Sic spirituall thing other to sell or by.
This ilk Gualo than for that samin quhy,
Fra his handis that tha suld nocht sua chaip,
Thair absolutioun that tyme to the paip
Referrit hes thair till absoluit be,
Or than at hame all in sic proces die,
Or than the sowme that he taxit thame so;[1]
Cheis thame, he said, ane of thir thre till do.
Thir bischopis[2] all, quhen tha hard him sa sua,
So stomatak at him ilkone war tha,
Or tha wald byde at his sentence and dome,
Tha chois erar for to pas to Rome,
Fra that sentence thair for to be relaxt,
Agane the law or tha wald pa sic taxt.
And so tha did sone efter syne but fenȝie,
Onto the paip of Gualo did complenȝe;
Schawand to him the haill fassoun in feir,
Ilk word be word as I haif said ȝow heir.

45,345 45,350 45,355 45,360 45,365 45,370 45,375

[1] In MS. *do.*

[2] In MS. *princes.*

That samin tyme the Inglismen also,
The soir complaynt wes maid of this Gualo,
Befoir the paip than oppinlie hes[1] tald,
With semony how he bayth bocht and sauld
Sic spirituall thing, wnlefull till be done.
Quhairfoir the paip, richt suddantlie and sone,
Out of Ingland this cardinall gart call
Befoir him self sittand in tribunall.
The justice sait that da him self had vsit,
Quhair this Gualo befoir him wes accusit
Be ane prelat of Scotland come to pleinȝe,
Befoir thame all war present in that senȝe,
Richt quyetlie his vices did rehers,
In sic ordour as I sall now rehers.
So he begouth, and leit him wnderstand,
Quhen this Gualo come first into Ingland,
With sic indult and so greit facultie,
Quhilk grantit wes be his auctoritie,
Into that tyme he execute all wrang,
For auerice that he had vsit lang;
Quhairin the first, the fais of king Johnne,
That secularis war, absoluit thame richt sone
War penitent and tuke pennance thairfoir,[2]
But ony money other les or moir:
The kirkmen all without tribut or taxt,
With him that tyme wes neuir ane relaxt.
The secund thing quhairof he him accusit,
Throw his ill counsall that king Henrie vsit,
He causit him to brek the peax and band
Wes maid befoir betuix him and Scotland,
And with his power Scotland syne invaid,
Quhair greit distructione in the tyme wes maid;
Of men and beist richt greit mortalitie,
With fyre and blude that pitie wes to se.

46,380 45,385 45,380 45,395 45,400 45,405 45,410

Lib. 13, f. 209b. Col. 1.

[1] In MS. *wes.*

[2] In MS. *thairfar.*

" Syne Alexander, quhilk did him self defend
" Fra sic injure, as it wes richt weill kend,
" But any causs that tyme to him he hed,
" Of halie kirk the proces on him led,
" And on his lordis, withoutin causs or wyit
" Of ony cryme, and syne for moir dispyit,
" At his plesour, withoutin ȝour command,
" He interdytit that tyme all Scotland.
" And [all] but cryme, thocht tha war penitent,
" And efterwart till him obedient,
" King Alexander and his lordis ilkone
" Had absolutioun that tyme at him tone
" Gratis but gold, for weill he wist himsell,
" Thairtill on force he micht nocht thame compell.
" Syne the kirkmen that wer vnder his cuir,
" Saikles on ws the wyit alhaill he buir;
" For-quhy that tyme he knew rycht weill and wist
" Aganis him we micht nocht all resist;
" And for that caus he wald ws nocht releif
" Fra that proces, without ilkane wald geif
" Of gold ane sowme efter his facultie;
" The quhilk we thocht wes nocht lesum to be.
" With auerice quhairwith he wes infectit,
" Incomparabill of cunȝe hes collectit;
" The priuilege of halie kirk all wrang
" At his plesour thus he hes vsit lang."
Befoir thame all quhen this wes said rycht tyte,
Quhairof Gualo could nocht himself weill quyte,
The money all in Ingland than he wan,
Fra [tyme] thairin his legacie began,
And mekle moir, to this paip Innocens
That tyme he gaif for his beneuolence.
Far better war he had biddin at hame,
For-quhy he tint all his travell and fame.
The prelattis all that come of him to plenȝe,
Thair with the paip into that samin senȝe

Relaxit war, and absoluit ilkone,
Fra that cursing, and syne all hame ar gone.
Sone efter syne, into that samin ȝeir
That this wes done as I haif said ȝow heir,
The gude erle Dauid than of Huntlyngtoun,
At Ptholomey wes seigit and put doun,
That wan sic gloir and honour in tha dais,
Syne all his tyme, as that my author sais,
Alss weill in peax as into weir wes he,
Ane man of wisdome and auctoritie,
That bruther wes to king Williame also,
That samin tyme he tuke his leif till go
Out of this lyfe, and did his saull restoir
Onto the King of all honour and gloir.
This king Henrie syne quhen he wes of aige,
And moir wisdome than quhen he wes ane page,
Ilk da be da alss wisdome moir did leir,
With moir desyr alway till pece nor weir;
And for that caus in ȝork than hes he met
With Alexander quhair the tryst wes set,
Into the tyme quhair that gude peax wes maid,
With subscriptioun and mony seill full braid,
Befor ane legat, callit Phillop to name,
Ane cardinall of greit honour and fame.
To fessin all with moir affinitie,
This ilk Henrie ane ȝoung sister hed he,
Callit wes Jane, plesand of hie parage,
To Alexander gaif her in mariage.
King Alexander of Scotland also,
At hame that tyme he hed ȝoung sisteris tuo,
For thair wedding that tyme aggreit he,
With Inglis lordis heast of degrie.
All this wes done quhilk ȝe heir me record,
Into the ȝeir of Jesu Christ oure Lord,
Ane thousand ȝeir and tua hundreth also,
And tuentie als withoutin ony mo.

Col. 2.

In Cantirberrie, in the secund ȝeir
Efter this tyme as I haif said ȝow heir,
Quhair present wes that tyme king Henreis grace,
And mony prelat in that samin place,
Be thair support togidder all at onis,
Of Sanct Thomas translatit wer the bonis
Intill ane ferter that tyme fra his graif,
With all honour that ane martir suld haif.
Neirby this tyme that ȝe heir me subsume,
Honorius, the quhilk wes paip of Rome,
To Innocens the quhilk that did succeid,
Ane legat send in Scotland, as we reid,
At king and lordis askand thair supple,
At thair plesour efter thair facultie;
Richt laulie than the quhilk did thame exhort,
With part of money that tha wald support
The Cristen men quhilk war than for to ga
In Halie Land to fecht with Goddis fa.
Thairtill ilkone rycht glaidlie thair did grant,
Suppois thame self thairof sould haif moir skant,
Ilkone that tyme efter his facultie,
Ane sowme of gold gaif in greit quantitie,
Quhair with this legat tuke his leif till go.
Sone efter syne than as it hapnit so,
Nocht ane penny thairof to Rome wes brocht;
I can noch[t] tell gif it wes trew or nocht,
Bot as he said so sall I to ȝow sa,
That he wes reft with thevis be the way;
This wes the sonȝe in the tyme he schew,
Judge ȝe or nocht gif that sic thing wes trew.
Honorius, quhen he this knew and kend,
Ane vther legat syne agane he send
Into Scotland desyrand the same thing;
Quhairfoir the lordis that tyme and the king
Ane counsall maid, quhair tha decreittit sone,
In that mater quhat best wes till be done;

Concludit wes with king and all the laue,
No mo legattis tha wald agane ressaue
Into that cace, for-quhy tha dred rycht soir,
That he suld do as done wes of befoir;
And for that caus tha leit him nocht remane
Of his erand, bot sped him hame agane.

How King Alexander mareit the Sister of King Henrie, and how Hubert, Greit Justice of Ingland, mareit King Alexanderis Sister, and how Gillespie rebellit aganis the King, and how the Erle of Buchane, Johnne Cuming, wes send to him.

Sone efter syne that done wes all this thing,
Gude Alexander, of Scotland that wes king,
King Henreis sister weddit to his wyffe,
Thairwith in joy for to leid his lyfe.
Ane greit nobill as ȝe sall wnderstand,
Callit Hubert, greit justice of Ingland,
Of Alexander the sister than did wed
To be his spous, and brocht hir to his bed.
Confermit wes, throw that affinitie,
Sic peax and rest and greit tranquillitie
Betuix thir prencis, but pledgis or pane,
That no man traistit to se weir agane.
Ȝit neuirtheles ane man but fayth or fame,
That callit wes Gillespie to his name,
Into Catnes aganis the king he rais,
With greit power to Inuernes syne gais:
Into his gaitis baith hereit, brint and slew,
Fra his handis thair chaipit than rycht few
Tuke nocht his part, and gaif to him consent,
Rycht suddantlie be him tha war all schent:

Lib. 13, f. 210. Col. 1.

Syne Inuernes in his wodnes and ire,
Baith kirk and toun, he brint all in ane fyre.
The erle of Buchane, bellicois and bald,
Johnne Cuming, of nobill blude and ald,
Ane nobill man as it wes rycht weill kend,
King Alexander in the tyme hes send,
With [greit] power haiffand auctoritie
Of this Gillespie to revengit be,
In gude ordour baith on fit and hors,
Throw Mar, Buchane, and also in throw Ross,
Seikand richt far quhill he Gillespie fand,
Syne chaissit him throw mony sindrie land,
Withoutin rest in na place till remane,
Quhill he tua thousand and him self hes slane ;
And all his men that tyme be the leist ane,
War other slane or than in handis tane.
Gillespeis heid, that maid sa febill end,
With his tua sonis to the king wes send.
That samin tyme, or neir thairby I ges,
Rycht cruell men that duelt into Catnes,
Thair bischop than, quhilk wes ane man of gude,
That cursit thame than, schortlie to conclude,
For to the kirk no teyndis tha wald pa,
With haill consent becaus that he did sua,
Tha seigit him into his awin place;
Syne finallie, withoutin mercie or grace,
Within ane hous that tyme quhair that he was,
Him and the hous tha brint baith into ass.
Onto the king quhen that this cace wes kend,
With greit power in Catnes sone he send ;
Four hundreth men of thir faltaris hes tane,
Syne on ane gallous hangit thame ilkane ;
And that thair surename sould na farder spred,
The barnis all into the tyme tha hed,
That sonis war, he causit for the nanis,
That samin tyme to cut fra thame thair stanis,

Into ane taikin and memoriall.
Quhair this wes done [now] Bawstane Craig tha call,
Quhair all thair stanis hapnit vpone cace
Cassin togidder in that samin place.
The erle of Catnes alss that tyme wes he,
Becaus he sufferit sic thingis for to be
Without remeid, and wald mak no ganestand,
Forfaltit wes thairfoir of all his land.
Syne efter this, as ȝe sall weill presume,
Ane legat send wes fra the paip of Rome
To Alexander for his hie curage,[1]
With mony pardoun and greit priuilege,
Oft thankand him that stude at sic defence
Of halie kirk, syne maid sic recompence
Without fauour as he had gart than,
For the distructione of that nobill man.
Ane man of gude, of literature and fame,
Quhilk callit wes than Gilbert to his name,
Ane halie man withoutin falt or cryme,
Bischop of Catnes wes maid into the tyme.
The priuilege that fra the paip wes send,
Becaus he wes ane man that sic thing kend,
To him that tyme conseruitour to be,
Committit wes the haill auctoritie.
This ilk Gilbert, as that my author sais,
Ane sanct in hevin is haldin in thir dais.
In the thrid ȝeir syne efter all this thing, Col. 2.
This Alexander of Scotland that wes king,
With Armangard his mother that wes quene,
Haldand his ȝuill, as my author did mene,
Quhen euerie man wes in solace and pla,
Efter the ȝuill vpoun Vphalie da,
Into the hall quhar that tha sat at none,
For caus that tyme he thocht most oportune,
The erle of Catnes in that samin place,
On his kneis befoir the kingis grace,

Quhair that his mother that tyme wes present,
Richt humblie than with law and meik intent,
He askit grace rycht piteouslie that tyme,
And clengit him of the slauchter and cryme
Of Adamus, ane just man and ane trew,
Bischop of Catnes laitlie as I schew.
That samin tyme as my author meyne,
At the requeist of Armangard the quene,
His mother wes, and mony vther mo,
And for the honour of the tyme also,
King Alexander hartlie in the tyme
Forgevin hes him all faltis and cryme;
And all his landis also les and moir,
To him agane richt frelie did restoir.
This samin erle, as that my authour sais,
Efter that tyme richt lang and mony dais,
Althocht he wes forgevin with the king,
Becaus he wes nocht saikles of that thing,
The hand of God sone efterwart thairfoir,
Hes puneist him rycht cruellie and soir.
Into hes bed, wnwist of ony wicht,
Rycht quietlie wes slane vpone the nicht;
That nane suld wit syne efter how it was,
The hous and him tha brint baith into ass.
Thus endit he withoutin ony moir,
In the same falt he faillit in befoir.
Neirby this tyme as ȝe sall wnderstand,
The blak freiris come first into Scotland.
King Alexander quhen he wes in France,
As sum man said, of aduenture and chance
With Sanct Dominick him awin self he met,
Quhair he till him ane fixit da hes set,
At his requeist wes greitlie to commend,
Of his brether in Scotland for to send.
Quhilk war ressauit with the kingis grace
With greit honour, syne biggit thame ane place

At thair plesure, and ay sensyne for-thi,
The langar ay tha haif done multiply.
Sanct Frances ordour sone efter tha dais
Come first in Scotland, as my author sais;
The quhilk ordour, as we may preif in deid,
Of perfectioun all vther dois exceid.
Sone efter this as ȝe haif hard me sa,
The nobill lord Allane of Gallowa,
Constabill of Scotland in his tyme wes he,
Quhilk gydit justice with greit equitie
To riche and puir, without fraude or fenȝie,
Wes neuir man of him had caus to plenȝe,
With greit mening that tyme of mony one,
He tuke his leif and to his graif is gone:
No langar heir he list to mak repair.
Thre dochteris left behind him to be air;
All Gallowa, the quhilk befoir he gydit,
Richt equallie amang thir thre diuydit,
Befoir his deith ilkone thair awin suld ken,
Syne weddit thame with thre ȝoung nobill men.
Ane bastard sone also that tyme hed he,
I can nocht tell be quhat auctoritie
Or richt euill counsall sum had gevin him to,
All Gallowa that tyme he maid on do.
Becaus lord Allane had no sone bot he,
On him thairfoir to sic auctoritie,
Throw ill counsall quhilk causit oft discord,
Of Gallowa he held him self the lord.
And quha thairin maid contrapleid or pley,
Or war so bald his bidding dissobey,
Richt suddantlie, with greit malice and ire,
Persewit thame baith than with blude and fyre.
Wes neuir sene nother with lord nor lard,
As he with him, had sic ane graceles gard;
For-quhy that tyme ilkone till him did draw,
Forloppin lownis that durst not bide the law,

45,655 45,660 45,665 45,670 45,675 Lib. 13, f. 210 b. Col. 1. 45,680 45,685

Baith theif and tratour that culd neuir be trew,
Thikfald to him all in the tyme tha drew.
Onto the number of ten thousand men,
Dalie he led ouir mony gill and glen:
Thir brybouris bald, withoutin ony baid,
Ilk da greit spulȝie in sindrie partis maid.
King Alexander, of this quhen he wes war,
The erle of Marche callit Patrik Dumbar,
And Walter Stewart lord of Dundonald,
Thir tua lordis, with mony berne full bald,
In contrair him that samin tyme send he
In Gallowa with his auctoritie,
Quhilk vincust him and slew him thair in feild;
Fyve thousand als than of his men wer keild,
And all the laif that war nocht slane or tane,
Out of Scotland tha baneist thame ilkane.
Rodger Quincin quhilk wes ane man of gude,
Ane lord he wes and of richt nobill blude,
The eldest sister also of the thrie,
Lord Alanis dochter that tyme mareit he;
The constabill than of Scotland he wes maid,
The quhilk he brukit with tha landis braid,
And all his airis till ane richt lang tyme.
Syne efterwart, for greit tressoun and cryme,
Forfaltit wes; and for that samin querrell,
Translatit syne wes[1] to the erle of Arrell
That ilk office, with haill auctoritie;
Of Scotland than the constabill maid wes he,
Quhilk ȝit sensyne, withoutin ony leis,
That samin office tha bruke ȝit in peice.
All beand done as I haif said ȝow heir,
To Alexander come ane messingeir
Out of Ingland, the quhilk to him that schew
Betuix the king and his lordis of new,

[1] In MS. *syne wes syne.*

Quhat wes the causs he culd nocht rycht weill tell,
Rycht suddantlie ane greit discord thair fell.
King Alexander for that samin caus,
As he richt weill that culd alledge the lawes,
For to reforme all wrangis and discord,
Quhairfoir that tyme with mony rycht wyss lord,
That tyme in England passit hes, but leis,
Quhair he richt sone all scisma hes gart ceis.
Rycht mony tryst, as my author recordis,
He drew richt oft betuix the king and lordis,
With greit travell lang efter he come hidder,
Quhill he richt weill aggreit thame togidder.
Quhen this wes done, for mair merit and meid,
In pilgremage to Sanct Thomas he ȝeid,
Of Canterberrie, diuotlie on his feit.
His pilgremage quhen that he had compleit,
In Lundoun toun, as my author did tell,
His ȝoungest sister, callit Issobell,
The quhilk with him in England he gart pas, Col. 2.
Ane nobill man the erle of Northfolk was,
To him that tyme in mariage he gaif,
Quhome of he wes rycht weill content to haif.

How Jeane the Quene and King Alexanderis Wyffe departit in England out of this Lyffe, and of King Alexanderis comeing Hame in Scotland, and efter weddit the Erle of Goweris Dochter, and how Patrik, Erle of Athoill, was slane.

Sone efter this now that ȝe heir me mene,
Gude Jeane of Scotland that tyme that wes quene,
To Alexander was weddit wyfe also,
The quhilk with him in England he gart go,
Aganis deid becaus scho micht nocht stryve,
Departit hes out of this present lyfe,

In hir ȝouthheid quhen scho wes of most vaill,
Withoutin cheild other famell or maill.
King Alexander efter this wes done,
Agane in Scotland syne come hame rycht sone.
The nixt ȝeir syne efter he come hame,
Ane ȝoung virgin, callit Marie to name,
The dochter wes to the erle of Gower than,
Callit Ingell, quhilk wes ane nobill man,
Than Alexander weddit to his wyfe,
In joy and blis with quhome he led his lyfe.
To him efter ane ȝoung sone syne scho buir,
Hecht Alexander, quhilk dalie with greit cûir
Scho nureist hes in ȝouthheid of ane cheild,
Quhill that he come onto perfytar eild.
Sone efter syne, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
This nobill king perlustrit all his land,
Justice and law amang thame till exers.
That samin tyme, my author dois rehers,
Patrik the erle of Athoill that wes than,
In Haddingtone, wnwist of ony man,
Or ȝit knawledge of ony erthlie wycht,
In his bed wes murdreist on the nycht ;
Syne he and bed and all wes brint in ass,
And all the houss that nycht that he in was.
Thocht no man wist perfitlie in effect
Quha did the[1] deid, ȝit tua tha held suspect ;
The tane of thame hecht Jon Bissart to name,
Quhilk of the deid buir all the wyte and blame,
And on his eme that tyme and on no mo,
The blame of all wes laid vpone tha tuo.
Quhairof tha come into the kingis will,
Becaus he hed no sicker preif thairtill,
Forfaltit thame than bayth of land and gude,
Syne baneist thame rycht far attouir the flude.

[1] In MS. *tha*.

How the Prelattis of Scotland convenit and maid ane Counsall in Sanct Johnestoun.

This samin ȝeir as so hapnit befall
In Sanct Johnnestoun ane counsall generall;
Quhair all the prelattis of Scotland ilkone
Wes present thair; that da absent wes none.
That callit wes the counsall of clergie,
For to reforme all faltis war gone by;
All thing to cum with prudens to prouyde,
With gude ordour the kirk of Christ to gyde.
In that counsall richt mony gude statute
Wes maid that tyme, quhilk ȝit ar execute
Wnabrogat, as that my author sais,
Quhilk in the kirk ar keipit ȝit thir dais.
Bayth with the king and the lordis consent
This thing wes done, quhair tha war all present.
Sone efter this now that ȝe heir me reid,
Lord of Argyle wes callit Somerleid,
The sone he wes of Somerleid that schrew
Quhome of befoir schort quhile I [to] ȝow schew,
Into his tyme quhilk wes ane wickit man;
Quhair that he left this Somerleid began,
With reif and stouth, spulȝe and oppressioun,
Ane lang quhile so with greit transgressioun,
Ilk da be da the langar ay the war.
The erle of Merche syne, Patrik of Dumbar,
Send fra the king aganis him we reid,
In plane battell vincust this Somerleid;
Syne chaissit him ouir mony mont and plane,
Quhill that he wes richt joyfull syne and fane
To grant him grace; than, for the moir effecc,
Come with ane widey knyt about his neck,
Befoir the king quhair he had set the place,
On his kneis beseikand him of grace;

Lib. 13, f. 211. Col. 1.

Quhill grantit wes for plesure of this lord
Erle of Dumbar, of quhome I did record.
Quhen this wes done and brocht to sic ane end,
Quhilk in the tyme wes greitlie to commend,
This ilk Henrie that king wes of Ingland,
Richt mony menis maid to brek the band
To Alexander befoir that he hed maid,
With sic desyr his kinrik to invaid,
Throw ill counsall that mony gaif him to,
Wist nocht rycht weill quhat that tha had ado.
And for to mak occasioun of sic thing,
Rycht mony wes gaif counsall to the king,
The samin castell that foundit wes on Tueid,
Quhilk of befoir, as ȝe aboue ma reid,
That king Williame gart cast doun and distroy,
To big agane the Scottis for to noy;
Into thair hart it wald be sic ane hoill,
That weill tha wist tha ma nocht sic thing thoill.
All this wes done onto the same effecc,
To fynd ane caus the trewis for to brek.
So had tha done, as I richt wnderstand,
War nocht the lordis that tyme of Ingland,
The quhilk thairof knew sic danger and ill
Into that cace, wald nocht consent thairtill;
And causs[it] hes the king for to repent
That he had done, and changit his intent.

How Lues, King of France, send in Scotland to King Alexander for Supple to fecht in Halie Land, quha send Patrik, Erle of Marche, and Walter Stewart of Dundonald, with ane greit Armie with the said King of France.

In this same tyme the nobill king of France,
Callit Lues, richt gritlie till advance,
Into Scotland that samin tyme send he
To Alexander for his help and supple;
Schawand to him his purpois wes till go,
That tyme to fecht aganes Christis fo,
Into Judea into the Halie Land.
Than Alexander withoutin ony demand,
The erle of Merche, bayth bellicois and bald, Col. 2.
And Walter Stewart lord of Dundonald,
With mony wy that worthie war and wicht,
Baith big and bald, all cled in armour brycht,
Wnder the gyding of thir lordis tuo,
To king Lues he maid that tyme till go.
In Egipt efter syne at thair defenss,
Part in battell and part in pestilens,
Departit all into that samin place.
Sone efter syne it hapnit vpone cace,
This king Lues with vtheris mony one,
Fechtand in feild with the Soldane wes tone.
Neirby this tyme that I haif schawin heir,
Quhen Alexander ane and fiftie ȝeir
Completit hes, and gane wes all his dais,
Than of his ring, as that my author sais,
Completit wes als threttie ȝeir and fyve,
He tuke his leif out of this present lyfe,
And of our Lord ane thousand and tua hunder,
Fourtie and nyne also for to eik wnder.

Within the se that tyme into ane yle
Fornent the cost, rycht straucht furth fra Argyle,
This Alexander, as that my author sais,
In that same place cloissit his latter dais.
With seruice sung and sacrifice of sence,
And all honour pertening to ane prence,
[Into Melross syne efter that wes he
Intumulat with greit solempnitie.]

How Alexander was crovnit King, and how the Lordis amang thame selffis thairfoir did maling, and how the Realme was gydit be Four wyss Lordis.

Quhen so deceissit wes this nobill king,
That all his tyme so meik wes and bening,
Ane sone he had quhilk wes ane plesand cheild,
The quhilk that tyme wes nyne ȝeiris of eild.
Ane farar cheild doucht na man for to se,
Als Alexander to name callit wes he.
That samin tyme, as my author recordis,
Ane greit diuisioun raiss amang the lordis,
And speciallie for crowning of thair king.
Sum said that tyme that he wes all to ȝing
To crownit be, and also greit wnrycht,
Becaus he that tyme wes nocht maid [ane] knycht;
And vther sum the contrarie that thocht,
For sic ane caus that tyme stop wald tha nocht.
And had nocht bene Makduffe the erle of Fyffe,
With his wisdome that stoppit all that stryfe,
In that mater tha had fittit so far,
Sone efterwart I trow it had bene war.
Or ony thing in that mater wes done,
He hed the prince with greit triumph to Scone,
Quhair present wes thair lordis mony one,
And crownit him thair on the marbell stone.

That samin tyme I hard my author sa,
Ane Hieland clerk, cled in ane rob of gra,
Befoir the king with mony benge and bek,
He salust him on to that samin effecc,
Fra Gathelus all his genelogie
Onto him self he countit gre be gre.
Thair names now I like nocht to rehers,
So cummersum tha ar to put in verss.
Into that tyme, becaus he wes so ȝing
To gyde and governe sick ane famous ring,
Or dreid his ȝouthheid suld occasioun be
Till mony one fra justice for to fle,
For that same caus tha chesit in that tyde,
That wysast war to governe and to gyde,
Four agit lordis baith sicker and suir,
Syne gaif to thame the haill gyding and cuir,
With haill consent thair of thame all ilkone.
The quhilk till do thir four in hand hes tone;
And for to be moir suir into that thing,
Onto Henrie of Ingland that wes king
Ane herald send, withoutin ony moir,
For to conferme the band maid of befoir;
His dochter alss to haif in mariage
To Alexander quhen he come till age.
The quhilk Henrie, hartlie with gude will,
All thair desyr richt glaidlie grantit till.
The secund ȝeir syne efter of his ring,
Alexander of Scotland that wes king,
In Drumfermling with greit triumph and gloir,
Quhair present war that tyme, bayth les and moir,
The bischoppis all and mony abbot also,
Into the tyme with vther lordis mo,
Convenit all togidder for the nanis,
Of Sanct Margaret for to translait the banis,
And as it hapnit efter ȝe sall heir.
As tha war brocht ben richt into the queir,

45,900 45,905 45,910 45,915 45,920 45,925 45,930 45,935

Lib. 13, f. 211 b. Col. 1.

Fornent the toume quhair that king Malcolme la,
Hir husband wes, as ȝe haif hard me sa,
So suddane havie in the tyme tha grew,
Of waill wicht men quhair that thair wes anew,
The starkast man that wes amang thame thair
Doucht nocht ane fit thame fordward for to bair.
In magir thame ilkone wes thair that tyde,
The banis still into that place did byde.
As tha stude all to wonder of that thing,
Ane agit monk that tyme said to the king,
" Schir, I beleif this is the caus and quhy,
" Hir husbandis graue that scho will nocht go by,
" Quhill his banis be borne ben befoir;
" Into his lyfe scho did him sic honoir,
" Siclike in hevin thairof haif ȝe no weir,
" With sic honour as scho wes wont do heir.
" My counsall is," thus said he, " for the nanis,
" Now and ȝe pleis for to tak vp his banis,
" And in the queir befoir hiris beir thame ben,
" Gif this be trew or nocht than ȝe ma ken."
And so tha did richt suddantlie and sone;
Sanct Margaretis banis syne quhen that wes done,
The leist ane cheild wes scantlie ten ȝeir ald,
Mycht haif borne thame to quhat place that he wald.
Ben in the queir his banis than tha brocht,
In ane ferter of fyne siluer weill wrocht
Inclosit thame, as my author did sa,
Quhair tha remane thair still onto this da.
Sone efter syne throw wisdome and curage,
Quhen that the king come to perfytar age,
He tuke greit curage justice to exerce;
So wes thair than my author did rehers,
Into the Month ane erle of richt ill fame,
That Walter Cuming callit wes to name,
The erle of Buchane and mony vther mo,
As of Athoill and Strabogie also;

Thir four lordis hecht Cuming to surname,
Quhilk of befoir thocht nother syn nor schame
To mak oppressioun dalie of the puir,
The king being in ȝouthheid wnder cuir,
The samin tyme that I haif said ȝow heir,
Befoir the king for tha wald nocht compeir,
Quhen tha war callit ansuer for to mak
For thair faltis of quhome befoir I spak,
Becaus tha schew thame self giltie in sic thing,
Declarit war than rebellis to the king.
Thir foure lordis syne efter on ane nycht, Col. 2.
Richt quietlie with greit power and mycht,
Out of Kynros that tyme tha tuke the king,
At thair plesour syne hed him to Striuiling.
Syne euirilk da be thair auctoritie,
Haiffand the king in thair captiuitie,
Richt greit injure, the langar ay the moir,
Tha wrocht siclike as tha war wont befoir.
Of that surname, as my author recordis,
Into Scotland thair wes rycht mony lordis
Into that tyme, of greit power and michtis,
Forouttin thame als tua and threttie knychtis.
Of thair attyre I list no langar tell;
Tak tent and heir quhat efterwart befell.
This Walter Cuming, of quhome befoir I schew,
Ane wyfe he had wes nother traist no trew,
That louit better nor hir awin lord
Ane Inglisman, my author dois record;
For that same caus, gif I suld schaw the richt,
Hir awin lord scho poysonit on ane nicht.
Quhen that wes done in Ingland syne scho fled,
And all the gold and trasour that scho hed,
And jowellis als, withoutin ony demand,
That tyme with hir scho tuke into Ingland.
To all the laif quhen that this thing wes kend,
How that this lord maid sic vnhappie end,

That principall wes of thame all that tyme,
And caus also of thair vnhap and cryme,
Tha come and pat thame in the kingis will,
To quhat punitioun he wald put thame till.
Throw intercessioun than of vther lordis,
This humbill king, as my authour recordis,
Thir thre lordis and all the laif that tyme
Remittit hes of thair offence and cryme.
This samin tyme that ȝe heir me resume,
Completit wes and ordanit into Rome
Of Corpuscristie the solempnitie,
Nixt hand the feist[1] than of the Trinitie,
Quhilk to be said vpoun the Thurisday;
Sic seruice ilk ȝeir siclike [ȝit] we say.
That samin tyme, as my author did wret,
The quhit habite of freiris Carmelet
Come first in Scotland, syne efter on cace
In Tulelum wes biggit thair first place
Be ane that tyme wes bischop of Dunkell.
Also that tyme, I hard my author tell,
The cors of Peblis funde wes in tha dais
Be ane quhit monk, as that my author sais,
Duelt in Melross neirhand that samin place.
Quhair it wes fund tha fand that tyme of cace
Of alabast ane prettie pig of stone,
And in that pig war banis mony one
Weill wynd in silk richt courtlie for the nanis;
Can no man tell ȝit weill quha aucht tha banis.
In that same place quhair that the cors wes fund,
King Alexander biggit on that grund
Ane fair tempill of poleist stone and lyme;
Syne foundit it into the samin tyme
Of quhit[2] freiris of the Trinitie,
Quhilk habite ȝit remanis thair to se.

[1] In MS. *fast.*

[2] In MS. *quhat.*

Efter all this than, schortlie to conclude,
This nobill king with mony men of gude,
Passit to ȝork than for the samin quhy,
Quhair that he met that tyme with king Henry, 46,045
With all his lordis that tyme les and moir,
For to fulfill that maid wes of befoir.
To Alexander beand within age,
King Henreis dochter into mariage,
That samin tyme he weddit to his quene 46,050
Margaret his dochter plesand and amene.
To me to tell this tyme war ouir grit tarie
The fantasie and eik the ferie farye,
The greit triumph, the sporting and the play, Lib. 13, f. 212.
The singing, dansing, that wes euerilk day, 46,055 Col. 1.
The sumptuous cheir and cost of euerie thing,
Wes maid that tyme at mariage of our king;
Thairfoir as now I lat sic thing go by.
Quhen all wes done, at nobill king Henry
King Alexander tuke his leif till go 46,060
Hame with his quene, with mony lordis mo;
With honour, gloir, and greit triumph betuene,
Come hame in Scotland with Margaret his quene.
All beand done as I haif said ȝow heir,
Sone efter syne into the secund ȝeir, 46,065
Thir tua kingis with mekle pomp and pryde
Convenit baith than at the bordour syde,
And commouit of mony sindrie thingis
Concernand honour onto baith thir kingis.
At Wark Castell quhair at the tryst wes set, 46,070
Thir tua kingis togidder thair tha met,
And talkit thair in mony sindrie townis,
Of commoun weill concerning baith the rowmes.
Of Alexander all that office buir,
Quhilk had of him the gouernance and cuir, 46,075
War changit all for mony sindrie thingis,
At the devyss and counsall of thir kingis;

And other enterit syne into thair place,
That chosin war thair with the kingis grace.
Richard, the bischop that tyme of Dunkell,
Wes maid chancellar, as my author did tell,
And Dauid Lyndesay, of Glenesk wes lord,
Maid thesaurar, gif that I rycht record,
And justiciair[1] callit Allane to name;
Quhen this wes done departit and ȝeid hame,
The kingis baith with greit triumph and gloir,
To thair places quhair tha come fra befoir.
Sone efter this that I heir to ȝow schew,
The officiaris that maid wes of the new
Desyrit payment of the remanand,
That restand wes wnpayit in thair hand
At the last compt, of thame that office buir,
Or thai enterit and had thairof the cuir.
The quhilk to do richt pertlie tha deny,
Erar for malice and for puir invy
Na ony ressoun that tyme tha culd schaw,
Be ony richt or ȝit titill of law.
And[2] for that caus the officiaris new maid,
Be way of deid tha thocht for to invaid
The tother pairt than, had nocht bene the king,
And pundit hed for payment of that thing.
The kingis grace quhilk haittit all discordis,
And speciallie amang greit men and lordis,
Accordit thame of all that tha suld haue
With part of payment, and forgaue the lawe.
This samin tyme that I haif said to ȝow,
Completit wes the greit kirk of Glasgow
Be ane Williame of greit famositie,
Of that same sait the bischop than wes he.
The nixt ȝeir efter it wes compleit,
In harvest fell sic ane rane and weit,

[1] In MS. *maciosar.*

[2] In MS. *Or.*

With roik[1] and mist than baith at evin and morne,
Quhill haillelie distroyit all the corne;
Quhairof that ȝeir sa mony had greit want,
Ouir all Scotland so deir it wes and scant,
And Ingland als, that mony man and wyffe
For falt of fude that ȝeir loissit the lyfe.

How Acho, King of Norroway, come in Scotland with ane greit Naving to reveng the greit Injure and Wrang done to Sueno at Bartha Toun bygane lang, and how King Alexander send Thrie wyss Lordis to him, and off his Ansuer agane.

Col. 2.

In this same ȝeir now that ȝe heir me se,
Ane callit Acho, king of Norrowa,
Quhen to this Acho done wes wnderstand
Sic darth and hungar wes into Scotland,
He thocht that tyme wes all for his behuif
Aganis Scotland battell for to mufe,
For to revenge injuris les and moir,
Wes done to Sueno at Bartha befoir.
And for that caus, withoutin ony baid,
Into that tyme richt greit prouisioun maid,
Baith out of Denmark and of Norrawa,
With bark and barge and mony gay gala;
And tuik the se with mony gudlie man,
Syne saillit furth attouir the wallis than
Befoir the wynd richt mony hundreth myllis,
Quhill that he come in Scotland to the Ylis;
Quhilk war his awin ane lang tyme of befoir,
Ay sen the deid of gude Malcome Canmoir,

[1] In MS. *roch.*

His bruther Donald for thair help and supple
Agane Edgair, at his auctoritie
The Ylis all that tyme he did resigne
In the handis of Magnus that wes king
Of Norrowa, and ȝit vnto that da
Tha brukit thame, as my author did say.
Now fardermoir in that mater till mute,
Tha passit all onto the yle of Bute;
Syne efterwart, within ane litill quhile,
With all his naving landit in that yle.
The toun of Air he seigit syne and wan
With litill sturt, but ony skaith as than.
This beand done, without stop and ganestand,
With spulȝe and heirschip vpoune euerie hand,
Proceidit furth into the samin quhile,
In sindrie partis of Carrik and [of] Kyll.
To Alexander quhen this thing wes kend,
Rycht sone in haist thrie wyss lordis he send
To this Acho, to heir his mynd and knaw
Quhat causit him agane the commoun law,
So far fra hame in his contrar hed socht,
And in his boundis syne sic wrang had wrocht.
Thir thrie lordis togidder in ane will,
To Acho come and scharplie said him till
Richt hie langage as I sall now rehers,
Ilk word be word heir followand into vers.
" War nocht," tha said, " oure vse hes bene befoir,
" And ȝit we think siclike salbe euirmoir,
" No man with battell ony tyme persew,
" Quhill first his mynd we wnderstude and knew,
" Gif he for him hes ony causs or nocht,
" Syne thairefter as we thocht causs we wrocht.
" Ellis," tha said, " dout nocht bot ȝow hed sene,
" Als schort ane quhile as ȝe haif now heir bene,

" Als bald bernis and in armour als bricht,
" As thow hes heir sone semblit in thi sicht,
" Or ony man ane fit farder hed socht
" To bring to the sic bodwart as we brocht,
" Or ȝit dedeyne sic message for till go,
" To speir at the quhat causit the do so.
" Quhairfoir," tha said, " oure king that send ws heir,
" Commandit ws at the for to inqueir
" Quhat richt hes thow or quhat auctoritie,
" Or quhat injuris haif we done to the,
" Or ony vther that thow suld defend,
" Or ony wrang that we aucht for to mend,
" Hes causit the in Arrane and [in] Bute,
" His puir pepill, without ony refute,
" Baith man and wyfe, with ȝoung and ald also,
" But ony causs so cruellie to slo.
" The pepill als thi tirranie that dred,
" For girth and succour to the kirk ar fled,
" Gat no refuge in thi rancour and ire,
" Bot slew thame all, syne brint the kirk in fyre.
" Quhairfoir," tha said, " gif that thow wes nocht rod,
" Sic sacraledge aganis almichtie God
" For to commit, and all his halie sanctis,
" Quhome to all thing at thair desyr he grantis,
" Of vengeance als quhilk hes auctoritie,
" Quhen euir tha like for to exerce on the.
" And gif thow thinkis that thow hes no neid
" God nor his sanctis for sic thing to dreid,
" ȝit thow suld dreid the tua maist potent kingis
" In Albione togidder now that ringis,
" In gude concord and perfite cheritie,
" Be ald colleg and new affinitie.
" Thy small power to thame is no compeir,
" That sall thow find and thow byde oucht lang heir

46,170 46,175 46,180 46,185 46,190 46,195 46,200

Lib. 13, f. 212b. Col. 1.

" Quhairfoir," tha said, " we the command richt
sone,
" For to reforme all wrangis thow hes done ;
" And do thow nocht, thairof haue thow no weir,
" Thow sall forthink richt sone that thow come heir."
Quhen tha had said and schawin all thair will,
This ilk Acho sic ansuer maid thame till :
" Trow ȝe," he said, " for ȝour speiking so proude,
" Or lichtlie langage bayth lawage and loude,
" With greit derisioun so injurius,
" That I this tyme be so meticulus,
" And sic ane cowart full of schame and dreid,
" That I dar nocht to my purpois proceid,
" For the greit bost that ȝe haif blawin now :
" Wnwyss ar ȝe of me sic thing till trow.
" And quhair ȝe speir be quhat auctoritie,
" Or be quhat richt, that I haif now for me,
" Sic wrang this tyme agane ȝow I haif wrocht,
" To that questione heir I will ansuer nocht.
" For-quhy," he said, " richt weill it[1] wnderstand,
" That I wes neuir ȝit at his command,
" And mairattouir, se that ȝe sa him to,
" I knaw my self quhat that I haif ado,
" And thinkis nocht at him wisdome to leir ;
" He neidis nocht thairfoir at me to speir.
" Bot gif it be at my plesour and will,
" Thairof na ansuer I will mak him till.
" Gif he will speir of sic thingis and mute
" Quhat richt haif I to Arrane or to Bute,
" To that I sa, as ȝe ma heir me mene,
" Lang of the ald tha did to me pertene,
" To my gudschir and foirgudschir also,
" Quhilk wranguslie that ȝe haif haldin me fro,

[1] In MS. *in*.

" And no redres that ȝe will mak thairfoir,
" Nocht worth ane scrunt of all that to restoir.
" Thairfoir," he said, " sa to thi king but leis,
" Gif that he plesis for to leif in peice,
" And nocht to se bayth castell, tour and toun,
" Befoir his face distroyit and put doun,
" And all his kinrik, schortlie to conclude,
" Brocht to confusioun bayth with fyre and blude;
" Gif he list nocht sic thingis for to se,
" Ten thousand pundis of gude money send me,
" And all the Ylis ilkone be thair name
" Gif ouir to me without ony reclame."
Onto the king this ansuer quhen tha schew,
Be thair relatione wnderstude and knew,
And be the ansuer in the tyme he maid,
Without battell he culd nocht weill evaid,
Decretit hes syne for to tak the feild. Col. 2.
With bernis big that waponis weill culd weild,
Ane greit armie all into armour bricht
He semblit syne richt sone into thair sicht.

How the King of Scottis tuke Feild aganis Acho, King of Norroway, and of his Oresone maid to his Lordis.

Vpone ane plane that tyme quhair that tha stude,
He put thame all intill ordour rycht gude;
To Walter Stewart amang all the laif,
At his gyding the vangard that da gaif;
He wes his oy that foundit the abba
Into Renfrow, that callit is Pasla;
The erle of Merche vpone the tother syde,
The tother battell gaif to him to gyde;
The mid battell of stalwart men and stuir,
Thairof him self the gyding tuke and cuir.

Quhen that wes done ascendit to ane hycht,
Quhair euerie man mycht haif of him ane sycht;
Befoir thame all syne with ane voce so cleir,
He said to thame as I sall schaw ȝow heir.
" Wnto ȝow all," he said, "it is weill knawin,
" So wranguslie this tyme with oure awin
" We are invaidit, without causs or quhy,
" For auerice, for malice and invye;
" Quhairfoir, I traist, tha sall cum hulie speid,
" In sic querrell quhen that tha haif most neid.
" Rycht weill ȝe knaw how our fatheris beforne,
" Full mony da or ony heir wes borne,
" Agane thair fatheris oft in stour tha stude,
" Becaus thair querrell wes so just and gude,
" And in thame self so worthie men war than,
" The victorie euir of thame tha wan.
" Traist weill," he said, "we haif alss mekle rycht
" As tha had than, and God als of greit mycht
" As he wes than, and als greit equitie,
" And euir wes and euirmoir salbe,
" And equalie rewardis euerie deid.
" Quhairfoir," he said, "we haif no causs to dreid,
" Sen that our querrell is so just and trew,
" Withoutin causs tha do on ws persew;
" Quhairfoir greit God of his auctoritie,
" Will nocht thoill thame wnpuneist for to be.
" And sen it is that we haif all the richt,
" I ȝow beseik exerce ȝour strenth and micht
" For to defend ȝour barnis and ȝour wyffis,
" ȝour freindis als, ȝour landis and ȝour lyffis,
" ȝour king, ȝour croun, or, schortlie to conclude,
" Bondis to be into vyle seruitude
" To ȝone pepill befoir ȝour face ȝe se,
" Of barbour blude full of iniquitie;
" Ilk da with thame syne to be ouirthrawin,
" Vsand ȝow all evin as ȝe war thair awin;

" Baith ȝoung and ald, wyfe and barne betuene,
" Ilk da defoullit syne befoir ȝour ene."
Siclike as this that tyme he did reherss,
And mekle mair than I will put in verss.
Acho siclike, vpoun the tother part,
Rycht circumspect he wes into that art,
And to his men into the samin sort,
He said to thame as I sall heir report:
" Ȝe my knychtis, baith stalwart and sture,
" Forsuith," he said, " of ȝow I am richt suir,
" That ȝe ar all bayth manlie, wyss and wicht;
" In ȝow also sic strenth thair is and micht,
" And wisdome als, els, wit ȝe but weir,
" So far fra hame I had nocht brocht ȝow heir.
" Sic vertew als I knaw thair is in ȝow,
" Rycht litill dreid thairfoir I haif as now
" Of all ȝone folk befoir ȝour face that standis,
" I haif sic hoip this da into ȝour handis.
" For weill I wait, with litill noy or din,
" Riches and gold aneuch heir may we wyn,
" Lordschip and land, honour and greit mycht.
" Quhairfoir," he said, " wald ȝe considder richt,
" Of all ȝone folk ȝe suld tak litill feir,
" Without prattik or wisdome into weir.
" In thame is nother strenth or micht I ken,
" For-quhy tha ar bot similitudis of men,
" And like schaddowis, to say the suith at schort,
" Bayth pynd and puir like ony peild tramort.
" On thair bodie is nothing, to conclude,
" Bot skyn and bone, withoutin flesche or blude,
" For greit hungar that they haif had all ȝeir,
" Bayth meit and drink so scant hes bene and deir.
" Dout nocht," he said, " without ony demand,
" Tha haif no strenth agane our straik to stand.
" Gif so hapnis, as God forbid so be,
" Out of the feild heir at this tyme to fle,

46,305 46,310 46,315 Lib. 13, f. 213. Col. 1. 46,320 46,325 46,330 46,335

" Quhair suld we flie, lat se now to quhat place?
" Haiffand our fa fechtand befoir oure face,
" Behind oure bak the deip water and se,
" Quhair we will droun to that place and we fle.
" And sen we haif sic help in our awin handis,
" And ma debait ws rycht weill with our brandis,
" Greit skayth it war, dishonour and greit lak,
" And we on ws this tyme sic part suld tak,
" To cast fra ws oure harnes and oure geir,
" And waponis alss that we vse into weir,
" Out of the feild quhair we no perrell se,
" So schamefullie to turne oure bak and fle,
" Rycht haill and feir, withoutin wan or wound,
" On to ȝone se quhair we will all be dround.
" Quhairfoir," he said, " think on ȝour honour all,
" I ȝow beseik, quhat euir efter befall,
" So far fra hame heir in ane vncouth land,
" Quhill ȝe haif strenth other to stryke or stand."

The Entering and Joyining of the Feild.

Be this wes said the broderit baneris brycht
On euerie syde we[s] hevit vpoune hicht;
And mony pynsall panetit all with gold,
And mony standart streikit on the mold,
That worthelie war wrocht all with gold wyre,
Fra Phebus face that flammit as the fyre.
The schalmis schill schoutit with sic ane sound,
That with thair beir the braid erd did rebound;
The clarionis clynkit in the tyme so cleir,
The buglis blast wes aufull for to heir;
Rycht mony man, that waponis weill culd weild,
On euerie syde hes enterit in the feild,
With sic ane dous togidder that tha draif,
Quhill speiris brak and scheildis birst and raif.

Helmis war hewin and heidis that war wnder,
Schoulderis wer sched and schorne all in schunder;
Breistis war bet, bayth bludie maid and bla,
Sum leg, sum arme, the bodie cuttit fra;
Sum to the erd wes derflie drevin doun,
Sum in the deid-thraw la walterand in swoun.
Thir tua kingis forgane vther that faucht,
Sic routis rude ilkone on vther raucht
Into that feild, with egir will and gude,
Stalwart he wes wnder sic straikis stude.
The Scottis than in the vangard that faucht, Col. 2.
As with thair captane that tyme tha war taucht,
So worthelie into the feild thame hed,
Quhill that thair partie turnit thair bak and fled.
Achois cousing, captane of that feild,
The laif all fled quhen that tha saw him keild;
Most principall amang thame all wes he,
And nixt Acho of most auctoritie.
The Scottis than fast followit on the chace;
Thair captane than, quhilk considderit the cace,
As tha war scaillit vp and doun the plane,
Ane trumpet blew and gatherit thame agane.
In gude array he brocht thame syne intill
Thir tua kingis quhair tha war fechtand still;
In gude ordour, alss fast as tha mycht frak,
He enterit in behind the Danis bak.
Tha bernis bald, withoutin ony baid,
So greit slauchter vpone tha Danis maid,
That force it wes to this Acho to fle,
Out of the feild than with ane few menzie.
The farrar wyng vpoune the tother syde,
The erle of Merche had in that tyme to gyde,
So lang tha faucht quhill tha war neir confoundit,
Him self also into the tyme soir woundit;

Syne quhen tha saw that this king Acho fled,
With all the strenth into the tyme tha hed,
So heich thair hartis in that tyme tha grew,
The feild agane richt manlie did renew,
With so greit strenth and curage in the tyde,
The Danis fled and durst na langar byde.
The Scottis syne fast followit on the chace,
Quhome tha ouirtuke, without mercie or grace,
Tha gat no girth, nother knycht nor knaif,
Bot evin siclike befoir as thame self gaif.
Tha followit ay als lang as tha had sycht,
With greit slauchter quhill twynnit thame the nycht.
This king Acho with the few folk he hed,
Onto the toun of Air that tyme he fled,
Traistand thairin for to get sum resset.
Be he come thair ane messinger he met,
That schew to him tydenis that war nocht gude ;
That samin nicht his schippis on the flude,
Sevin scoir and ten togidder quhair tha la,
With storme and tempest brokin war or da,
Sum vpoun craig and vther sum vpone sand.
The marinaris come levand to the land,
War slane ilkone, dreidles but ony doubt,
With Scottis men that duelt neirby about.
Except four schippis raid neirby ane cost,
The laif ilkone with all the men war lost.
Quhen Acho saw that na better micht be,
With thir four schippis passit to the se,
About the Ylis sailland da be da,
Quhill that he come syne till Orkna.
This ilk battell wes strickin in Renfrow,
Besyde ane toun callit the Lairgis now.
In quhilk battell, as my author did sa,
Fyve thousand Scottis deit that same da ;

With foure and tuentie thousand to and mo
Of Norrowais deit thair also,
Except the schipmen on the se wes lost,
And all the laif that slane war at the oist,
The quhilk that tyme wes of ane rycht greit number:
Sensyne Scotland wes ay quite of thair cumber.
This king Acho, of quhome ȝe hard me say,
Sone efter syne he come into Orknay,
Rycht litill sturt that tyme he tuik or nane,
Of the greit skaith before that he had tane;
So hichtie than into his mynd wes he,
Thinkand thairof he suld revengit be,
Ouir all Denmark and Norrowa also,
Of armit men collectit hes far mo
No of befoir, and with power moir large,
With mony bark, ballingar and barge,
And mony carvall biggit of the new,
To that purpois agane for to persew
King Alexander as his mortall fo,
Quhen symmer come and winter wes ago;
And how it hapnit efter ȝe sall heir.
Syne in December in that samin ȝeir,
Throw greit seikness that salȝeit him so soir,
He tuke his leif, for he micht leve no moir.
Quhen his dais ouir drevin war and wend,
At his departing all that weir tuke end.
Richt as my author did me wnderstand,
Borne wes the prince that same tyme of Scotland,
Quhilk Alexander callit wes to name,
Of quene Margaret the flure is of all fame,
Quhilk causit Scotland to abound with gloir,
For dowbill blythnes that tha hed befoir.
The grittest blythnes wes that tyme tha hed,
The deid of Acho quhome so soir tha dred,

46,440 46,445 46,450 46,455 46,460 45,465 46,470

Lib. 13. f. 213. Col. 1.

Or dreid he suld haif done thame moir offence.
The secund wes the birth than of thair prince,
Quhilk causit thame solempnitlie to sing
Ouir all Scotland, and bellis for to ring,
And baillis birne with mekle sport and pla,
With greit triumph onto the auchtane da.
Efter the tyme that this Acho wes deid,
Mawnis his sone succeidit in his steid,
Ane man of peice that ay gude conscience hed,
And all his tyme richt gritlie God he dred.
This ilk Mawnis to Alexander send
Ane messinger with hartlie recommend,
For peax and rest, concord and unity,
Siclike befoir that wont wes for to be
Befoir thir dais lang and mony ȝeir,
Of this conditioun I sall schaw ȝow heir.
Arrane and Bute, but sturt or stryfe of thame,
Suld be his awin without ony reclame,
And all the laif of Ylis les and moir,
Mawnis to haif his father hed befoir.
This messinger quhen he had said his will,
This nobill king sic ansuer maid him till:
" Gude freind," he said, " quhill I haif strenth or micht,
" The Ylis all quhome to I haif sic richt,
" Traist weill," he said, " till tha restorit be
" To me agane as tha war wont alss fre,
" Fra blude and battell I schaip neuer to blyn,
" The Ylis all agane quhill that I win."
The messinger, for dreid of grittar blame,
With that ansuer tuke leif and passit hame.
King Alexander in that samin quhile,
With greit power he send in Mona Yle
Johnne of Cuming and Alexander Stewart.
Thir tua lordis in weir wes so expert,

With litill sturt that yle richt sone tha wan,
Of Norrowais quhair tha slew mony man;
Syne all tha strenthis stuffit in that quhile
With Scottis men for to defend that ile,
The quhilk the Danis haldin had befoir,
Aucht scoir of ȝeiris and sevin ȝeiris moir.
Sone efter syne within ane litill quhile, Col. 2.
The erle of Merche, the lord als of Argyle,
The erle of Athoill, with Buchane also,
Menteith, Lennox, with mony vther mo,
Be se and land richt far and mony mylis,
With greit power war send into the Ylis.
The quhilk richt sone fra tyme that tha began,
Of tha Ylis richt mony that tha wan;
The Danis all that schupe to mak reskew,
In tha Ylis ilkone that tyme tha slew,
Syne Scottismen that leill and trew war kend,
In strenthis left tha Ylis to defend.
The laue also, becaus tha come in will,
Come hame agane and wald do thame na ill.
This king Mawnis so weill that tyme he wist
Agane the Scottis he micht nocht resist,
Richt weill he knew, other be feir or wyllis,
In contrair him tha wald win all the Ylis.
His[1] chancellar that wes ane famous man,
Ambassadour he hes send to him than,
First for to se gif [that] he wald fulfill
The first desyr that he had send him till;
And gif it wes that he wald nocht do sua,
Ane ȝeirlie ferme to thair king for to pa
For tha Ylis that he had in his hand,
And all the laif at thair faith for to stand.
Quhairof the king that tyme wes nocht content,
Quhen that he hard sic inconvenient.

[1] In MS. *This.*

The lordis all, siclike and all the lawe,
For his desyre to greit heiding him drawe;
And quhen he saw that he culd cum na speid,
In that purpois na forder wald proceid.
Syne efter [that], as I sall schaw ȝow heir,
Componit wes than with this chancelleir,
Perpetuall peax in tyme to cum to tak,
With king and king colleg and band to mak,
Confiderit pepill ay fra that furth be,
In peax and rest, concord and vnitie.
To Alexander syne, baith les and moir,
The Ylis all agane for to restoir,
And to renunce rycht hartlie with gude will,
All rycht and clame that tha mycht haif thairtill;
And neuer agane, for ald feid na for new,
Reuoik that band, na ȝit sic thing persew.
Four thousand mark of gude mony alsua,
King Alexander in the time sall pay
To king Mawnis, as I haif said ȝow heir;
Perpetuallie syne euerilk ȝeir by ȝeir,
Ane hundreth markis in compositioun,
ȝeirlie to pa in maner of pensioun.
Decreittit wes that samin tyme also,
King Mawnis sone that callit wes Hungo,
That he suld wed vnto his wyfe and quene
ȝoung Margaret, rycht plesand and amene,
To Alexander dochter wes most deir,
The quhilk that tyme exceidit nocht ane ȝeir.
Hungo siclike that samin tyme we[s] he
Ane sowkand barne vpoune the nureis kne;
Promittit wes to mak that mariage,
Quhen euir tha tua come bayth to lauchtfull age.
All this wes done as I haif [said] ȝow than,
With greit blythnes thair baith of wyffe and man.
Or tha departit in the samin tyme,
Convictit wes than sindrie of sic cryme,

That tha supportit [hed] into sic thing,
The Norrawayis agane thair awin king,
Richt quietlie with mony subtill wyllis,
Quhen that his armie wes into the Ylis. Lib.13, f.214. Col. 1.
For that same caus foroutin ony moir,
Quhair that this legat present wes befoir,
In that same tyme quhair that himself mycht se,
Vpoun ane gallous maid thame all to de.
Sone efter this now that ȝe heir me tell,
Agane king Henrie that tyme did rebell
Ane greit captane, callit Symon Montfort,
Persewand him ilk da be battell mort.
Eith wes it nocht his power to resist,
For-quhy sa mony did till him assist;
Thairfoir king Henrie for help and supple
To Alexander suddantlie send he.
King Alexander heirand it wes so,
With Johnne Cuming he furneist for till go
Fyve thousand men, hardie of hart and hand,
Stalwart and stout in ony stour to stand.
Sone efter syne, throw thair help and supple,
This Symon Montfort than vincust wes he
In mort battell, thair fechtand on ane plane,
Quhair he himself and tua thousand war slane:
Syne all the laue within ane litill space,
The king agane ressauit in his grace.
Be this wes endit in the tyme and done,
Ane vther scisma follouit efter sone;
Ane man wes callit Rodger Mortimeir
Into that tyme maid all Ingland on steir.
Staitlie he wes, and of ane rycht hie style,
Ȝit neuirtheles it lestit bot ane quhile;
This king Henrie with mony leill trew leig,
He circulit him sone efter at ane seig,
Into ane place quhair he wes sted rycht herd,
Within ane castell callit wes Rewlerd.

Syne wan the hous that wes so stark of stone,
And slew him self and all his men ilkone,
Within that hous without ony remeid;
So endit he that foundit all that feid.
Sone efter that that I haif put in vers,
Quhat wes the caus I can nocht weill rehers,
Alexander sum tyme that wes to ruse,
His greit wisdome that tyme he did abuse.
Quhilk causit hes his seruandis for to wirk
So greit extorsioun vpoune halie kirk,
Quhair that tha knew that thair wes oucht to win,
Tha sparit nother for greit schame no syn.
So is the vse of mony loun or knaif,
Gif hapnis him auctoritie to haif,
In ony tyme other of prince or king,
Sall none be fund so thra into sic thing.
Ane nobill man, as that my author sais,
Of Sanct Androis wes bischop in tha dais,
The greit cursing he execute that tyme
Aganis thame committit hed sic cryme;
Quhairof the king than rycht commouit wes,
Commandand him out of Scotland to pas,
Or to relax withoutin ony moir,
The proces all he execute befoir.
This nobill man seand that it wes sua,
He chesit erar out of Scotland to ga,
Or he wald fald or faill in ony thing,
For ony aw or dreddour of the king;
He tuik on him sic aduenture and chance,
Out of Scotland he passit into France.
Thairat the lordis war ilkane commouit;
The king thairfoir rycht soir tha haif reprouit,
Sayand to him into that tyme that he
Scheild and defence of halie kirk suld be,
The quhilk he thocht alluterlie distroy,
Col. 2. At instigatioun of ilk knaif and boy.

46,615 46,620 46,625 46,630 46,635 46,640 46,645

Quhilk causit him at that tyme to repent
Into the tyme, and turnit his intent
With ferme purpois all thing for to amend ;
Syne for this bischop suddantlie he send,
And brocht him hame ; syne all thing les and moir
Reformit hes quhair he faltit befoir ;
And all the laif assistit to that thing,
Absoluit wes that same tyme with the king,
And with the said bischop fullelie remittit,
Syne pennance tuke for all tha had committit.
Sone efter this wes brocht to sic ane end,
The paip ane legat into Scotland send,
Clemens the fourt[1] to name callit wes he,
To Alexander for help and supple
To men of weir that reddie war till go,
To fecht that tyme aganis Christis fo.
The king him causit in that tyme to byde
Out of his presens in the bordour syde,
All his desyr in wryte syne to him send,
And thairefter with him he suld mak end.
And so he did at his plesour and will,
Sone his desyr in writ [hes] send him till ;
Into the first than his desyr wes sua,
Ilk paroche kirk without exceptioun pa
Four markis stirling, as my author sais,
Quhilk auchtene mark contenis in thir dais ;
And ilk abbot withoutin ony cummer,
Four scoir markis of the samin nummer,
Quhilk now to reckin, gif that I richt weyne,
Tua hundreth mark and fourtie dois contene ;
And ilk bischop efter his facultie,
In that same sort siclike desyrit he.
He send to thame as my authour did say,
The same statutis that he maid be the way,

[1] In MS. *fourto.*

As he thocht best be his auctoritie,
With thame that tyme for till adwysit be.
At the devyss than of the lordis all,
Baith of the kirk and also temporall,
With haill consent togidder in ane will,
This nobill king sic ansuer send him till:
" This no statute ma obleiss ws we knaw,
" Bot quhilk the paip be cours of commoun law,
" Or generall counsall, causis for to mak,
" Quhilk in our tyme we think neuir for to retrak,
" Bot euirmoir we sal keip and obserue,
" As oure conscience and knawledge can deserue.
" For ȝour statutis that ȝe haif send ws till,
" New fabricat at ȝour plesour and will,
" We ar nocht obleist thame for till obey;
" In that mater than mak ws no moir pley,
" We will nocht ansuer ȝow of sic desyre.
" As for supple this tyme that ȝe requyre,
" In thair support sould fecht on Goddis fo,
" Greit merit war, we grant, for to do so,
" And so will we at oure power and micht;
" For ȝour desyr this tyme is so wnricht,
" Throw auerice with sic desyr to haif
" So greit ane sowme at ws this tyme to craif,
" Becaus," he said, "throw aduenture of se,
" And vther perrell that ma efter be,
" Be theif and revar oft syis on the land,
" We do the paip this tyme to wnderstand,
" For sic perrell that we haif sene and kend,
" To him this tyme no mony we will send;
" Bot we sall send him to manteine his weir
" Weill garneist men with hors, harnes, and geir,
" Baith wyss and wicht perfite into sic art,
" Quhair euir tha cum that salbe worth thair part."

46,685 46,690 46,695 46,700 46,705 45,710 46,715

Lib. 13, f. 214. Col. 2.

Ane thousand mark of stirling money richt,
Syne send to him of gold and siluer bricht,
Bad him in thank that money to ressaue,
Quhill efterwart that he send him the laue.
To Lues syne, the nobill king of France,
Ane thousand men richt gudlie till advance
He send to him to pas on [to] that weir,
Weill bodin war with hors, harnes and geir;
With thair captanis, quhilk in the tyme that war
The erle of Marche gude Patrik of Dumbar,
The erle of Athoill and Carrik also,
And Johnne Stewart, richt mony vther mo,
Alexander Cuming and Sir John Quyntine,
Robert Ross and Williame Gordoun. Syne
In Affrica with mony vther heir,
Throw pestilence and aduenture of weir,
And throw greit heit into that land tha hed,
Sum into battell and sum into thair bed,
In that same land, or all the weir wes gane,
For the most part departit thair ilkane:
Quhen of oure lord compleit wes and gone by
Ane thousand ȝeir tua hundreth and sevintye,
As plesis God I think weill sould be so,
Tha tuke thair leif out of this lyfe till go.
That samin tyme quhen done wes all that thing,
This ilk Henrie of Ingland that wes king,
With greit murning of mony man and wyffe,
Departit hes out of this present lyfe.
His eldest sone, callit Edward to name,
With this[1] Lues in Affrica fra hame
Thair at the weir, as of befoir I schew,
His fatheris deid syne quhen he kend and knew,

[1] In MS. *with with.*

No langar thair that tyme he wald remane,
Bot sone in Ingland sped him hame agane.
Ane plesand ladie that tyme and ane fair,
[On]to the erle of Carrik that wes air,
In Affrica that deid wes of the new
In that same weir of quhome befoir I schew,
So hapnit hir at hunting for to be
In ane forrest with mony semelie tre.
That samin tyme it hapnit als but faill,
Robert, the bruther that lord wes of Annandaill,
Greit lordschip als he had into Ingland,
Quhilk callit wes the erldome of Cleland;
Nepos he wes, I bid nocht for to roun,
To gude Dauid erle wes of Huntlyngtoun,
And sone also to Issobell the fair,
Erle Dauidis dochter and his ȝoungest air,
Father he wes most reuerend and conding,
To Robert Bruce of Scotland syne wes king;
That samin tyme quhair that the tryst wes set,
With this ladie thair at the hunting met,
The quhilk to hir of paramouris that spak,
Quhilk causit hir of him sic plesour tak,
And hamelines, syne efter at the last,
With him that nicht to Tibber castell past.
Syne efter that this ladie he did wed
Onto his wyffe and brocht hir to his bed,
Quhilk callit wes than Martha to hir name,
In all hir tyme wnblekkit wes with blame.
Schort efter this, or thair about neir hand,
This Edwardis brether[1] come into Scotland,
Thair sister sone and hir awin self to se;
Quhome Alexander with humanitie
Ressauit hes, with greit kyndnes betuene,
And all honour micht to sic men pertene.

[1] In MS. *bruther.*

This beand done, sone efter that belyve Col. 2.
Passit with thame to Lundoun and his wyfe,
Hir[1] brutheris crowning thair that tyme to se,
Quhair that tha saw richt greit statenitie
Of dansing, singing, sporting, and greit pla,
Witht greit triumph of torment euerilk da,
Quhair that thair justit mony nobill man.
Amang thame thair wes ane greit Normond than,
In all that rout had nother pier no maik,
No Inglisman mycht stryve aganis his strak.
Ane Scottisman rycht stout, hardie and ȝing,
Callit Ferquhar, that same tyme with our king,
Of nobill blude, quhilk borne wes into Ross,
Ane plesand man than baith on fit and hors,
With greit blythnes of all the Scottis than,
Manlie on hors this ilk Norman he wan.
This ilk Ferquhar, syne efter to record,
For his reward maid erle of Ross and lord.
That samin tyme Alexander oure king,
Onto his sone Alexander the ȝing,
All Huntlingtoun resignit in his hand,
Quhilk to king Edward hes maid aith and band
For tha landis, as wont wes of befoir.
This beand done, withoutin ony moir,
No langar thair at that tyme wald remane,
Rycht sone in Scotland syne come hame agane.
That samin tyme, I hard my author tell,
Into Scotland ane greit discord thair fell:
The erle of Athoill, that wes just and trew,
To dant the theuis biggit of the new
Into Athoill ane strang castell that tyde,
The quhilk to name wes callit [than] Blairbryde.
The men of gude that duelt neirhand about,
Of him that tyme tha had sic dred and dout,

[1] In MS. *his*.

Throw that castell that wes so strang of stone,
At his plesour he suld dant thame ilkone ;
And for that caus all into ane intent,
To big that hous maid greit impediment.
Ane man of gude that callit wes to name
Regenald Chene, of honour and greit fame,
And officiar als of the kingis hous,
Bening he wes without ony rebous,
Into Dunkell, as my author remordit,
The pairteis baith at thair plesour accordit.
Be this mater wes endit so and done,
Ane mair discord thair followit efter sone
Betuix tua nobillis of ane rycht ald stok,
Johne of Cuming and Walter Bullok,
Wes for Menteith quha heretour sould be.
Johnne of Cuming alledgit it wes he
Wes eldest maill, and als the narrest air
To the last erle as eith wes till declair.
Thair richtis bayth on arbetrie wes done:
Deliuerit wes syne efter that richt sone,
That Walter Bullock the ane half suld haif,
And Johnne of Cuming siclike all the laif,
And of tha landis callit erle and lord;
Betuix thame tua thus endit that discord.
The princes all in Europ than that was,
That samin tyme tha purposit for to pas
Vpone the Turkis in the halie land ;
So had tha done as I richt wnderstand,
War nocht invy that sic scisma began,
Quhilk stoppit thame of that way as than.

Off the Deceis of the Quene and hir ȝoungest Sone, Dauid; and how the King passit in Ingland, and brocht Hame ane Duikis Dochter for his Sone to wed, and of the Deith of him and his Sister Margaret, Quene of Norrowa.

Lib. 13, f. 215. Col. 1.

In this same tyme now that ȝe heir me mene,
In Couper castell deit the gude quene;
Hir ȝoungest sone, callit Dauid, also
Sone efter hir he tuik his leif till go.
The king thairfoir quhilk his successioun dred
Or it sould faill, thairfoir in haist he sped,
Ane fair ladie, I can nocht tell hir name,
Out of Ingland in Scotland brocht hir hame,
Ane duikis dochter to his sone to wed:
And so he did, syne brocht hir to his bed.
The secund ȝeir he send vpoun ane da
His dochter Margaret on to Norrowa,
Quhair gude Hungo, of Norrowa that wes king,
He[s] weddit hir with rob royall and ring,
Quhilk to the pepill wes blythnes and jo;
Sone efter syne thair followit als greit wo.
ȝoung Alexander weddit of the new,
But schort quhile syne as I heir to ȝow schew,
But ony child than gottin of his wyffe,
Departit hes out of this present lyfe.
ȝoung Margaret als of Norrowa that wes quene,
King Hungois wyff that same tyme as I mene,
Scho tuke hir leif out of this lyfe to go,
Except ane dochter without barnis mo.
Alexander that wes so will of reid,
Quhen that he knew that wyfe and barnis wer deid,
Dreidand full soir his successioun suld faill,
With all the counsall of the lordis haill,
Sone out of France ane fair ladie gart bring,
And weddit hir that same tyme with ane ring,

With greit triumph and sic honour and gloir,
Semdill wes sene in Scotland sic befoir.
At that mariage, tak tent and I sall tell,
So greit ane wounder on ane nycht befell.
Efter supper with mony torchis licht,
Quhair present war rycht mony gudlie wicht,
This king and quene in courtlie carraling,
Rycht mony lade led wes in that ring,
So plesand makand [of] sic play and sport;
Or euir tha wist ane laithlie lene tramort,
Into the figure that tyme of ane man,
But flesche or blude, haiffand nocht ellis than,
Bot like ane bogill all of ratland banis,
Into that ring come hindmest for the nanis.
Richt greit effeir thairof tuke ald and ȝing;
And as tha stude to farlie on that thing,
So laithlie wes thair in the candill lycht,
Richt suddantlie it vaneist out of sicht.
Quhat that it wes or quhairfoir it come thair,
Juge ȝe ȝour self for I can sa na mair.
This nobill king, as my author did sa,
In dansing, singing, and sic sport and pla,
Remanit thair with lordis mony one,
Quhill fyftene dais of the feist wes gone.
I haif hard tell in mony jest and ryme,
All erthlie blythnes lestis bot ane tyme;
Rycht oft it is sene that efter ouir greit jo,
Wnwittandlie thair followis als greit wo.

Col. 2.

How King Alexander deit rydand at Kingorne, and of Thre cunning Men, ane callit Michell Scot.

Ouir suith exempill that tyme hapnit heir;
Sone efter syne, within les nor ane ȝeir,
I can nocht tell than quhither at evin or morne,
This nobill king than rydand at Kingorne,

Thair with his men, in middis of thame all,
His hors hapnit to snapper and to fall
With sic ane rous quhill that him self flew wnder,
Quhair that his neck bone brist all in schunder.
The threttie ȝeir and sevin of his ring,
So endit he that wes so gude ane king;
The ȝeir of God tua hundreth and fourscoir,
Ane thousand alss, with sax ȝeir and no moir,
In Drumfermling with greit nobillitie,
Intumulat as vse wes wont to be.
Thre profunde men perfite in sindrie art,
In all science richt cunnyng and expart,
And of gude lyfe, as that my author sais,
Levand thair wes into tha samin dais.
Thomas Aguen, of black habit ane freir;
Bonauenture that wes ane cordelier;
He was the first efter Sanct Frances da
Maid reformatione of the habite gra;
The thrid ane Scot of greit honour and fame,
Quhilk Michell Scot wes callit to his name;
Doctoure he wes perfite in medicyne,
Quhairfoir his name in memorie is sensyne
Of sindrie thing my author schawis heir,
Quhilk in this tyme that I haif nocht perqueir.
Impertinent sen tha ar to my storie,
Quhairfoir I will nocht put thame in memorie.
Into my mynd of ane thing I remord,
Quhilk at this tyme to ȝow I sall record.

Off Thomas Leirmonth and his Prophecie, as followis heir presentlie.

Ane propheit wes into tha samin dais,
Hecht Thomas Leirmonth, as my author sais,
Quhilk Thomas Rymour callit wes for scorne,
Of Erslyngtoun the heretour wes borne;

In deuenatioun subtill wes and sle,
Of thingis to cum perfitlie tell culd he.
The erle of Marche, vpone the nycht beforne
That Alexander deit at Kingorne,
At him askit of new tydenis to schaw.
He said agane, " So loud ane wind sould blaw
" Or none to morne, suld be so stark and strang,
" That all Scotland sall rew efter rycht lang."
Syne on the morne the da begout rycht fair,
Bayth lowne and still, but trubillis in the air,
Quhill that it wes neir none vpoun the morne,
Quhairfoir at Thomas ilk man maid ane scorne.
The erle also him self into the hall,
Befoir the dennar on Thomas did call,
And said to him that it wald faill but wene,
That prophecie that he schew him ȝistrene.
He said to him, " I haif no dreid for-quhy,
" The hour I set is nocht ȝit passit by.
" Dout nocht," he said, " or the dennar be done,
" Bot ȝe sall heir of that same wynd rycht sone."
At dennar syne be that the erle wes set,
Thair come ane man and knokit at the ȝet
Lib.13, f.215b. Col. 1. Richt busteouslie, for na bidding wald blin,
Quhill that the portar come and leit him in.
Syne in the hall come in befoir the lord,
Ilk word be word to him that did record
Of the gude king, as I schew ȝow beforne,
Sic aduenture he[d] hapnit at Kingorne.
Than said tha all, the quhilk that tha mycht rew,
The propheicie[1] of Thomas was ouir trew:
Ane sarar wynd into Scotland beforne,
Blew neuer na tyme ȝit sen God wes borne.
Of this mater quha lykis mair ga luke.
Loving to God, heir endis now this buke.

[1] In MS. *propehicie.*

How efter the Deceis of King Alexander Scotland was gydit and governit be Sax wyss Lordis as follouis. Lib. 14.

Quhen Alexander, of quhome befoir I schew,
Departit wes as ȝe haif hard of new,
Withoutin child or testament in the tyde,
Or governour behind him maid to gyde,
Scotland that tyme wes sted in greit dispair,
Quhill that his nevoy that wes lauchfull air,
Margaretis dochter plesand and benyng,
And of Hungo of Norrowa that wes king,
Come to sic age and [sic] instructione,
That scho war abill for to bruke the croun.
Becaus thair wes na vther air but scho,
Had ony richt or micht mak clame thairto,
No vther prince becauss tha saw compeir,
That gart thame sone mak all Scotland on steir.
Into that tyme richt mony wickit man
To steill and reif, and murdreist als began,
To quit commonis quhair thair wes ony feid,
Quhair throw richt mony sufferit hes the deid.
Thairfoir the lordis to remeid sic thing,
Into the absence of ane prince and king,
Six greit lordis that wysast wes and best,
To keip all Scotland into peax and rest,
Tha chesit thame with haill auctoritie,
To keip the law and gouernouris to be.
Thre wes diuysit for to gyde the north,
And vther thre besouth the water of Forth.
Williame Forfair ane richt nobill man,
Bischop he wes of Sanct Androis as than;
The erle of Fyffe, the secund syne wes he,
And Johnne Cuming the tother of tha thre,
Erle of Buchane, as I haif said ȝow heir,
The north of Scotland thir thre had to steir.

Ane man of gude callit Robert to name,
Bischop of Glasgow of honour and fame,
Schir Johnne Cuming of greit nobillitie,
And James Stewart, togidder all thir thre
Tha gydit Scotland baith of lenth and breid,
Fra Forth ay south onto the watter of Tueid.
Quhen endit wes as I haif said all thing,
This ilk Edward, of Ingland that wes king,
Quhilk callit wes Edward with the lang schankis,
That efterwart did Scotland greit vnthankis,
Off Alexander the deid quhen that he kend,
Ane herald sone onto Scotland he send,
With his desyr onto the haill barnage,
On to his sone to haif in mariage
Margaretis dochter as ȝe hard me meyne,
Quhilk in hir tyme of Norrowa that wes quene.
This ilk virgin, quhilk tender wes and ȝing,
Col. 2. Dochter scho wes als to this nobill king
Callit Hungo, king wes of Norrowa,
Quhilk that he hed in his keiping that da.
Off this desyr the lordis wes content,
And suddantlie thairto gaif thair consent,
With this conditioun I sall to ȝow schaw;
Scotland all tyme with libertie and law,
As tha war wont siclike to leif alss fre,
And als thairwith gif hapnis for to be
Off this lady successioun for to faill,
Efter hir deid baith of famell and maill,
The rycht of Scotland to the richteous air
Suld turne agane withoutin ony dispair,
Richt fre but hurt wnthirlit in all thing:
Quhairof content rycht weill wes that same king.
Syne of this mater for to mak ane end,
To Norrowa for that ladie tha send;
Or tha come thair tha met ane on the se,
Quhilk to thame [schew] throw greit infirmitie

This ilk ladie, with greit murning and mone,
Departit hes out of this warld and gone.
The Scottis men quhen tha knew it wes so,
In that erand no farder than wald go;
Befoir the wynd, with top saill and with mane,
Richt sone in Scotland syne come hame agane.

Off the Contentioun and Diuisioun that fell betuix Robert Bruce and Johne Ballioll for the Richt of Scotland efter King Alexander and his Succession faillit as followis.

This beand done as ȝe haif hard me tell,
Betuix tua parteis greit contentioun fell,
Quhilk than that war of greit power and micht,
Of Scotland baith contendit for the richt.
Robert the Bruce he wes the tone of tho,
And Johnne Ballioll the tother of tha tuo;
Ilkone alledgand far moir richt than other,
First for the tone, syne alsua for the tother.
Thair rychtis bayth heir sall I schaw but weir,
Quha had most richt judge now quhen that ȝe heir.
Thair rychtis baith heir to ȝow I sall schaw,
Of euirilk part alledgand for thame law.
Or this mater declarit be fra hand,
I presuppone first that ȝe wnderstand
Of king Williame the successioun did faill,
All in that tyme bayth of famell and maill.
Off him now ȝit till his posteritie,
Wes none levand that richteous air suld be,
That mycht alledge of Scotland to be king;
And for this caus the haill rycht of that thing

Translaittit wes, bayth with kinrik and croun,
To erle Dauid, lord wes of Huntlyngtoun,
And his airis, quhilk be all mannis sicht,
Exceptand thame wes none vther had rycht;
Quhilk I sall schaw as I haif heir pretendit,
Ilk gre be gre as tha fra him discendit.
This ilk Dauid, my author said me so,
Tua dochteris had withoutin childer mo;
Of Gallowa gude Allane that wes lord,
His eldest dochter, gif that I rycht record,
Callit Margaret, he weddit to his wyffe,
Quhome with in joy he led rycht lang his lyfe.
This ilk Allane in all his tyme also,
With hir he had tua dochteris and no mo;
The eldest that hecht Deworgill to hir name,
Lib.14, f.216. Col. 1. Weddit scho was with ane lord of greit fame,
Johnne Ballioll, the quhilk that till him buir
Ane sone hecht Johnne, of quhome now I tak cuir,
For this wes one alledgit for to be
The richteous air, and na vther bot he;
The quhilk he said that no man suld deny,
And speciallie for this ressoun and quhy,
Becaus he wes cume of the eldest sister,
Quhilk he culd preif gif that it stude in mister.
Of the tane part now I haif tald ȝow plane,
Now to the tother turne I will agane.
This ilk Dauid of quhome ȝe hard me tell,
His ȝoungest dochter, callit Issobell,
That weddit wes, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
With Robert Bruce ane greit lord of Ingland,
Ane sone scho buir callit Robert siclike,
Quhilk weddit Martha countis of Carrik;
On hir also the thrid Robert gat he,
Quhilk in that tyme alledgit for to be

The richteous air, and aucht for to prevaill,
For-quhy, he said, he come of the first maill,
Quhilk sould prefer be consuetude of law,
The quhilk that tyme he offerit him to schaw.
The tua pairteis of sic power and micht,
Richt greit contentioun ilkane for his richt
In the counsall[1] makand befoir the lordis,
With so greit power, my author recordis,
The lordis dred, seand thair hicht and pryde,
In that mater betuix thame till decyde.
For weill tha wist quhometo that tha gaif rycht,
The tother part with haill power and mycht,
Without ressone agane he wald persew,
Be way of deid his richtis till reskew;
And for that caus thocht best into sic thing,
For to commit vnto sum prince or king
The haill power, and tak on him sic pley,
That potent wes to gar thame bayth obey.

How the Actioun was referrit to King Edward of Ingland, and he the same hes taikin on Hand for to decyde; ane Day was set quhair mony Lordis togidder met.

And so thai did without ony demand,
To this Edward that king wes of Ingland
Richt sone tha send, inquyring him thairtill,
Quhairto he grantit glaidlie with gude will,
Settand ane da at Beruik for to meit,
And thair to gif his sentence and decreit,
Richt equallie at his power and micht,
Of ilk partie quhen he had hard the richt.

[1] In MS. *townit.*

And so tha did sone efter syne and met
Into Beruik quhair that the tryst wes set;
Quhair present war, as my author recordis,
Of Scotland, Ingland, mony nobill lordis,
Befoir this king of greit power and mycht,
Quhair ilk partie proponit hes his richt.
This king Edward, quhen that he hard and knew
So greit richtis on euerie syde tha schew,
Becaus he thocht the mater so obscuir,
And his counsall that tyme bayth waik and puir,
Continewit all at his auctoritie,
Quhill efterwart he sould adwysit be
Be cunnyng men war doctouris in the law,
The rycht till him perfitlie weill culd schaw.
Deuysit hes syne with thair haill decreit,
In that same place agane syne for to meit,
As be this king wes gevin in command,
Tuelf wysast lordis that war in Scotland,
And tuelf of Ingland siclike he suld bring,
Most wisdome had and knawlege in sic thing;
The four and tuentie sworne sould be that tyde,
Betuix thame tua all richtis till decyid.
Quhen this wes done na langar wald remane,
Col. 2. Fixit ane da quhen tha suld meit agane.

How King Edward was adwisit with Doctouris and Men of Law, quha schew him the Veritie of aw.

Syne king Edward, as ȝe hard me pretend,
Wnto the doctouris of Pareis he send,
That wysast war and expert in the law,
Requyrand thame of thair counsall to schaw
In that mater as tha best wnderstude,
For euirilk part with sum ressoun conclude,

And leif the mater far erar in dout,
Nor ouir planelie the veritie schaw out.
All this he wrocht than with ane subtill wyle,
Quhairwith he thocht the tane part to begyle;
Quhen that the mater in sic dout than stude,
With ony part as plesit him conclude.
For the most pairt, the wysast men of lair
Concludit hes richt Robert Bruce full air;
Sayand but dout than for the veritie,
Wes none vther that had sic richt as he,
Sua of Scotland the vse and consuetude
In contrair him thairof wald nocht conclude.
The da wes cuming quhair the tryst wes set,
Quhair tha in Beruik all togidder met
With king Edward, that summound and gart reist
The lordis all sould pas on that inqueist.
Syne in ane place that quyet wes and derne,
Quhair tha micht sie the richtis till decerne,
With armit men he closit thame about,
That but his leif micht nane win in na out,
Quhill baith the richtis of ilk part wer kend,
And all the mater brocht war till ane end.
This king Edward with falset and dissait,
And haill purpois thair for to subjugait
The rewlling of Scotland to his haill desyre,
Gude Robert Bruce than first he did inquyre,
Gif he of him wald hald kinrik and croun
And wnder him leif in subjectioun,
The richt of all for him he suld conclude.
This gude Robert that so weill wnderstude
That bettir war with small rentis leif fre,
Na haif ane kinrik and ane thrall to be,
Thairfoir he said, "I think it war greit wrang,
" To thrall that kinrik that hes bene frie so lang;
" Puttand the pepill in sic seruitude,
" For no reward ȝit think I neuir till dude."

Quhen that he knew the Brucis mynd wes so,
To Johnne the Balliole quyetlie did go,
The samin thing he did at him inquyre.
The Balliole that had so greit desyre
To be ane king and clyme on to sic hicht,
He luikit neuir to ressoun nor richt;
Into that tyme that he micht get his will,
All his desyre hes grantit to fulfill.

How King Edward decretit and gaif fals Sentence aganis Robert Bruce, and pronouncit for John Balliole.

This king Edward, of quhome befoir I ment,
Into the presens of that parliament
Sittand wes thair that mater to decyde,
Befoir thame all richt planelie thair that tyde,
For John Ballioll the sentence plane gaif he,
Without thair counsall or authoritie.
Quhilk he pronuncit with ane voce on hicht,
Sayand bot he that none vther had richt.
Ane nobill man that erle wes of Glamoir,
With that sentence the quhilk that did abhoir,
Neirby the king that tyme quhair he did stand,
Lib.14, f. 216b. Col. 1. This Robert Bruce than haldand be the hand,
Ane man he wes of greit auctoritie,
To king Edward that samin tyme said he:
" O vnjust king! withoutin dreid or aw
" Of God or man, without ressoun or law;
" Thy fame and conscience quhilk hes maculat,
" Throw injust sentence thow hes fulminat;
" Corruptit king, thairfoir remember the
" Of the sentence, so full of equitie,
" Salbe pronuncit on the latter day,
" Fra quhilk sentence thow ma nocht flie away."

Quhen this wes done and brocht to sic ane end,
Ilk man tuke leif, syne hame thair way did wend.
The Scottis lordis efter all wes done,
With Johnne the Ballioll passit all to Scone,
Quhair present wes that tyme richt mony one,
And crownit him vpoun the marbell stone,
With greit triumph and plesance in that place;
The quhilk indurit till ane richt schort space.
Sone efter syne, into the samin ȝeir
That all wes done as I haif said ȝow heir,
In the New Castell quhair the tryst wes set,
This ilk king Johne thair with king Edward met,
Incontrair than of all his lordis will,
Obediens quhair that he maid him till;
Subdewand Scotland, quhilk befoir wes frie,
To this Edward and his auctoritie;
Quhairtill his lordis did alhaill disent,
Quhilk causit him sone efter to repent.
Within les space nor tua or thre of ȝeir,
This king Edward, of quhome I schew ȝow heir,
Prouydit hes, withoutin dreid or feir,
That samin tyme in France for to mak weir;
And for that caus, to this king Johne send he,
Requyrand him of his help and supple,
Incontinent for to cum at his call,
As he that wes his subdit and vassall,
To pas with him on till his interpryiss.
To quhome king Johnne hes ansuerit on this wyiss,
Sayand agane, withoutin ony moir,
Obedience that he had maid befoir
Wes of no vaill and aucht nocht for to stand;
For-quhy, he said, the oblissing and band,
Without counsall that he had maid him till,
Wes done full soir agane his lordis will;

But quhois counsall nother prince nor king
Ma gif consent to sic wnsemand thing.
And mair-attouir also he said him to,
Wnganand war gif he sic thing sould do
Aganes France, the quhilk he suld be laith
To brek the band, the oblissing and aith,
The quhilk wes maid be thair fatheris beforne,
Fyve hundreth ȝeir or ony thair wes borne.
" Sick thing," he said, " ȝe mycht rycht weill lat be ;
" Na vther ansuer get ȝe now of me."
The messinger that tyme, for dreid of blame,
No langar baid bot haistelie went hame,
Syne to king Edward, busteous wes and bald,
Than word be word this ansuer [to] him tald.
Quhairof that tyme he wes nothing content,
Syne suddantlie ane new charge to him sent,
Requyrand him, withoutin ony pley,
For to compeir and his command obey ;
The quhilk command king Johnne wald nocht fulfill.
Quhen twyss or thryiss sic charge wes send him till,
This king Edward, of quhome befoir we reid,
In that purpois for to cum lidder speid,
And of king Johnne for to revengit be,
With France tuik trewis bayth be land [and] se ;
Syne greit prouisioun euirilk da makand,
For men of weir to cum into Scotland
Col. 2. Agane king Johnne wald nocht obey him[1] till,
Him to subdew in magir of his will.
Than this king Johnne, of quhome befoir I spak,
All the prouisioun that he docht to mak,

[1] In MS. *hin*.

Richt sone he maid with litill circumstance;
Ane greit ambaxat also send into France,
To king Phillop that fourt wes of that name,
Richt nobill men of greit honour and fame;
Ane hecht Williame of greit auctoritie,
Of Sanct Androis the bischop than wes he,
With tua knichtis the quhilk war men of gude,
Greit nobillis war and of the eldest blude;
Schir Ingrame Vmphra hecht the tane of tha,
And schir Johnne Soullis the tother of the tua.
Thir thre lordis, at king Johnis command,
With king Phillop confermit hes the band
Lang of befoir that wes maid betuix king and king;
And for to be moir sicker of sic thing,
Ane hecht Charlis quhilk wes ane nobill man,
King Phillipis bruther in the tyme wes than,
Of Andygawe the erle also wes he,
Nixt hand the king of maist auctoritie,
His dochter gaif that plesand wes and fair,
To ȝoung Edward, king Johnis sone and air.
Thir thrie lordis quhilk had auctoritie,
Gart wed hir than thair ȝoung princes to be;
This beand done king Phillop, to conclude,
Sax thousand pund of stirling money gude,
To his nevoy in mariage he gaif;
The quhilk that tyme the lordis did ressaif.
Accordit[1] wes betuix than king and king,
That Johnne the Ballioll that tyme suld resigne
To ȝoung Edward, that wes his sone and air,
And to his princes most plesand and preclair,
The landis all that tyme he had in France,
Hecht Belleok with mekill circumstance,

[1] In MS. *According.*

And vther landis neir about that la,
Quhairof king Johne wes lord that samin da.
This ilk king, as my author recordis,
That samin tyme throw counsall of the lordis,
Sic dred tha had of king Edwardis stryfe,
The nobillis all of Loutheane and Fyffe
Onto Beruik that samin tyme he send,
Thair to remane that ilk toun to defend;
Quhair this Edward, as my author did sa,
Ane naving send sone efter on ane da,
Neirby ane schoir vpoun ane schawit sand,
Thair with thair boittis passit all to land.
The Scottismen that gatherit war neirby,
In gude array set on thame with ane cry,
Of bernis bald ane battell thair began,
Quhair thair wes loissit mony Inglisman.
The Scottismen that war baith traist and trew,
Richt mony Sutheroun in the tyme tha slew,
That force it wes the Inglismen to fle,
Quhair that tha drownit mony in the se;
And all the laif in handis than war hint,
With tua and tuentie of thair schippis tynt,
In falt of gyding drevin vpoun the land,
Quhair tha war ebbit on ane sinkand sand.
To king Edward quhen this thing wes tald,
This tirrane king that busteous wes and bald,
No dred he tuke, as my author did mene,
Bot as ane lyoun rampand in his tene,
With mair power nor euir he did befoir,
To Beruik toun with mekle bost and schoir,
And on ane plane set all his tentis doun,
Syne set ane seig to ilk part of the toun.

How King Edwarde be ane fals Trane passit fra Beruick, syne come agane and vincust the Scottis and wan the Toun of Beruick.

Lib. 14, f. 217. Col. 1.

The Scottismen quhilk greit war to commend,
Richt manfullie the toun tha did defend;
Quhairat the Sutheroun scharpest maid assaill,
Of thair purpois tha leit thame to prevaill,
Tha nobill men so gude tha war in neid.
Than king Edward out of beleif to speid,
The Scottismen so hardie war and wicht,
Sone in his mynd consauit hes ane slicht
For to betrais thame with ane subtill trane,
Thair at the seig no langar wald remane.
Syne on the morne be that the da wes lycht,
With all his armie passit out of sicht,
Toward Ingland as he had tane ane spurne,
In that purpois that he wald nocht returne.
The Scottismen within the toun that la,
Content tha war of his passing awa;
In that beleif ilk man tha war full fane,
Traistand that he sould nocht returne agane
With his power to persew thame ony moir:
Tha war begylit, and wa is me thairfoir.
That samin nycht, in storie as we reid,
This ilk Edward turnit in ouir Tueid,
In Scotland far in on the north hand,
Fornent Beruik quhilk on Tueid did stand.
Syne on the morne, quhen that the da wes lycht,
Mony baner that war braid and bricht
Tha buir on he aganes the sone that schene,
The Scottis oist that tyme as tha had bene.
Syne send befoir ane man onto the wall,
The quhilk richt loud [up]on thame [than] did call,

Exhortand thame richt blyth and glaid to be,
Sayand thair king, with greit help and supple,
Neir at thair hand wes cumand to the toun;
Quhairfoir he bad the nobillis sould be boun
Into that tyme withoutin tareing,
Without the toun to cum and meit the king.
Quhairof that tyme tha war baith blyth and glaid,
Traistand richt weill all had bene trew he said.
The nobillis all in ane greit garesone,
For the most part passit out of the toun
To meit the king with greit blythnes and sport,
Without keiping that tyme of ony port,
Traistand no ill so glaid than war and blyth.
This king Edward than suddantlie and suyth,
Or euir tha wist, betuix thame and the toun
Ane forra brak that ferce wes and felloun;
Syne suddantlie, as my author reportis,
With greit power assayit hes the portis.
The Scottismen, quhen tha that tressoun kend,
Richt manfullie schupe the portis to defend;
Bot all for nocht, thair power wes so small,
Richt suddantlie tha war distroyit all:
In thair defence thair war tha slane ilk man,
Syne forcelie on thame the toun tha wan.

How King Edward enterit in the Toun, and mony ane slane and hes put doun.

This king Edward that furious wes and felloun,
With all his armie enterit in the toun,
And sparit nother wyfe, nor barne, nor man,
Within the toun haiffand befoir him than.
Col. 2. The nobillis all that war within the toun,
And alss thairout, wer haillelie slane doun.

This king Edward, but mercie or but reuth,
But dreid of God, but conscience or but treuth,
ȝoung or ald, nother barne nor wyfe,
Within that toun he sufferit vpoun lyfe.
Fyve thousand men that mekle war of mane,
Within the toun that samin da war slane;
Wemen and barnis also ȝoung and ald,
War slane that da out of number on tald.
Out throw the toun abundantlie the blude
Of tha slane men ran in so greit ane flude,
Baith deip and wyde, that large wes and lang,
Wes sufficient to gar ane corne myln gang.

How King Edwarde and Robert Bruce tuke Feild aganis King Johnne at Dumbar, quhair he wan the Feild and mony Scottis war keild, and thairefter seigit Dumbar and wan it, and slew thame that war thairin.

Quhen all this thing wes schawin to king Johnne,
With greit power he sped him richt sone on
Throw Lowtheane or euir he wald desist,
In that beleif king Edward to resist,
That he sould nocht in his purpois proceid.
That samin tyme, in storie as we reid,
Thir tua princes that mekill wes of pryde,
With mony berne in battell weill durst byde,
That duchtie war all tyme to do thair det,
Neirby Dumbar vpoun ane mure tha met.
Robert the Bruce into tha samin dais,
Of king Edward, as that richt suith men sais,
Most credens had and alss auctoritie,
Of his counsall most inwart alss wes he;
And of his awin ane greit rout thair he led,
In Scotland alss richt mony freindis hed,

That louit him alss tender of thair hart,
Quhilk reddie war ay for to tak his part.
Robert the Bruce that knew full [weill] that thing,
For that same caus promittit to the king
Edward that tyme, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
That all his freindis that war in Scotland,
As for that da sould do to him no deir,
Quhairfoir of thame he[1] bad him tak no feir.
For-quhy king Edward, as it is eith to wit,
To Robert Bruce befoir had maid promit,
Sua that he wald him help and mak supple
Of Johnne the Ballioll to revengit be,
That he alway sould tak the Brucis part
Agane the Ballioll glaidlie with his hart;
And all his richt agane to him restoir,
That he had gevin king Johnne of befoir.
Or ellis doutles, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
This king Edward had nocht cumd in Scotland,
For all the power with him that he led,
War nocht he knew the Bruce sic freindis hed
Into Scotland, quhilk, glaidlie with thair hart,
That ay war reddie for to tak his part.
And alss that tyme his querrell foundit he,
Nocht for his richt bot for the Brucis supple,
Or than he had nocht tane sic thing on hand,
For all his pomp for to invaid Scotland.
The Bruce also as ȝe ma weill aduert,
With this Edward wald neuir tak sic part,
War nocht he traistit, as I trow wes trew,
Be his supple agane for to reskew
Fra Johnne the Balliole, ȝe ma wnderstand,
The croun fra him that he held of Scotland.
And mairattouir richt eith is to considder,
Quhen all ressonis collectit ar togidder,

Lib. 14, f. 217b. Col. 1.

[1] In MS. *be*.

The Scottis lordis had nocht tane sic part
That da with Bruce so glaidlie with thair hart,
War nocht tha pat thair hoip into sic thing,
That all wes done to mak the Bruce thair king;
Or than king Edward had cumid litill speid
In that mater, thairof haif ȝe no dreid.
Quhairfoir the Bruce hes done all that he mycht,
That da in feild for to reskew his rycht
Agane king Johne, and for na vther thing,
And for no plesour of the Inglis king.
Ilk man ma sa of Bruce quhat euir tha will,
Quha sais other nor I haif said heir till,
I dar weill sa he wnderstandis nocht
The grund and rute how all this thing wes wrocht,
And all sic sawis ar bot into vane;
Now to my storie turne I will agane.
That samin da quhair that the feild wes met
Into ane place quhair that the tryst wes set,
At his requeist his freindis than ilkone
Convenit hes togidder than anone,
And left the feild, as I hard suith men sa,
Aganis him thocht nocht to fecht that da;
Bot in ane buschment held thame neirhand by.
The Scottismen the quhilk sic thing did spy,
Dredand for tressoun that sic thing wes done,
Quhen that the feild wes reddie for to june,
Becaus of thame that tha gat no supple,
That causit mony Scottisman to fle
Out of the feild quhen tha had fochtin lang
And left the laif into the thickest thrang.
Allace! thairfoir that micht tha feill and find,
Into the feild that fechtand baid behynd,
Tha thocht far farar in that feild to de,
Na far to leif and lois[1] thair libertie.

[1] In MS. *laif.*

The nobillis all, as my author did sa,
Fechtand in feild thair deit that same da.
This king Edward, of quhome befoir I spak,
Na Scott that da wald nother saif nor tak;
So cruellie that da vsit his feid,
Baith gude and ill without ony remeid,
With ȝoung and ald in handis that war tone,
Richt cruellie gart sla thame all ilkone.
King Johnne him self of aduenture that da,
Out of the feild on hors wes led awa;
Erle of Menteith, of knichtheid that wes chois,
And Johnne the Grahame the gude erle of Montrois,
And sevintie knichtis with thame that tha hed,
Onto Dunbar to the castell thai fled.
This king Edward fast followit on the chace,
Syne suddantlie ane seig set to that place;
And thocht that castell wes baith stark and strang,
Ȝit neuirtheles tha mycht nocht keip it lang,
For-quhy thair victuall wes so scant and small,
Vnsufficient than to sustene thame all,
Sic confluence of men wes in that place.
This king Edward that knew full weill that cace,
That causit him nocht fra the hous to twyn,
Thairby he wist it wes richt eith to wyn.
The Scottismen quhilk did the hous defend,
Quhen thair victuall consumit wes till end,
Seand on force that ane behouit be
Gif ouir the houss or than of hungar die,
To king Edward, of frie will but rebous,
Col. 2. To saif thair lyfe frelie gaif ouir the hous.
This tirrane king haifand thame in his will,
Agane promit that he had maid thame till,
And oblissing als be his faith and treuth,
Richt cruellie without mercie or reuth,
That bludie bouchour baldlie with rebous,
Gart slay thame all that wes within that hous.

Efter that feild, in sum storie I reid,
Robert the Bruce to king Edward he ȝeid,
Sen be his way that da the feild wes wyn,
For his reward he askit to begin
The croun of Scotland till him to restoir,
Quhilk he to him promittit had befoir.
Heir be this thing ȝe ma considder weill,
That king Edward, als far as I haif feill,
To Robert Bruce befoir had maid ane band,
So at his faith that he wald byde and stand,
And tak his part with all help and supple,
Of Johnne the Ballioll to revengit be,
That king Edward with all power and mycht
Suld help this Robert to reskew his richt
Agane king Johnne in all maner of thing,
And, gif he micht, the Bruce he sould mak king;
And for this caus, that dar I hardlie sa,
Robert the Bruce all that he did that da
Agane king Johnne for to reskew his richt,
And nocht be way of tressoun nor of slicht,
For to dissaue this king or his natioun,
Bo[t] to reskew his kinrik and his croun.
As euirilk man hes ressone for his richt,
For to exerce with power, strenth and micht,
Be way of deid his purpois to fulfill,
Quhen he be ressoun can nocht cum thairtill:
So did the Bruce in[to] that samin thing,
Quhilk had the richt of Scotland to be king.
Rycht wranguslie it haldin wes him fra,
His rycht thairof wes neuir the les ane stra,
And ay wes fre, quhen tyme wes till persew,
Be ony help his richtis till reskew.
In this mater thocht sum man sa thair will,
I lat that pas and say nothing thairtill:
I say for me bot as I wnderstude,
Bot weill I wait that his willis war gude;

And all his querrell foundit vpoun richt,
Into his mynd without tressoun or slicht;
Quhilk efterwart that semit weill to be,
As ȝe sall heir will ȝe tak tent to me.
Robert [the] Bruce, as ȝe haif hard me sa,
At king Edward desyrit that same da,
Be quhais wit the victorie he wan,
To keip promit quhen tha weiris began
He maid till him with all power and mycht,
Agane king Johnne to help him in his rycht,
Desyrand than of his auctoritie
The croun till him for to restoirit be.
This king Edward sic ansuer maid him to:
" Trow ȝe," he said, " we haif nocht ellis ado,
" In sic danger and perrell put ws in,
" Kinrikis to ȝow to conqueis and to wyn?
" Than mycht tha sa that I had all wrang wrocht;
" Beleve ȝe weill it wes neuir in my thocht."
Robert the Bruce quhen he hard him sa sua,
Weill ma ȝe wit in hart he wes rycht wa,
That frustrat wes into sa greit ane thing,
Be the falss tressoun of that tirrane king.
Ȝit neuirtheles, as ane wyss prudent man,
Quhat euir he thocht he said bot litill than;
Lib.14, f.218. Col. 1. Fra that tyme [furth] he gaif him traist na mair,
Bot passit hame and baid na langar thair.
Ȝit in his mynd that thing ascendit he,
Thinkand alway, and he his tyme micht se,
Of that tressoun king Edward had him wrocht,
Revengit be or all sould gang to nocht.
Considdeir heir be this that I haif schawin,
Quha will aduert the richt ma eith be knawin,
That king Edward for all his vant and ruiss,
Without the help and supple of the Bruce,
And Scottismen that Bruce sic kyndnes schew,
Doucht neuir on force than Scotland to subdew,

Or conqueis it be maistres, strenth or micht,
Bot with sic tressoun, greit falsheid and slicht,
As I befoir aboue hes to ȝow schawin,
To all the warld as it wes richt weill knawin.
As efterwart within ane litill space,
It prouit weill be gude William Wallace,
In contrairie that Scotland did reskew,
Quhen that his power wes bayth waik and few.
Be slicht and tressoun Scotland that he wan,
On force fra him it wes reskewit than,
As I sall schaw within ane litill space,
Be gude Wallace quhen tyme cum is and place.
This king Edward quhen he had wyn Dumbar,
Efter king Johnne he followit on richt far;
In his veyage syne as he passit throuche,
The strang castell that tyme of Edinburch,
And Striuiling als, on tha rochis of stone,
And tuke thame baith, syne forder moir is gone,
With his power quhilk wes richt populos,
Throw Fyffe and Angus ay onto Montros;
For to persew this king Johnne and invaid,
In Forfair castell all that tyme that baid.

How Schir Johnne Cuming, Lord of Strabogy, askit Peax at King Edward, and how King Johnne, and Edward his Sone, come to King Edward and resignit thair Rycht of Scotland in his Hand; syne efter passit to Beruik, and thair ressauit all Strenthis that stude neir the Se, and gart the Scottis obey him, and tuke King Johnne and his Sone to Lundoun and pat thame in Presoun strong.

Schir Johnne Cuming, lord of Strabogie,
To king Edward he send richt curtasly

Beseikand him of fauour and of peice,[1]
And mak all weires for to stanche and ceis.
Quhairto king Edward gaif richt sone consent ;[2]
For to mak peax at his plesour and will,
Desyrand him than for to cum him till ;
And his sone Edward also with him bring,
At thair meiting syne commoun of sic thing,
At his plesour he said all sould be done.
Quhen this ansuer wes schawin to king Johnne,
Giffand him credence than into all thing,
He and his sone come bayth to that fals king ;
Quhilk thame ressauit with ane fenzeit mynd,
Falss into thocht and into word richt kynd,
Quhill that he had thame alway in his will.
Sone efter syne he fenzeit nocht thame till,
Bot planelie schew the thing wes in his thocht,
Sayand to him rycht sone, and he wald nocht
Resigne all richt that he had to the croun,
Col. 2. Of his frie will without compulsioun,
Or zit micht haif, of Scotland than for euir,
That he suld die doutles or tha disseuir.
This ilk Johnne, that samin tyme we reid,
Than of his lyfe for verrie aw and dreid,
Richt frelie thair resignit in his hand,
All rycht he had or micht haif to Scotland,
Denudand him of all titill of richt
He had that tyme, or efterwart haif mycht.
No langar thair king Edward wald remane
Quhen this wes done, bot passit syne agane
To Beruik toun, quhair that the nobill[is] all
Of Scotland thair befoir him he gart call.
Suppois it wes richt soir aganes thair will,
Obediens he gart thame mak him till ;

[1] In MS. *pace.*

[2] Here a line is wanting.

And all the strenthis that war in Scotland,
Stude neir the se he tuke in his awin hand.
Syne Johnne the Ballioll and his sone also,
To Lundoun toun he maid thame bayth till go,
Quhair tha war keipit in ane presoun strang
Richt souerlie, quhill efterwart full lang,
I can nocht tell ȝow how it hapnit so,
This Johnne the Ballioll levit wes to go
In Scotland hame, thair to byde and remane,
Makand ane aith that he sould neuir agane
In ony tyme, for ald feid or for new,
In plane battell no Inglisman persew,
Nor of Scotland no richt to alledge,
And left his sone behind him into pledge.
Syne quhen he saw that he wes nocht weill tretit
Into Scotland, bot euirilk man him hetit,
Into Scotland no langar wald remane,
Bot into Ingland passit sone agane,
And syne in Fra[n]ce wnto his heretage,
And left his sone ȝoung Edward in ostage,
Quhilk king Edward in France send to him hame;
And efterwart, withoutin skaith or blame,
Be richt relatioun of suith men I hard,
Into ane castell callit Galiard
This Johnne Ballioll, in storie as I find,
Disesit thair lang efter, and maid blind,
With greit displesour that tyme endit he
That put Scotland into perplexitie.
Than king Edward, of quhome befoir I tald,
Trowand he had all Scotland as he wald,
Withoutin pley at his obedience,
Tuke purpois than agane to pas in France.
And or he wald to his purpois pretend,
Into Scotland ane lieutennand he send,
With greit power, ane man of nobill fame,
That callit wes Hew Glassingawe to name,

In his absence quhilk tuke the cuir on hand,
Nane suld rebell aganis him in Scotland.
Quhen this wes done as ȝe haif hard me sa,
This king Edward sone efter on ane da,
With ane greit navin passit ouir the se
Richt on to France; and thair I lat him be,
And turne agane and of the Scottis tell,
Sone efterwart how that tha did rebell.
The Scottis lordis alss sone as tha knew
That king Edward, as I befoir heir schew,
Wes gone in France, withoutin ony baid
Ane generall counsall altogidder maid,
In that purpois all on ane da to die,
Or to reskew agane thair libertie.
Tuelf governouris, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
Lib.14, f.218b. Col. 1. Tha maid that tyme for to defend Scotland;
The erle of Buchane bellicois and bald,
That schir Johnne Cuming to his name wes cald,
Amang thame all of maist auctoritie,
And principall of all the laif wes he;
Of wisdome, manheid, honour and als mycht,
In Albione wes nocht ane better knicht.
That samin tyme, as my author did sa,
With greit power he passit on ane da
Far ouir the bordour in Northumberland,
And brint and slew without ony ganestand.
Baith riche and puir that tyme he sparit nocht,
All that tha fand away with thame tha brocht.
Syne seigit Carlill efter on ane da;
Lang at that seig without beleif tha la,
To wyn the toun, it wes so stark and strang,
And left the seig quhen tha had lyne thair lang,
And wald nocht ly na langar thair in weir,
Come hame agane in Scotland haill and feir.

Off wyss, wicht, worthie, vailȝeant Williame Wallace, the Reskewar of Scotland, and how he interprysit mony Deid on Hand.

My author sais that samin tyme thair was
Ane man of gude callit Williame Wallace,
Ane knichtis sone also [he was] and air,
And of his bodie baith plesand and fair,
And of his stature large and rycht weill maid,
With armes lang and schulderis brent and braid;
Of hie curage corsie and corpolent,
Manlie as Mars the god armypotent.
Moir strenth he had quhen that he list to stryve,
Na in his tyme had vther four or fyve,
That wichtest war in Albione to waill.
Also he wes of greit wisdome but faill,
And to his freind rycht traist without fictioun,
And to his fa awfull as ane lyoun.
Aganis proude men richt pensit and he,
And of the puir compatiens with pitie,
And mercifull to all subjectit wicht,
That parit war of thair power and micht.
Gif all be trew of him my author sais,
Hector nor Achill nother in thair dais
Of vther men the strenthis did exceid,
As Wallace did into his tyme, I reid,
All vther men exceidit into strenth,
The veritie quha wald declair at lenth.
His manlines and wisdome alss thairwith,
Wes for to pryiss that tyme aboue his pith,
His fortitude and gude ȝeill to the croun,
With so greit kyndnes to his awin natioun.
Of him at me quha lykis for to speir,
Befoir this tyme that I sall sa ȝow heir,

Quhat that he did, or how that he began,
In his ȝouthheid lang or he wes ane man,
I can nocht tell ȝow bot gif that I wald lie,
For-quhy my author tald it nocht to me.
Of that mater quha lykis for to luke,
Thair sall ȝe find in[to] blind Hareis buke
The fassoun all declarit at greit lenth.
I can nocht say gif it hes ony strenth
Of suith fastnes or ȝit of veritie,
Thairfoir as now I will lat sic thing be,
And tell ȝow furth the laif of him fra hand,
In my author befoir me as I fand.
This Williame Wallace, as my author sais,
Richt helplike wes into tha samin dais
To Scottismen war trub[l]it or opprest,
Col. 2. And Inglismen he lute tak litill rest,
Without fauour haifand at thame sic feid,
Of thame richt mony that he put to deid.
And for that caus ouir all bayth far and neir,
Tha drew to him that of his help did heir,
For traist refuge, for succour to him socht;
Quhome to that tyme that ony wrang wes wrocht,
Fra all partis so thik to him tha drew,
Quhill that his power eikit so and grew,
The Sutheroun all betuix Tay and Tueid,
Of him tha had [richt] greit effeir and dreid,
Sa oft of thame sa mony that he slew.
The Scottis lordis quhen tha kend and knew
That this Wallace, so walkryfe with gude ȝeill,
Sa afald wes ay for the commoun weill,
Knawand he had sic fortoun and gude chance,
Sic wit, sic wisdome and sic governance,
For no laubour wald nother irk nor tyre,
Sic plesour had, sic curage and desyre,
The libertie of Scotland to reskew,
Thairfoir of him sic vertu quhen tha knew,

The lordis all with thair auctoritie
Of Scotland maid him governour to be;
With haill power baith for to heid and hing,
And justice gyde[1] as he had bene ane king;
Complaynt to heir and chargis to direct,
Faltowris to call and vices to correct.
The quhilk office with sic perfectione vsit,
Wes neuir none moir worthie to be rusit,
King or prince or ony vther one,
That euir buir office into Albione.
All Scottismen that gottin had greit thankis
Of king Edward, that callit wes Langschankis,
At his command that wald nocht sone compeir,
Ouir all Scotland rycht sone bayth far and neir,
He maid thame all als waldin as ane wand,
For to obey and byde at his command.
Quhen this wes done and endit wes sic pley,
And causit war all Scottis till obey
To gude Wallace, without ony ganestand,
He tuke purpois for to devoid Scotland
Of Inglismen and thair auctoritie.
And to redeme fredome and libertie,
With greit power he passit to the feild,
Of mony wy that waponis weill culd weild.
First at Dundie that same tyme he began;
With litill stryfe that strang castell he wan.
Montrois and Breichin that war strang and wycht,
Thir thrie he wan throw his fortoun and mycht,
And left neuir ane levand vpone lyfe
Within tha strenthis, other man or wyfe.
Syne to Dunnotar forder furth is gone;
That strang castell vpone ane roche of stone,

[1] In MS. *king.*

With litill travell in that tyme he wan,
Quhair that he lossit nother lad nor man.
Quhen this wes done as ȝe haif hard me mene,
With haill purpois to pas to Abirdene,
Vpoun ane da he maid him reddie boun:
The Inglismen quhilk that war in the toun,
Rycht mony ane of thame thairin than was,
And quhen tha hard that cumand wes Wallace,
The strang castell that biggit wes of stone
Tha stuffit weill, syne all the laif ilkone
Spulȝeit the toun of gold, riches and fie,
Syne with the spulȝie passit to the se:
Of Wallace come tha durst nocht weill remane,
Bot sone in Ingland sped thame hame agane.
Quhen this wes[1] tald [on]to this ilk Wallace
He tuke purpois no forder for to pas,
Turnand agane, syne at lasar and lenth
Lib.14, f. 219. Col. 1. Seigit and wan rycht mony stalwart strenth,
Quhairin richt mony Inglismen slew he,
And mony mo in Ingland maid to fle.
Quhen this wes schawin with all the circumstance
To king Edward, that tyme quhilk wes in France,
His lieutennand withoutin ony moir,
Callit Hugo, of quhome I schew befoir,
In Scotland send for to debait his richt.
This gude Wallace that worthie wes and wicht,
That samin tyme, as my author did sa,
Seigand the castell of Couper he la,
Of this Hugo quhen that he hard and knew
With sic power wes cuming of the new,
With suir watchis set the hous about,
That none thairin but leif mycht wyn out.
With all the power syne with him he hed,
To Stirling that tyme richt sone he sped,

47,845 47,850 47,855 47,860 47,865 47,870

[1] In MS. *wald.*

Quhair this Hugo with all his power la.
Neir Stirling brig syne efter on ane da,
In plane battell togidder thair tha met,
With brandis bricht quhair mony berne wer bet,
And mony burdoun vpoun breistis brak,
And mony bald man borne doun on his bak.
This gude Wallace quhilk had of Scottis cuir,
Like ane wod lyoun in that feild he fuir;
Stalwart and strang, als stark as ony aik,
Ane Inglisman he slew at euirilk straik:
Sa mony man he maid that da to de,
That force it wes the Inglismen to fle.
Quhen this schir Hew the lieutennande wes slane,
Na bute it wes the laif for to remane,
Bot suddantlie out of the feild syne fled.
The Scottismen quhilk efter thame[1] fast sped,
Into that chace of bernis that war bald
Tha tuke and slew alss mony as tha wald;
The laif that fled sleipit that nicht wnsound,
For-quhy in Forth tha war almaist all dround.
Quhen this wes done with greit triumph and gloir,
This gude Wallace quhair that he wes befoir,
Wnto the seig he sped him sone agane,
No langar thair that tyme he wald remane.
The Inglismen that war within the hous,
Quhilk of befoir war baith cruell and crous,
Quhen that tha knew how Wallace than had sped,
Gaif ouir the hous so soir that tyme tha dred.
Of Scottis als rycht mony men of gude,
Befoir that tyme incontrare Wallace stude,
No dreid tha had of Wallace violence,
Sic strang strenthis haiffand for thair defence;

[1] In MS. *than*.

Syne quhen tha hard of his greit victorie,
To him tha send fra all pairt suddantlie,
Promittand him richt glaidlie with thair hart,
In that purpois ay for to tak his part;
And all the strenthis that tyme but ganestand,
Deliuerit hes into gude Wallace hand;
Quhairin that tyme he hes gart put anew
Richt nobill men that war bayth traist and trew,
So souer als in all tyme at ane sailȝe,
And weill he wist tha wald nocht to him failȝe.
This beand done skaillit his men ilkone,
With his freindis to Stirling syne is gone.
It hapnit syne into that samin ȝeir,
All kynd of victuall wes so scant and deir,
Ouir all Scotland with sic penuritie,
That mony one had greit necessitie
Of meit and drink that wes thair lyvis fude,
And mekle thing that mycht haif done thame gude.

How Wallace puneist his Aduersaris that wald nocht him obey; syne passit in Northumberland and brynt and slew without ganestand.

This samin tyme gude Wallace as we reid,
For to releif thair mister and greit neid,
Ouir all partis of Scotland far and neir,
He causit hes richt mony to compeir,
With haill purpois in Ingland for to pas,
And thair to tak quhair that aneuc[h] thair was.
Of all victuall thair wes aneuch but want,
Quhairof in Scotland bayth wes deir and scant.
That samin tyme thair wes that maid him pley,
Men in the north that wald him nocht obey,

No ȝit compeir that tyme at his command;
Thairfoir Wallace without ony demand,
To his purpois or he wald forder pas,
Richt suddantlie quhair that tha same men was,
Or euer tha wist, in handis hes thame tane,
Syne for thair tressoun hangit thame ilkane;
Quhilk causit hes the laif with better will
That samin tyme for to obey him till.
This beand done as ȝe haif hard me sa,
With all his power efter on ane da,
He enterit sone into Northumberland,
Without[in] stop quhair he gat no ganestand,
Baith brint and slew with greit heirschip of gude,
To the New Castell vpoun ane tyme that stude.
The Inglismen that duelt into that land
Sic dreddour tuke tha fled fra hand to hand,
And left behind thame all riches and geir,
Of gude Wallace tha tuke so greit effeir,
That neuir man durst in his gait remane,
To saue him self ilk man wes than full fane.
Into that land ane lang quhile thair tha la,
Syne at thair plesour efter brocht awa
The riches all befoir him that he fand,
Quhen he had brynt and hereit all that land,
With hie triumph, with honour and greit gloir,
And greit loving of ilk man les and moir,
With greit riches of gold and vther gude,
Of stoir and fie ane meruelus multitude,
That samin tyme, but ony stop or sturt,
Come hame agane withoutin harme or hurt.

How King Edward heirand of Wallace and of his Victorie come Hame out of France, and send ane Herald to Wallace, and of Wallace Ansuer to him agane.

This king Edward, that tyme being in France,
Quhen he hard tell of the vnhappie chance
Of his liegis and the triumph and gloir
Of gude Wallace, he sped him hame thairfoir
Into Ingland withoutin ony hune;
Ane herald syne to gude Wallace send sone,
Quhilk schew to him his chairgis all belyve,
In lichtlie langage and richt pungetywe.
Sayand, how durst he be so bald for blame
In his kinrik, quhen that he wes fra hame,
To wirk sic wrang with greit crudelitie,
On his pepill without auctoritie?
Quhilk efterwart to him sould be deir bocht;
Rycht weill he wist, he said, that he durst nocht
For all Europe committit had sic cryme,
Had he at hame bene in the samin tyme.
This gude Wallace befoir thame all in plane,
Sic ansuer maid as ȝe sall heir agane.
" Gude freind," he said, " thow sall say to thi king,
" That all sic bost sall bais me in nothing,
" Na thinkis neuir to be at his command;
" Of him this da alss litill aw I stand,
" As he him self dois of the leist ane knaif
" In all Scotland amang ws heir we haif.
" Quhair he speiris how durst I be so bald
" Within his boundis to wirk so as I wald,
Lib. 14, f. 219b. " I did nocht sic thing for crudelitie
" Bot of injuris for to revengit be,

" And greit harmis be his collusioun,
" That he to Scotland wrocht hes with tressoun.
" Thairfoir," he said, "mak it to him kend,
" Quhill that I leif I think for to defend
" Kinrik and croun, at all power and micht;
" Quhy sould I nocht quhen that we haif sic richt?
" And quhair he sais and he had bene at hame,
" That I durst nocht, for dreid of him and blame,
" To be so bald, thocht I had bene ane king,
" Within his boundis to haif wrocht sic thing;
" Off my behalf say thow to him agane,
" Will God or Pasche with all my power plane
" Within his boundis I salbe on breid,
" For ony aw I stand of him or dreid;
" Quhither that he be than at hame or nocht,
" That is ane thing rycht litill in my thocht."
This messinger, quhen he had said his will,
To king Edward he come and said him till
Of his ansuer the fassoun all in feir,
Ilk word be word as I haif said ȝow heir.
On euerie syde, as my author did sa,
Tha bownit baith for to be at that da.
The da syne come quhair at the tryst wes set,
Thir bernis bald togidder thair tha met,
With stalwart men that war bayth strang and stuir,
In Ingland far that tyme beȝond the mure.
Rycht mony grome that gudlie wes and gay,
On euerie syde war put in gude array;
This ilk Wallace on ane plane quhair he stude,
Put all his men into ane ordour gude,
With baneris braid displeyit vpoun hicht,
And mony standart that war brodin bricht;
And mony pynsall that war panetit proude,
And mony schalme that schouttand war full loude,

And mony trumpit tunit war full he ;
Moir semelie sicht desyrit none to se.
This king Edward than seand, to conclude,
The Scottismen haifand sic ordour gude,
So manfullie for battell as tha maid,
In gude array so cloiss togidder baid ;
Also he knew thair captane gude Wallace
So wyss thairwith, so wycht and manlie was,
And that his fortoun all tyme wes so gude,
Thairfoir of him the weill moir aw he stude,
Thocht he wes mo that tyme befar nor he,
He thocht na schame to turne his bak and fle
Richt cloiss togidder all into ane knot,
Or euir ane arrow in the feild wes schot.
The Scottismen the quhilk that saw that day
So fast for feirdnes as tha fled away,
Tha tuke haill purpois in that samin place,
Efter king Edward for to stuffe ane chace.
Full weill I wait that tyme so had tha done,
War nocht gude Wallace stoppit thame sa sone,
Quhilk causit thame of that purpois to blyn,
Schawand to thame sic danger wes thairin.
Richt weill he wist, an all the suith war socht,
Sic fenzeit fleing wes nocht done for nocht ;
Thairfoir he said, " It semis weill to me,
" Sa mony men withoutin straik to fle,
" Ane taikin is of sum tressone and trane.
" My counsall is thairfoir that we remane,
" And follow nocht ane fit out of this place.
" How can we haif moir honour in this cace,
" No chace ane king so prattikit into weir
" In his awin realme but straik of sword or speir ?"
Amang his men richt bissalie did ryde
With sic counsall, quhilk causit thame to byde.
Quhen king Edward, as ze haif hard me sa,
Col. 2. Had left the feild and syne fled hame his wa,

Than gude Wallace richt bellicois and bald,
Ouir all the north of Ingland as he wald,
Fra Tyne[1] to Tueid richt narrowlie he socht,
And all the spulȝe syne with him hame brocht.
Throw the greit [gloir] that tyme he conqueist hed,
Ouir all Ewrop his name of honour spred;
Bot fals Fortoun quhilk did him magnify,
Rycht sone efter at him at greit invy,
Hir fraudfull fait and eik hir variance,
Hir fenȝeit face so full of inconstance,
Hir lauchand luke with mony fals promit,
Syne quhen scho list hir fauour for to flitt,
With grunschand luke quhen scho lykis to greif,
Quhen that ane man of hir hes most beleif,
And in her fauour hieast on the quheill,
Or euir he wit, scho makis him to feill
Than of hir feid rycht fremmitlie far moir,
Nor euir scho did of hir fauour befoir.
O gude Wallace! [so] did scho than with the.
Allace thairfoir! it wes the moir pitie,
That Fortoun giffand the sic fauour at lenth,
As Nature gaif the sic wisdome and strenth,
And manlie wes into all kynd of thing,
In all Ewrop wes nother prince nor king,
Wan moir honour of sic auctoritie,
No thow had win had Fortoun fauorit the.
Thocht my author for schortnes dois ouirpas
In this mater to tell ȝow as it wes,
The circumstance quhair he did pretermit,
The quhilk sensyne wes done me for to wit,
As I myself fand in ane famous storie,
Quhairfoir sen it is recent in memorie,

[1] In MS. *Kent.*

And be apperance liklie to be trew,
I sall schaw ȝow as that storie me schew,
Quhilk haldin is of greit auctoritie,
As oft sensyne suith men hes said to me.
This ilk Edward of quhome befoir I schew,
Quhen he persauit, wnderstude and knew,
Throw gude Wallace how his honour and fame
Detractit wes, and how this Wallace name
Exaltit wes with sic honour and gloir,
Apperandlie the langar ay the moir,
Ilk da be da to sic auctoritie,
Of gude Wallace for to revengit be,
The diligence he hes done that he mocht;
Syne finallie with Robert Bruce he wrocht
Agane Wallace and he wald tak his part,
Promittand him rycht freindlie with his hart
Within schort quhile, and he haif hap to ring,
Robert the Bruce of Scotland to mak king.
This king Edward the Bruce gart wnderstand,
That baith the croun and kinrik of Scotland
This ilk Wallace thocht to himself to tak,
Quhome to, he said, it wes bayth schame and lak,
Sen nane bot he had richt of all that thing,
To bruke the croun of Scotland and be king,
So cowartlie for to gif ouir his richt
To this Wallace so sempill wes ane wicht,
Withoutin clame or ony richt thairtill,
For to posses at his plesour and will.
Throw the persuasioun that he did to him mak,
Rycht suddantlie the Bruce did wndertak
In that mater richt sone for to proceid,
So that he wald supple him in his neid.
Syne quietlie ane messinger he send
To his freindis with hartlie recommend,
Ouir all Scotland in mony sindrie part,
Beseikand thame rycht afald with his hart,

Aganis Wallace his pairt than for to tak, Lib.14, f.220. Col. 1.
Quhilk did to him so greit wrangis and lak,
The quhilk on force withheld fra him throw mycht
His heretage quhome to he had sic richt.
Quhairof richt mony wes richt weill content,
And richt glaidlie thairto gaif thair consent,
Promittand him, cum on quhen euir he wald,
In his fordward tha sould be fund afald.
That samin tyme, withoutin causs or quhy,
Richt mony man at Wallace had invy,
Becaus that Fortoun tuke him in hir grace;
That hapnis oft in mony sindrie place,
Quhome euir that Fortoun haldis maist of pryse,
Suppois he be baith circumspect and wyse,
All vther men, I can nocht tell ȝow quhy,
At him hes ay displesour and invy.
This ilk exempill [ma], so haif I feill,
Be verifeit be gude Wallace richt weill;
Quhen he had stand in mony stalwart stour,
And put himself into sic aduenture,
And conqueist Scotland sic honour and gloir,
Without thank or ȝit reward thairfoir.
The Cumingis all, haiffand no caus of feid,
As ennimie him haitit to the deid,
Throw lurkand malice het as ony fyre,
Quhilk causit hes richt mony to conspyre
Agane Wallace that litill thairof knew,
Quhilk efterwart into the deid it schew;
Syne secreitlie to king Edward tha send,
And cleirlie all this mater maid him kend.
The causs quhairfoir that tha had sic invy
At gude Wallace wes for the samin quhy,
That this Wallace, in storie as we reid,
In vertew and honour did thame all exceid;
And throw his werkis, quhilk war of sic fame,
Obfuscat wes thair honour and thair name,

Quhilk of befoir wes wont to be so hie,
Be this Wallace wes of so law degre;
And for this causs, and for na vther quhy,
At gude Wallace tha had so greit invy.
Quhen that king Edward thairof hard and knew,
Traistand full weill that all sic thing wes trew,
Into beleif to him tha sould nocht lie,
With all the power that he doucht to be,
On fit and horss, that my author did sa,
To the Fawkirk come efter on ane da.
Than gude Wallace that of his cuming knew,
Trowand richt weill that all thing had bene trew,
Quhilk of thair tressoun litill than that wist,
With greit power king Edward to resist,
Richt suddantlie comperit in his sicht
With mony berne all into armour bricht.
The greit tressone that Wallace litill knew,
Richt suddantlie amang thame than it schew.
The Cumingis than with thair power ilkone,
Into ane feild togidder all alone,
Be the leist boy that tyme tha with thame brocht,
Tha war the men that all the tressoun wrocht,
Desyrit thame the vangard for to haif,
Befoir Wallace, lord Stewart and the laue.
The lord Stewart siclike quhair that he stude
Into his camp with mony men of gude,
He thocht him self the worthiest as than
To sic honour of ony vther man.
Allace that da tha set him baith at nocht!
Ȝit gude Wallace the quhilk the contrair thocht,
Sen that he wes with all thair haill consent
Maid governour, and syne so diligent
In his office as he wes da and nicht,
For to debait the libertie and richt
Col. 2. Of Scotland ay in his auctoritie,
Thairfoir he thocht that maist worthie wes he,

Befoir thame baith or ony of the laif,
Into that tyme sic honour for to haif.
And as tha stude lang stryvand for sic thing,
This ilk Edward, of Ingland that wes king,
Persauit that and suddantlie him sped
Onto the feild with all power he hed,
Vpoun the Scottis with ane sudden fray,
And or tha micht be put into array,
The Englismen war reddie for to june.
The Cumingis all baith suddantlie and sone,
With all the power in that tyme tha hed,
Out of the feild richt cloiss awa tha fled,
And left lord Stewart and Wallace his mait,
Into the feild still stryvand for the stait,
Baith circumvenit that tyme with thair fa,
And wes content that it wes hapnit sua;
For it wes tha that first that stryfe began,
Betuix lord Stewart and that nobill man.
This ilk Wallace that tha brocht in sic feid,
Withoutin caus tha haittit him to the deid;
As previt weill, the richt quha wnderstandis,
Quhen that tha left him in his fais handis.

How the Inglismen enterit in the Feild aganis the gude Lord Steward and vail-ȝeand Williame Wallace be Tressoun of the Cumingis fals.

Be this wes done as ȝe haif hard me say,
The Inglismen in ordour and array,
With targis gilt and mony glitterand scheild,
On fit and hors hes enterit in the feild.
The lord Stewart, suppois that it wes lait,
And gude Wallace tha strawe na mair for stait,

Quhen that tha saw it micht na better be,
Bot euerie man do for himself or die.
This ilk Wallace, than schortlie to conclude,
Put all his men than into ordour gude
As he best micht, suppois the tyme wes schort,
Syne with fair langage did thame all exhort
Into that battell stalwartlie to byde,
And tak na terrour of the tother side.
With hie curage he tuik on him greit cuir,
Vpoun ane cursour stalwart wes and stuir
Ouir all his oist than round about he raid,
And greit persuasioun to thame all he maid,
Into that feild erar fechtand to die,
Nor for to loiss baith land and libertie.
Thocht sum man sa, I can nocht tell ȝow quhy,
Wallace that da out of the feild drew by,
And micht haif maid the lord Stewart supple,
And syne wald nocht, it semis weill for me
That that wes fals and in the self vntrew,
As be gude Wallace weill that da it schew,
In that same feild so douchtelie did he,
Quhill he on force wes maid that tyme to fle.
Weill ma ȝe wit he micht mak na reskew
Agane sa mony quhair thair faucht so few,
Quhair he that da stude in so strang ane stour,
Haiffand him self greit mister of succour;
How micht he mak ane vther man supple,
Being him self in sic necessitie?
As efterwart it might be knawin sone
Be gude Wallace or all the feild wes done.
The lord Stewart and gude Wallace that da,
Baith into the feild, as my author did sa,
Enterit togidder with thair power all,
Lib. 14, f. 220b. Col. 1. The quhilk that da so litill wes and small,
Quhilk wes the caus of thair miseritie,
And nocht for Wallace wald mak na supple.

Robert the Bruce that neirhand wes besyde,
That mony wicht that da had till gyde,
Behind the bak than of the Scottis oist,
In gude ordour with mekle schoir and boist,
He broucht his men and circulit thame about,
Behind thair bak that tha micht nocht win out.
Sair wes the semblie at[1] the first onset,
On euerie syde quhen baith the pairteis met;
The speiris scharp, that wes baith lang and squair,
In pecis sprang aboue thame in the air.
Thair schynand scheildis schorne war all in schunder,
And mony breist maid bludie that wes wnder;
And mony helme that da wes rent and revin,
And mony duchtie to the deid wes drewin;
And mony grome la gruiflingis on the ground
Bludie forbled with mony deidlie wound.
This gude Wallace, that stalwart wes and strang,
Quhair that he faucht into the thickest thrang,
Bald as ane boir, and stark as ony staik,
Ane Inglisman he slew at euirilk straik.
The Inglismen that war baith big and bald,
Schoudrit and sched like scheip intill ane fald
Befoir Wallace, his straikis wes so strang,
Reddand him rowme quhair euir he list to gang.
Hector of Troy, Cesar nor Herculus,
Nor ȝit Achill or Thelamonius,
Did neuir better, quha that richt wnderstandis,
Na gude Wallace that da did with his handis.
ȝit neuirtheles the most stalwart and strang
That euir wes ma nocht induir rycht lang,
Continiewallie be he put in assaill
Withoutin help, bot sumtyme he man faill,

[1] In MS. *that.*

In ony tyme but succour or supple.
This gude Wallace, it hapnit so to be,
Wes desolait in trubill left and pane,
The lord Stewart into the feild wes slane,
And gude Makdufe the nobill erle of Fyffe,
Schir Johne the Grahame that da loissit the lyfe;
And mony vther barroun that war bald,
Deit that da out of number vntald.
Robert the Bruce that faucht behind thair bak,
The greit slauchter he causit for to mak
Wes the haill caus of all thair confusioun;
Alace thairfoir of sic abusioun
Aganis his awin with sic cruell dispite!
Ȝit neuirtheles he hed nocht all the wyte,
Trowand he did all for his awin availl,
Sic traist he gaif to king Edward but faill,
And to ilk word that he said les and moir,
In the promit that he maid him befoir,
Him to supple into all kynd of thing
Aganis Wallace of Scotland to be king.
Robert Bruce, O rabill mynd, allace!
Quhair wes thi wit or wisdome in that cace?
How culd thow find that time in thi hart,
Aganis thi awin to tak so plane ane part
With king Edward, and put thi traist so hie
In him befoir thow fand baith falss and slie?
As I haif schawin ane litill of befoir:
In this mater heir will I mute no moir.
This king Edward that subtill wes [and] sle,
Full of falsheid and greit crudelitie,
Causit the Bruce than, throw ane subtill art,
Aganis Wallace for to tak his part.
Allace thairfoir! that micht the Scottis feill,
Had nocht bene he, ȝe ma beleif rycht weill,
With sic ane trane come in behind thair bak,
That da the Scottis had nocht tane sic lak,

No ȝit sic skayth, suppois tha war bot few, 48,335 Col. 2.
Amang thame self and tha had bene all trew.
Quhen Wallace saw thir nobillis all war slane,
He thocht no tyme than langar to remane;
With the few folk than levand that he hed,
Out of the feild in gude ordour he fled, 48,340
And baid him self behind ane litill space,
That nane efter sould follow on the chace.
Wes none so bald bot he gart him forbair
Fordwart to pas quhen [that] he saw him thair;
Tha war vnhappie come wnder his hand, 48,345
Or feld the wecht than of his bludie brand.
Ane Inglisman of greit honour and fame,
Freris Bryane callit wes to name,
In tornament and justing of befoir
Quhilk conqueist [hed] greit honour, laud and 48,350
gloir,
Efter the Scotis followit on the chace
Quhill that he come on to the samin place
Quhair Wallace wes, the flour of cheualrie,
Vpoun ane cursour huifand neirhand by.
This nobill knicht, trowand honour to win, 48,355
Kest doun his speir and no langer wald blin
Syne towart Wallace spurrit his gude steid;[1]
Than gude Wallace, quhilk had of him no dreid,
Spurrit his hors and manfullie him met,
Syne sic ane dynt vpoun his breist he set, 48,360
Quhill that his breist plait all in pecis clawe,
Bayth breist and brawin wes wnder brist and rawe;
The scharp sokat out throw his bodie thrang,
Bayth man and hors deid to the erth he dang.
Than all the laif quhen that they saw that cace, 48,365
Fordward ane fit durst nocht follow the chace.

[1] In MS. *speid.*

O gude Wallace! that dar I suithlie sa,
Had euirilk man bene trew to the that da,
This king Edward, for all his bost and schoir,
Had nocht that da win sic honour and gloir,
As ȝe ȝour self ma richt weill wnderstand,
Quhen gude Wallace befoir into Ingland,
With the same men war present thair that da,
Agane king Edward, as ȝe hard me sa,
He wan the feild withoutin straik or dynt,
Quhair neuir man in all the feild wes tint.
As I haif said befoir ȝit dar I sa,
Had tha als bene all trew to him that da
As tha war than, it is richt eith to ken
Scotland that da had nocht loissit sic men.
So hapnit it that samin tyme of cace,
Efter that Wallace stoppit hed the chace,
Robert the Bruce, vpoun ane cursor wycht,
Of Wallace hapnit for to get ane sicht.
Amang thame all he wes full eith to ken,
So chiftanlike he raid behind his men
Vpoune ane cursour rycht stalwart and strang,
Ane schaft he buir that wes baith greit and lang:
Behind his men ane weill lang space he raid,
Gif ony Sutheroun come thame till invaid.
Robert the Bruce quhen he gude Wallace saw,
Loud vpoun hicht vpone him he did caw;
" Wallace," he said, " quhat is in thy intent,
" Agane ȝone king so michtie and potent,
" Without compair this da levand on lyve,
" With thi small power schaipis for to stryve?
" How hes thi will thi wit so far ouirgane
" Seand thi self so dissolat allane,
" Withoutin help of ony or remeid,
" Tha ar all gone that sould haif maid the steid?

" Thy wilfull mynd and sic hienes of thocht,
" And arrogance hes put the now to nocht.
" ȝit ken thi self and put the in his will,
" Or thow on force be kennit sone thairtill."
Quhen he had said as ȝe haif hard me mene, 48,405
Wallace him ansuer into yre and tene:
" O cowart knicht! forsuith," agane said he, Lib. 14, f. 221. Col. 1.
" All that I do is in defalt of the.
" Thow faillis far, and all the richt war knawin,
" So oft," he said, "dissauit hes thi awin; 48,410
" As thow hes done in mony sindrie thing,
" In contrare Scotland with ȝone tirrane king.
" Thy blude and natioun falslie hes mensworne;
" Scotland ma sa in ill tyme wes thow borne.
" Hes thow na dreid that, for thi greit wn- 48,415
richt,
" The hand of God sum tyme sall on the licht,
" Thow bludie bouchour that will nocht abhor
" So saikles thus thi awin blude to devoir?
" Wer[1] thair," he said, "as I trow neuir salbe,
" Wisdome or faith, or kyndnes into the, 48,420
" Curage, manheid, or[2] knichtlie fortitude,
" Thow had nocht schawin so greit ingratitude
" Onto thi awin quhome that thow suld defend.
" Quhairfoir," he said, "to the I mak it kend,
" ȝone tirrane king full of crudelitie, 48,425
" Wnder his bandoun think I neuir to be.
" My will salbe, quhill I haif strenth or mycht,
" Of Scotland ay for to defend the richt.
" Na moir," he said, "thow gettis now of me,
" Traist weill thairfoir thow sall far erar die, 48,430
" No Jow or Turk thow hes done ws sic ill,
" And I haif hap to haif the in my will."

[1] In MS. *Quhair.*
[2] In MS. *of.*

Robert the Bruce, quhen he hard him sa so,
Sum part in mynd displesit wes and wo,
For weill he wist that gude Wallace wes trew,
Be that same langage that he till him schew;
And in his mynd repentit hes full soir
The greit offence that he had done befoir,
Takand sic laubour on him da and nicht
Aganis Scotland to quhome he had sic richt.
Be Wallace talk sic wisdome he did leir,
Fra that da furth he did thame no moir deir.
This ilk battell quhometo ȝow that I mene,
Wes on the day of Marie Magdalene,
Quhilk haldin is with all man mair and myn
Vnhappie da gude werkis to begin,
Ouir all Scotland euir moir sensyne,
Becaus that da the Scottis feild did tyne.
All beand done as ȝe haif hard me sa,
This gude Wallace sone efter on ane da
In Sanct Johnestoun ane counsall he gart call,
Quhair planelie thair befoir the lordis all,
The governing that he had of the ring
In thair handis he did agane resing,[1]
And him exutet of office and cuir,
And regiment quhilk of befoir he buir.
Becaus he saw sic scisma and discordis,
And speciallie amang the grittest lordis;
And mony ane that schew him litill feid
Withoutin caus him haittit to the deid,
Quhome of he culd not sicker be and suir;
And for that caus of all office he buir
Denudit him befoir the lordis all,
For aduenture that efter micht befall.
In this same tyme the nobill king of France,
Callit Phillop, most gudlie till aduance,

[1] In MS. *resige.*

Quhen he perfitlie in the tyme hes knawin
With king Edward how Scotland wes ouirthrawin,
Rycht greit compatiens of Scotland he hed;
And for that caus to king Edward he sped
Ane herald sone, and schupe nocht for to ceis
To Scottismen quhilk he had purchest peice.
This king Edward that tyme had to his wyfe
Ane plesand princes, nane better on lyfe,
Formit perfite be hevinlie influance,
Quhilk dochter wes to king Phillop of France;
At king Edward maid rycht greit requeist,
Beseikand him, for hir[1] saik at the leist,
The Scottismen, gif plesis him do sua,
To grant thame peice and be no moir thair fa. Col. 2.
This king Edward that wald hir nocht deny,
So weill that tyme he louit her for-thy,
On fra the feist than of Alhallow da
To Penthecost, as my author did sa,
And forder mair as plesit him betuene,
He grantit peax for plesour of the quene;
And thair with all the requeist to fulfill,
Of king Phillip that he had send him till.
Neir be this tyme that ȝe heir me subsume,
Ane oratour the Scottis send to Rome,
To Boneface, that paip wes in tha dais,
With sair complaynt, as that my author sais,
Of king Edward the quhilk hed thame ouirthrawin,
Quhilk of befoir wes frie within thair awin,
And libertie had brukit alss richt lang,
The quhilk to him did neuir injure nor wrang,
Nor to na prince levand wnder the sky;
Beseikand him, for that same caus and quhy,
To causs king Edward for to grant thame peice,
And of his weiris for to stanche and ceis,

[1] In MS. *his*.

As he that aucht thair tutour for to be,
That tha micht leif into tranquillitie.
Quhome to the paip hes grantit with gude will,
And sindrie syis he send king Edward till,
Commandand him fra tha weiris desist
Of so puir pepill micht him nocht resist,
Quhilk faillit neuir into na kynd of thing,
Nother to him nor to na Chrissin king.
Quhairthrow the Scottis to sic curage grew,
Thair libertie agane for to reskew,
Ane governour tha chesit of greit fame,
Quhilk schir Johnne Cuming callit wes to name.
Than king Edward thairof quhen he hard tald,
Ane greit armie of mony berne full bald
He send in Fyffe attouir the watter of Forth,
Distroyand all vnto Sanct Johnestoun north,
And all the spulȝe thair-in that he gat,
Had hame ouir Forth but ony stop or lat.
Fra Forth all south, as that my author sais,
Subjectit wes to king Edward tha dais.
Schir Johnne Cuming, of Scotland governour,
And Symone Fraces of richt greit honour,
Quhilk wes cōllig wnto this ilk schir Johnne,
Quhen that tha saw that sic injure wes done,
With all the power that tha doucht to be,
Convenit hes be thair auctoritie.
Into the tyme suppois tha war bot few,
Ȝit neuirtheles tha war all traist and trew,
Of hie curage, baith bald, hardie, and wycht,
And reddie ay for to defend thair richt,
Baith wyss and wicht, and souer at ane saill;
Aucht thousand men tha war that tyme be taill.
Furth that tha fuir for to exerce the land,
Intill all part quhair tha the Sutheroun fand,
Into Scotland the quhilk hed ony cuir
Of king Edward, or office of him buir,

Tha maid thame all without mercie to die,
Or hame in Ingland suddantlie to fle.

How King Edward send Redulfus in Scotland with ane greit Armie aganis the Scottis, contenand Threttie Thousand Men.

Ane nobill man of greit honour and fame,
The quhilk Redulfus callit wes to name,
This king Edward, quhen he sic thing did ken,
In Scotland send with threttie thousand men.
This Redulfus, of quhome befoir I tald, Lib.14, f.221b. Col. 1.
Traistand to weild all Scotland as he wald,
So proude he wes and of curage richt hie,
His greit armie diuydit hes in thrie,
And euerie part, as that my author menit,
Ten thousand men into the tyme contenit.
Syne da be da he tuke on him greit cuir,
Quhill that he come richt sone to Rosling mure;
Schir Johnne Cuming and gude Symon his mait,
Rydand neirby thair boundis to debait,
With aucht thousand that worthie war and wicht,
Of bernis bald all into armour bricht,
The formest oist of this Redulfus men,
The quhilk that tyme contenit thousandis ten,
Come far befoir out of the laifis sicht.
The Scottismen that war bayth bald and wicht,
Traistand that tyme that tha na ma had bene,
Micht nocht suffer quhen tha that sicht had sene;
Bot suddantlie tha semblit with ane schout,
Quhair mony stalwart that war stark and stout,
And mony wicht man worthie into weir,
War maid to grane throw all thair glitterand geir.

The Inglismen, for all thair pomp and pryde,
No strenthis had thair langar for to byde;
The Scottismen so cruell war and wicht,
That force it wes the Suthroun tak the flicht,
And in the feild no langar micht remane,
Of thame that da sa mony than war slane.
Be tha war fled and passit out of sicht,
The secund feild with mony helme full brycht,
And mony trumpet into sindrie tune,
Come at thair hand than reddie for to june.
The Scottis men, thair curage wes so hie,
Tuke no effeir, tha schupe nocht for to flie
For all thair brag, thair boisting and thair schoir;
The victorie that tha had wyn befoir,
Causit thame all sic curage for to tak,
Ane fit that tyme or tha wald flie abak,
So hie curage tha tuke all in thair heid,
Tha had far erar ilkane sufferit deid.
Thair wes no moir, bot suddantlie and sune
The feildis baith togidder thair did june,
With sic ane brous quhill mony speris brak,
And mony bald man laid wes on his bak;
And mony cruell keillit throw the croun,
And mony berne wes of his blonk borne doun,
And mony freik wes fellit on the plane,
The quhilk sensyne rais neuir ȝit vp agane.
The Scottismen so cruell wes and kene,
The Inglismen tha micht nocht weill sustene
Thair awfull straikis, so stalwart war and strang,
That force it wes quhen tha had fochin lang
Into that feild all fechtand for to die,
Out of that feild than suddantlie to flie.
And sua tha did withoutin ony red,
Sum heir, sum thair, to mony sindrie steid.
The Scottis still remanit in the place,
And tuke na cuir to follow on the chace,

With ony slauchter forder thame persew,
For-quhy tha thocht that tha had slane anew.
And in the feild thair tha remanit still,
And all the spulȝie at thair awin will;
Breist plat and birny, and all vther geir,
And all armour that neidfull war to weir,
Or ȝit waponis gif ony than hed want,
Tha gat anew, thairof thair wes no skant.
In sic harnes as plesit thame to haif, Col. 2.
Tha war all cled than be the leist ane knaif.
Be this wes done as I haif said ȝow heir,
In gude ordour the thrid battell drew neir,
With schalmes schill and buglis blawand loude,
With banar braid and mony pynsall proude,
And standartis waiffand with the wynd full wyde.
Thair awfull schoir, and all thair pomp and pryde,
Apperit than to be na bernis pla.
The Scottismen that fochtin hed all da,
Weill ma ȝe wit tha war nocht weill content
Quhen that tha saw ane power so potent,
The quhilk that da wnfulȝeit war on feild,
And of thair power mony alss war keild,
And mony hurt and ill woundit full soir,
In the tua feildis tha faucht in befoir.
Ȝit neuirtheles thair curage wes so gude,
In sic beleif and gude hoip than tha stude
Of victorie befoir that tha had wyn,
Nocht ane of thame wald fra ane vther twyn:
Bot euerilk ane, richt glaidlie with his hart,
Content he wes for to tak vtheris part,
Baith gude and ill, and byde the latter end,
And tak the chance that God wald to thame send.
And so tha did all in[to] ane concord,
Ordourit the feild and maid thame frelie ford.

This beand done tha enterit baith in feild,
And knokit on quhill mony one wes keild.
At the first counter with ane cruell crak,
Thair scheildis raif and mony burdoun brak,
And mony freik war fellit than throw force,
And mony knycht keillit out throw the cors,
And mony grome la gruflingis on the grund
Bleidand full soir with mony bludie wound.
The Scottismen, that worthie[1] war and wycht,
Faucht to defend thair libertie and rycht,
Thair self, thair guidis, thair barnis and thair wyffis,
Thair croun, thair kinrik, thair landis and thair lyvis,
And to defend thair honour and thair gloir,
And victorie tha had wyn of befoir.
The Inglismen than, as tha wnderstude,
Tha put thair traist all in thair multitude,
And Scottismen war lossit and forloir,
In the tua feildis tha faucht in of befoir,
Quhair throw thair power parit wes so far,[2]
That eith it wes to put thame to the war.
That causit thame of mair curage to be,
Out of the feild and laither for to fle,
With sic apperance vpoune euirilk syde,
And hie curage quhilk causit thame to byde,
Quhill force it wes, quhen na better mycht be,
The Inglismen out of the feild to flie.
The Scottismen fast followit on the chace,
And had nocht bene it hapnit so on cace
Tha war so irkit and woundit so soir,
For lang fechting that [tha] war in befoir,
The Inglismen had bocht tha[t] da full deir.
And so tha did as I haif said ȝow heir,

[1] In MS. *warthie.*

[2] In MS. *fair.*

Wes neuir ha[r]d befoir into na storie,
No ȝit sensyne, of so hie laud and glorie,
Ane victorie ȝit with no levand man,
That da in feild as that the Scottis wan ; 48,670
Quhen threttie thousand into feildis thrie,
Of Inglismen the baldest that micht be,
Deuydit war in gude ordour that da,
Agane aucht thousand as ȝe hard me sa
Off Scottismen that manlie war and wycht, 48,675 Lib.14,f.222. Col. 1.
In plane battell but ony trane or slicht.
Thir aucht thousand, as ȝe micht heir me sa,
Vincust thame all richt manfullie that da ;
Syne tuke with thame the spulȝie of the feild,
And equallie to euerie man and cheild, 48,680
Silver and gold, harnes and all the laif,
Distribut hes as he wes worth to haif.
Quhen this vnhap and infortunitie
Of Inglismen, with sic mortalitie,
Onto thair prince king Edward than wes 48,685
schawin,
The veritie thairof quhen he hes knawin,
Rycht haistelie as my author did wryte,
He semblit hes ane power infinyte
Of that injure for to revengit be ;
And syne in Scotland, baith be land and se, 48,690
He enterit hes with mekle pomp and pryde.
His power wes so awfull till abyde,
Thair wes no Scot quhome to sic thing wes
schawin,
Durst sa that tyme that his saull wes his awin.
Agane his power tha durst mak no pleid, 48,695
Bot euirilk man fled to ane sindrie steid ;
Sum to ane strenth quhair he thocht best to be,
Sum to the mos, sum to the montane hie,
And leit thame pas without ony ganestand,
Quhair plesit thame ouir all part of Scotland, 48,700

Withoutin pleid on to the watter of Spey;
Except Wallace durst no man mak thame pley.
At his opinioun, stiff as ony wall,
Rycht still he stude thocht his power wes small;
And as he micht, for ony aw or feid,
Richt mony Sutheroun oft he put to deid.
Quhen his constance wes till king Edward kend,
Ane secreit seruand of his awin he send,
Promittand him greit lordschip, land and fie,
Ay nixt him self of most honour to be,
Ouir all Ingland and Scotland at his will,
So that he wald of fauour cum him till,
And tak his part and with himself remane.
This gude Wallace sic ansuer maid agane:
For all the gold betuix the sone and se,
And all Ingland in heretage and fe,
Wald nocht[1] consent wnto sic fals tressoun,
As to dissaue his natiue trew natioun.
Sayand, he had leuar leif in pouertie,
In stres and dreid, haifand his libertie,
Na with greit riches of all warldlie gude,
Wnder king Edward leif in seruitude.
Sen libertie of euerie thing is best,
So wald he leif, he said, quhill he mycht lest.
In this same tyme that I haif said ȝow heir,
Ane nobill knicht hecht Williame Olifeir,
Ane man all tyme of greit auctoritie,
Of Striuiling castell capitane than wes he.
That stark castell stude on ane roche so strang,
This ilk Williame had keipit than full lang
Agane king Edward as I schew ȝow heir,
Quhilk seigit it ane quartar of ane ȝeir.
Sanct Androis kirk, as that my author sais,
That thekit wes with coper in tha dais,

[1] In MS. *he*.

This king Edward, I can nocht tell quhairto,
Or[1] till quhat erand that he had till do,
This royall ruif that tyme baith all and sum,
Gart tak it doun than be the leist ane crum.
Still at the seig that same tyme he la,
So hapnit it, as my author did sa,
That all the victuall wes the hous within,
Inlaikit fast and begouth to grow thin.
And for that caus without ony rebous,
To king Edward than he gaif ouir the hous,
Of that conditioun sua that tyme that he
Wald leif thame all quhair that tha list go fre.
Syne quhen the hous wes gevin ouir him till, Col. 2.
And hous and men war baith intill his will,
This ilk schir Williame to Lundoun he send,
And held him thair unto his lyvis end,
Festnit with fetteris into presoun strang.
Siclike that tyme he did ouir all Scotland,
In ony part quhair tha maid him ganestand,
Quhill that he gat his plesour and his will;
Mycht nane resistance that tyme mak him till.

How King Edward maid greit Oppressioun in Scotland, and distroyit and pat out of Memorie all Scottis Storeis, and vertuous Men out of Scotland, that cunnyng war or Craft culd wnderstand.

Syne quhen this tirrane, busteous wes and bald,
Subdewit had all Scotland as he wald,
That nane so stout durst mak him ganestand,
Bot all tyme reddie [be] at his command,
That samin tyme to put out of memorie
Of oure foirfaderis the greit triumph and glorie,

[1] In MS. *On.*

That it agane sould neuir cum in memorie,
He gaif command that euirilk Scottis storie
Suld all be brint that tyme baith ill and gude ; 48,765
Quhat euir he wes that edict than ganestude,
Or thair agane schupe to mak ony stryffe,
Without remeid it suld cost him his lyfe.
The buikis als in halie kirk that wes,
That samin tyme he hes gart birne in as ; 48,770
Compellit hes syne all kirkman to sa
Efter the vse quhilk keipit is this da.
All men of craft and als of literature,
That cunnyng war of thair craftis and cuir,
Gart seik and se, quhair sic ane fundin was, 48,775
Syne out of Scotland maid thame all to pas.
Fra the blak freris than of Inuernes,
Ane ellevin doctouris that tyme and no les
In theologie, as my author did mene,
Of Carmelitis alss out of Abirdene, 48,780
Siclike four doctouris quhilk war rycht expart
In theologie, philosophie, and art,
Nocht thair allane, bot mony vther mo,
That cunnyng war in all science also,
Out of Scotland he maid thame all to pas 48,785
To Oxfurd quhair that ane studie was,
Thair all thair tyme as baneist men remane,
And neuir in Scotland for to cum agane.
Scotland that tyme of all vertu and gude
Than spulȝeit wes be his ingratitude, 48,790
To causs the fame of Scotland to grow les,
And da be da of vertu to decres ;
Quhair throw the pepill, as he wnderstude,
Without wisdome sould grow so vyle and rude,
But policie or prattik into weir, 48,795
That efterwart tha micht do him na deir ;
But wisdome mycht with him to intermell,
Aganis him gif that tha wald rebell,

Oure all Scotland quhair taikin wes or sing
Of ony honour or triumphall thing,
That mycht redound to greit honour or fame
Of Scottismen to magnifie thair name,
Quhairby tha mycht haif ony laud or gloir,
He gart distroy and put out of memoir,
That efterwart tha sould nocht sic thing ken.
The tempill biggit be Vespaciane,
Be Carroun mouth [beforne] in Claudius dais,
To his honour, as that my author sais,
Quhairof befoir to ȝow ane weill lang space
I schew at lenth at ganand tyme and place, 48,810 Lib. 14, f. 222b. Col. 1.
This ilk tempill king Edward bad distroy.
Quhairat rycht mony tuke greit sturt and noy,
So far tha thocht [it] agane equitie,
Becaus it wes of sick antiquitie,
And sic ane plesour dalie for to see;
Thairfoir king Edward hes gart lat it be.
And for to put out of rememberance
Quha biggit it, with all the circumstance,
Baith write and image that micht signifie
This Claudius and god of victorie,
Hes[1] gart distroy and put all out of ken;
Syne all the laif, for plesour of tha men,
He gart lat stand and wrait vpoun the wall
" Arthuris hufe," quhilk is to say, his hall;
In to ane taikin, as ȝe ma eith wene,
As he of Scotland conquerour had bene.
And mony vther nobill place of fame
He gart intitill of king Arthuris name,
As wes[2] [of] Snawdoun also the round tabill,
And Arthuris-sait, the quhilk ar all bot fabill,
Fenȝeit be him in ane memoriall,
As this king Arthure vincust had ws all.

[1] In MS. *And.*
[2] In MS. *West.*

How King Edward maid ane Counsall in Sanct Androis, and tuke away the Marbell Stone to Lundoun, and left ane Rewlar in Scotland.

Quhen this wes done as ȝe haif hard me mene,
He causit all the lordis to convene
In Sanct Androis, and gart thame sweir of new,
To him all tyme tha sould be leill and trew.
Quhen this wes done to Lundoun syne is gone,
And hed with him the fatis[1] marbell stone,
The kingis sait and the triumphall trune
Quhairon the kingis crownit war in Scune;
Of Westmister syne in the[2] abba,
Placit that stane quhair it is ȝit this da.
His lieutennand, ane freik of nobill fame,
Quhilk Odomarus callit wes to name,
In Scotland left behind him that samin tyde,
Of all Scotland to haif the cuir and gyde.

How Robert Bruce and Red Cuming reprevit King Edward of the Thraldome of Scotland, and how Robert Bruce and the Cuming concordit and syne dissauit him, and how King Edward accusit Robert Bruce, and how he come thairefter haistelie in Scotland.

All being done as I haif said ȝow heir,
Robert the Bruce sone efter that same ȝeir,
And Red Cuming, of Dalswyngtoun wes lord,
Thir tua at quiet, gif I richt record,

[1] In MS. *fatir.*

[2] In MS. *tha.*

Accusit hed the greit ingratitude
Of king Edward, and the vyle seruitude
Scotland wes in, without thair libertie,
Quhilk of befoir that wes ay wont be frie.
The Bruce thairfoir to the Cuming did proffer 48,855
His richtis all of Scotland at ane offer,
And plesit him sic thing to tak on hand,
As for to be reskewar of Scotland,
And he sould help him in all thing he mycht.
The tother said, " Sen ȝe haif all the richt, 48,860
" Do for ȝour self and put ȝour traist in me,
" And at my power I sall mak supple."
Robert the Bruce maid ansuer to this thing:
Sayand, " And God me fortoun to be king,
" Will ȝe fulfill that ȝe haif tane on hand, 48,865 Col. 2.
" Quhair plesis ȝow, ony lordschip or land
" Ouir all Scotland ȝe sall haif it of me,
" And nixt my self of maist honour to be."
Sone war tha cordit on that samin kynd,
Ilk ane of thame syne pat in writ thair mynd, 48,870
That ilk promitand how all thing suld be,
Ilkane to vther, for securitie,
Hes gevin in writ quhat he desyrit haif,
That nane of thame ane vther suld dissaif.
Quhen this wes done withoutin ony moir, 48,875
Robert the Bruce, of quhome I spak befoir,
Becaus of Scotland he wes richteous air,
Richt lang thairin he durst nocht mak repair,
Or dreid king Edward sould hald him suspect,
In Ingland passit to the samin effect, 48,880
Quhair he micht byde[1] and wnsuspectit be,
Quhill efterwart that he his tyme micht se.
This ilk Robert of quhome befoir ȝe red,
Richt mony brethir in that tyme he hed

[1] In MS. *bynd.*

War men of gude and greit auctoritie,
And for that caus the moir suspect wes he
With king Edward, the quhilk had nocht bene lang,
Had he thame gottin all into ane fang,
To deill with him, thairfoir he wes in dout,
And leif his brether at thair vantage out.
The Red Cuming, of quhome befoir ȝe red,
Efferit wes and in sum part adred,
And in his mynd repentit hes richt soir
The ferme promeis that he had maid befoir
Onto the Bruce, his power wes so small,
And for that caus he thocht he wald ganecall
That he had said, and wirk ane vther way;
And for that quhy sone efter on ane day,
To king Edward he send the Bruces band,
Seillit and writtin than with his awin hand.
This king Edward quhen he the writ hed sene,
For puir invy trowand that it had bene
Agane the Bruce feinȝeit and vntrew,
That causit him moir softlie till persew
Robert the Bruce; ȝit neuirtheles he thocht,
He wald inquyre gif sic tressone wes wrocht,
And oppinlie befoir his lordis all,
Robert the Bruce he did inquyre and call;
And schew to him thair his promit and band
Subscriuit wes that tyme than with his hand,
Quhilk fra the Cuming cumin wes of new,
Askand at him gif he his awin hand knew?
Robert [the] Bruce, that tyme befoir the king,
Denyit hes that euir he knew sic thing,
And said till him all wes done for invy:
At king Edward, for that same caus and quhy,
Desyrit hes onto the morne that he
With that writing aduysit for to be,
And efter that, as he sould weill beleif,
Ane gudlie ansuer he sould [to] him geif;

Bayth gude and land syne pledgit hes him till,
All salbe done at his plesour and will.
This king Edward that held him nocht suspect,
As he desyrit in forme and effect,
He grantit him rycht glaidlie thame beforne,
To superseid him quhill the tother morne.
Ane nobill man wes erle of Glomorens,
Quhilk knew the mynd of king Edward his prence,
To Robert Bruce tua scharp spurris he send,
And tua grottis, quhairby the Bruce than kend
Moir sicker wes in gudlie haist to fle,
No to remane and in sic danger be.
Thairfoir thre hors that war richt gude in neid,
And souer alss, quhilk had bayth strenth and speid,
And schod thame bakwart becaus that he dred
Tha sould him seik and follow on his tred.
That samin nicht, as my author did tell, Lib. 14, f. 223. Col. 1.
So greit ane snaw doun fra the hevin thair fell,
That nane culd knaw that[1] kend the way than best
Quhair he wes gone than, quhither eist or west.
Than king Edward quhen he knew on the morne
That he wes fled, gart seik with hund and horne;
At his command richt mony man him socht,
Seik as tha wald as than tha fand him nocht.
He and tua feiris that war traist and trew,
That all his counsall and his secreit knew,
At thair plesour, without stop or ganestand,
On the fyft da thai come into Scotland
By Carlill toun, quhair that tha tuke the way
Ouir Sulwa sand sone efter that same day
To Lochmaben, quhilk wes his awin land.
His bruther Dauid thair thairin he fand,
And Robert Flemyng in his cumpany,
Ane plesand man, ane fair and ane lustie.

[1] In MS. *the*.

To thame that tyme he schew, baith les and moir,
The fassoun all as ȝe haif hard befoir;
Thir tua agane promittit hes him till,
To tak his part baith into gude and ill.
Quhen this wes done as ȝe haif hard me say,
Syne to Drumfreis tha tuke the narrest way;
And as tha war than rydand furth the streit,
So hapnit thame thair in the way to meit
Fra Red Cuming ane seruand that wes send.
This Robert Fleming, quhilk him knew and kend,
Hes rypit him, syne letters on him fand,
Fra Cumyng send to Edward of Ingland.
In tha same letters, as my author mend,
The Cumingis tressoun that tyme wes contend
Aganis the Bruce, befoir as I ȝow schew.
This Robert Fleming, that wes traist and trew,
That same seruand to his reward hes slane,
With his ansuer suld nocht gang hame agane.

How Robert Bruce slew the Cuming in the Kirk of Drumfreis.

Into Drumfreis tha raid on hand for hand,
In the frier-kirk quhair tha the Cuming fand
Neir the hie altar being in the queir;
In audience, quhair that ilk man mycht heir,
Robert the Bruce the Cuming hes accusit
Of his tressoun, sayand he hes abusit
The band and aith that he maid him beforne;
Quhairfoir, he said, he wes fals and mensworne,
Thairfoir of him he seruit feid for-thi.
With mony aith the Cuming did deny,
Oft clengand him that he wes innocent;
Quhill at the last the Bruce hes him present
The same letteris to king Edward he send,
Askand at him his awin writ gif he kend;

The quhilk that tyme he culd nocht weill deny.
Robert the Bruce, in greit furor for-thi,
Richt suddantlie ane lang knyfe furth he drew,
And in the bowellis of the Cuming threw
Neir by his navill ane litill abone his waist;
Out of the kirk syne passit into haist,
Quhair that he met, as my author did say,
Rodger Kirkpatrik and James Lyndesay,
His traist freindis that tenderlie him louit,
Askand at him quhat had him so commouit.
Richt suddantlie he said to thame agane,
" The Red Cuming I trow that I haif slane."
Said tha agane, as I sa to ȝow heir,
" Quhy hes thow left so greit thing into weir ?"
Syne in the kirk tha raikit to him baith,
Askit at him gif he had tane grit skayth ?
" Had I," he said, " ane gude chirurgeane heir,
" That in his craft war cunnyng and perqueir,
" That knawledge hed with sic ane wound to deill,
" I traist richt sone that I sould get my heill."
Ilkane of thame ane scharp knyfe and ane lang
Than out tha drew, and throw his bodie thrang
Twyss or thryiss into that samin steid,
Quhill that tha knew perfitlie he wes deid.
Heir will I rest of this mater, and tell
Of aduenture that samin tyme befell.

How gude Williame Wallace was tressonablie betraisit and send in Ingland, and thair marterit and put doun.

And Williame Wallace in tha samin dais,
Neirby Glasgow as that my author sais,
Be ane quhome to that he gaif maist credence,
This Williame Wallace with greit violence

Falslie wes tane, and bund fast fit and hand,
With greit power syne send wes in Ingland
To king Edward, the quhilk in Lundoun toun,
Quhair present wes richt mony bald barroun,
That[1] tirrane king withoutin ony remeid,
Richt cruellie gart put him to the deid.
Quhen he wes deid syne in the samin tyde,
In four pairtis his bodie gart diuyde;
Syne all the partis of Scotland he send
To sindrie townis quhair that he wes kend.
Abone ilk port gart put ane part on hicht,
Dalie to stand in to the Scottis sicht,
To thair displesure, confusioun and schame,
And to distroy gude Williame Wallace name,
In Albione the quhilk had neuir peir
Of strenth and manheid quhill his tyme wes heir.
Quhairfoir his name and honour in memorie
Sall euir be fund in mony famous storie.
Thocht sum man say, as I can nocht commend,
That euerie thing is prysit be the end;
That is nocht suith as semis weill to me,
So mony men of greit nobilitie
Into thair lyfe, as it wes rycht weill kend,
Syne finallie maid ane richt wratchit end.
As gude Hector, the kingis sone of Troy,
Quhilk in his tyme sic honour haid and joy,
Syne in his deid that gat sic confusioun,
Quhen he wes harlit round about the toun
Efter the cart of Achill wes so wicht,
With greit displesure in the Trojanis sicht.
Syne forder mair, as I sall now subsume,
Greit Julius preconsull wes of Rome,
And Sampson als, quhilk wes so wycht ane man,
And Alexander that all the warld wan,

[1] In MS. *thir*.

And Hercules so strang wes in ilk stour,
And greit Pompey that wes of sic honour,
Thir nobill men quhilk greitlie war commendit,
Into thair deid richt wratchitlie tha endit.
Quhat war ar tha, sen tha had nocht the wyit,
Thocht fals Fortoun at thame had sic dispyte?
Richt so be Wallace sa I now this tyme,
Quhilk saiklislie of ony gilt or cryme,
Throw greit invy sic malice and [sic] feid,
And sic confusioun sufferit hes the deid,
Sen he thairof had nother wyte nor blame,
Quhy suld it be detractioun to his name?
That sould it nocht, that wait I weill thairfoir,
Bot erar loving, honour, laud and gloir,
That dred nothing so greit ane kingis feid,
Nor ȝit for terrour of the awfull deid,
In the defence ay of the commoun weill,
At his purpois far stiffar na the steill,
For ony terrour all tyme he wald stand,
Quhill he completit that he tuke on hand.
Heir will I leif, as now no moir of this.
I pray to God to send him joy and bliss!
Robert the Bruce, my author said in plane,
Quhen he the Cuming in the kirk hed slane,
To tak his croun, or callit be ane king,
He thocht him self wnworthie and conding,
Quhill he fra Rome ane power gat that tyme,
Quhilk him absoluit fra that syn and cryme.

Lib. 14, f. 223b. Col. 1.

How King Robert the Bruce was crownit King of Scotland into Scone, and how King Edward of Ingland send ane greit Armie into Scotland against the Bruce.

Solempnitlie syne efter that wes done,
That samin tyme he crownit wes in Scone.

Quhen his crowning till king Edward wes kend,
Ane greit armie in Scotland sone he send,
With his lieutennand callit Odomeir
Of Valityne, as ȝe befoir micht heir.
This king Robert that of his cuming knew,
With all his power, quhilk war verra few,
Thair fauorit him than richt few Scottismen,
The caus thairof it is richt eith to ken;
And speciallie wes for the greit injure,
First in the battell vpoun Spottis-mure
Agane the Scottis he wrocht with ane trane
Quhen all the nobillis of Scotland wer slane.
The secund tyme at the Fawkirk also,
As I schew ȝow rycht schort quhile syne ago,
Quhair lord Stewart and the gude erle of Fyfe,
And schir Johne Grahame that da lossit the lyfe,
And mony mo that I will nocht now write,
Of baith thir feildis the haill pais and the wyte
Alhaillelie vpoun the Bruce tha laid,
Schort quhile befoir as I haif to ȝow said.
Eith is to wit that for that samin quhy,
The Scottis all at him had greit invy.
The secund caus, as cleirlie ma be sene,
Wes for the slauchter of schir Johne Cuming,
Quhois surname aboundit in Scotland,
Of knichtis, lordis, quhilk all in ane band
Agane the Bruce conspyrit to the deid,
For his slauchter at him tha had sic feid.
Ane vther caus, as ȝe ma rycht weill knaw,
Quhy that king Robertis power wes so smaw,
Becaus Edward of quhome befoir I ment,
His partie wes the quhilk wes so potent,
And so cruell without mercie or grace,
As previt weill of him be gude Wallace;
And mony lord that louit him richt weill,
That scantlie durst thair mynd to him reveill

To mak him help or supple into neid,
Of king Edward sic aw tha stude and dreid.
Thocht mony Scot, as kyndlie is to be,
Had greit desyr agane to libertie,
For dreid of deid thair mynd tha durst nocht schaw
To him na tyme, for verrie dreid and aw
Of this Edward of Ingland that wes king;
For dreid of deid exceidis euerie thing.
For thir causis, as ȝe ma wnderstand,
Except his freindis that war into Scotland,
That louit him als tender as thair hart,
Richt few vther at that tyme tuke his part.
Ȝit neuirtheles with sic power he hed,
Thocht it wes small, in gudlie haist he sped
Onto the feild aganis this Odomeir,
Of his cuming alss fast as he did heir,
And gaif him feild thair with his feiris all.
This king Robert his power wes so small, Col. 2.
He tynt the feild with greit travell and pane,
Ȝit neuirtheles few of his men war slane.
The Scottis all,[1] be the leist man and cheild,
Quhen tha hard tell king Robert tynt the feild,
Tha said it wes ane rycht euill takin of wynning,
To tyne sua sone the feild at the begynnyng;
And quhen tha saw sic aduenture him fall,
Tha war disparit of his fortoun all.
This Odomeir throw subtill slycht and art,
Thair wyffis all that tuke king Robertis part,
To thair displesour for thair falt and cryme,
Out of Scotland hes gart fleme that tyme.
Greit pitie wes syne efter to heir tell,
In mos and montane, and in mony fell,
In craig and cleuch, in wod and wildernes,
Quhair tha la hid richt lang in greit distres.

[1] In MS. *als*.

This ilk king Robert in that samin quhile,
Efter the feild fleand to Argyle,
And all his men, thair to remane and byde,
So hapnit him into the samin tyde,
Thair with his fais wmbeset to be
In sic ane place quhair he docht nocht to flie,
That force it wes to cheis thame that tyme ane,
Outher to fecht or cowartlie be tane.
Quhairfoir richt sone he drew him to ane strenth,
And thair defendit at lasar and lenth.
Suppois his hart and curage wes rycht hie,
Out of the feild on force he wes gart flie;
Ȝit neuirtheles, as my author did sa,
Few of his men he loissit thair that da.
Ilk man of him disparit wes than far,
Seand sa oft he wes put to the war,
Sayand his fortoun wes hard as the flynt;
Amang thame all he wes haldin for tynt.
Than force it wes his armie to devyde,
Becaus tha durst nocht altogidder byde,
Syne passit hes in mony sindrie streit,
Quhill efterwart that tha saw tyme to meit.
Fra that tyme furth rycht destitute of men,
With few feiris in mony coif and glen,
Woik mony nycht and durst nocht sleip a wynk,
Haifand greit falt of sleip, [of] meit and drink.
Ȝe wald think pitie to rehers or heir
Of his distres, and of his sempill cheir,
Of grene herbis rycht oft did soupe and dyne,
The water cald than drankin sted of wyne;
Rycht fane he wes of sic thing to be fed.
On the bair erd, but bowstar syne or bed,
Quhair plesit him wnder ane hedge of thorne,
With litill sleip tuke rest quhill on the morne.

Of sic fassoun as I haif said ȝow heir,
Rycht oft he wes, withoutin fallow or feir;
Sic pitie is I dar nocht schaw ȝow plane,
The hie distres, the grit trubill and pane,
That king Robert all this tyme did sustene.
Thair is no hart so hard that ma contene
Fra greit dolour, and I wald all rehers,
Thairfoir as now I will nocht put in vers.
No moir as now, bot quha lykis to luke,
All sic thingis into the Brucis buke
Of king Robert, with euerie nobill deid,
Thairin contenit at grit lenth to reid,
Perfitlie thair compylit into verss,
Quhilk war bot vane agane for to rehers.
Thairfoir as now I lat sic thing go by,
And forder furth to my purpois apply.
The erle of Lennox, as my author sais, Lib. 14, f. 224. Col. 1.
That callit wes to name Malcome in tha dais,
And Gilbert Hay, of Erroll that wes lord,
Gif all be richt my author did record,
Thir tua lordis other for ill or gude,
Ferme at the faith of king Robert tha stude.
Thoucht dreid oft syis maid thame fra him till go,
Thair hart and mynd departit neuir him fro;
Thir tua lordis other for dreid or aw,
Tuke ay his part alss far as tha durst schaw.
In this same tyme that I haif said ȝow heir,
Quhen king Edward stude in sic dout and weir,
All Scottis men, in my author I reid,
Fauour or kyndnes to king Robert hed,
Ouir all Scotland in mony sindrie sted
Richt cruellie tha war all put to deid,
That pitie wes other to heir or se,
Sa mony saikles that war maid to de
Withoutin caus, but outher gilt or syn.
Greit men of gude war of king Robertis kyn

His thre brether of greit honour and fame,
Quhilk Neill and Thomas callit war to name,
And Alexander the ȝoungest than wes he,
With greit tressoun sone efter all thir thre,
And mony nobill into sindrie steid,
War tane and slane without ony remeid.

How Williame Cuming tuke King Robertis Wyffe and send hir in Ingland to King Edward, quhair scho wes haldin lang in Captiuitie.

Ane man callit Williame Cuming to name,
King Robertis wyffe, withoutin caus or blame,
With tressoun tuke, quhilk wes nocht to commend,
Syne to king Edward into Ingland send;
Quhair scho wes haldin efterwart richt lang
In clois keiping within ane castell strang,
Quhair be no way that scho doucht to wyn out,
And euirilk da wes of hir lyfe in dout.
Gude king Robert wnder the lynd that leindis,
Suppois that tyme distroyit wes his freindis,
And he him self flemit out of repair,
Ȝit neuirtheles he wes nocht in dispair,
Bot in gude hoip his kinrik to reskew,
Suppois his power wes baith waik and few,
And levit ay into ane gude beleif,
Thinkand it wes ane policie to preif
Trubill and pane, pennance and distres,
As eir as to leve ay in welthfulnes.
In sic patiens that trubill all he tuke,
Fortoun befoir quhilk wald nocht on him luke,
Bot flemit him and did him greit offence,
Syne quhen scho knew his meik obediens,
His greit patience and humilitie,
To him agane scho turnit hes hir e,

And saw he wes so inuynciabill[1] and wycht,
Scho chesit him to be hir awin trew knycht;
And raisit him quhair that he la full law
Wnder hir quheill quhair scho maid him to faw,
And on hir quheill set him als hie and moir, 49,255
Na euir he wes in ony tyme befoir.
And how it wes quha lykis for to speir,
Tak tent to me and I sall tell ȝow heir.
Neirby this tyme now that ȝe heir me mene,
Robert the Bruce wnder the levis grene, 49,260
Quhair that he woik in mony sindrie wane,
But company richt oftymes all allane,
Oft disagysit in ane sempill weid,
That force it wes it stude him in sic neid,
Of his famen so soir he wes adred, 49,265
In sindrie partis thairfoir oft he fled;
For waik men ay man helpit be with[2] wyllis. Col. 2.
So hapnit him that same tyme in the Ylis,
Onto ane freind thair of his awin that was,
Out of Argyle in gudlie haist to pas, 49,270
Quhair that he thocht at greit laser to leind.
This greit nobill, the quhilk that wes his freind,
Ressauit him with greit humanitie,
And of his cuming blyth and glaid wes he,
And thankit God that he wes haill and feir, 49,275
And feistit him ane lang tyme with greit cheir.
Syne furneist him with mony and with men,
And sparit nother baith to gif and len
Gold and siluer, and all vther geir,
To king Robert to help him in his weir; 49,280
Quhill that his power grew on to sic pryde,
Throw greit repair that come on euerie syde,
Sum for his lufe and vther sum for his wage.
To Carrik syne, quhilk wes his heretage,

[1] In MS. *inuynciabiabill.* | [2] In MS. *be helpit with wyth.*

He passit sone, the castell quhair he wan
The secund da efter the seig began.
All Inglismen and Scottis war vntrew
Within that hous, ilkane that tyme he slew,
Quhilk causit him the mair for to be dred.
The Scottis all befoir fra him that fled,
Quhen of thair lyvis tha war in sic dreid,
As force it wes it stude thame in sic neid,
Remanand war in montanis, mos and mure,
And leuit thair ane sempill lyfe and puir,
To saif thair lyfe out of thair fais handis,
With king Robert quhen tha knew how it standis,
Richt glaidlie all to him agane tha drew,
Quhill that his power to sic number grew,
The Inglismen quhome fra befoir he fled,
Abaissit wes and greitlie him than dred.
Sone efter this that ȝe haif hard me sa,
To Inuernes he passit on ane da,
Quhair that the castell, as my author sais,
With Inglismen wes keipit in tha dais,
And in the toun also wer in greit number,
Ouir all tha partis quhilk that did sic cumber.
This ilk castell he seigit and he wan,
Quhair he left levand nother wyfe no man
Within the hous, and in the toun siclike
He sparit nother that tyme puir no ryik
Of Inglis blude, and Scottis that war fals,
Sum he gart heid, and sum hing be the hals.
Siclike he did in mony sindrie pairt;
Than sum be force and sum be subtill art,
The north of Scotland that tyme gude and ill,
He weildit all at his plesour and will.
Quhen this wes done, sone efter on ane da
On to Glennesk he tuke the narrest wa,
Quhair schir Johnne Cuming la into ane glen,
Waitand on him with mony Inglismen,

And mony Scottis in greit multitude.
This king Robert of him na aw that stude,
With all his men that manlie war and wicht,
Arrayit him richt pertlie in thair sicht,
And baldlie schupe thair battell for to byde.
The Cuming than vpoun the tother syde,
Of his manheid so greit mervell he hed,
Seand so litill in the tyme he dred,
Haiffand so few of weirmen that war gude,
For to tak feild agane sic multitude,
And for that caus greit terrour of him tuke,
And for to fecht at that tyme he forsuik;
Syne send to him ane messinger, but leis,
That wysast wes to treit with him for peice.
This messinger, quhilk leit king Robert wit
All thair desyre, with mony fair promit,
Throw greit requeist that he hes maid thame till, Lib.14, f.224b. Col. 1.
Obtenit hes all his desyre and will.
With fenzeit mynd, nocht giffand ouir thair querrell,
All that wes done for to wmschew ane perrell
That tha war in with sic perplexitie,
Quhill efterwart that tha thair tyme micht se.
Richt sua tha did, gif I the suith sould sa,
Persewit him richt oft and mony da,
Fra tha sic falsheid foundit and began,
In sindrie feildis quhair king Robert wan
The victorie of thame did him persew,
And of his fais out of nummer slew,
Agane his power that micht nocht prevaill,
Bot ay the farrar ilk da maid to faill,
And he till honour ascendit so he,
With laud and gloir, and sic auctoritie,
That mony Scot him haittit of befoir
Than louit him the langar ay the moir;
At thair power, richt gudlie with thair hairt,
Fra that tyme furth in all thing tuke his part.

Ane man of gude into tha samin dais,
Hecht James of Douglas, as my author sais,
Thocht he that tyme had no auctoritie,
Ȝit neuirtheles his curage wes richt hie;
To bischop Williame Lambertoun tha dais,
Of Sanct Androis, as that my author sais,
This ilk squiar that callit wes Douglas,
Most secreit seruand in the tyme he was.
Quhen that he hard so greit loving and ruse,
And commendatione ilk da of the Bruce,
Rycht greit desyr and ȝarning than had he,
Baith da and nicht in his seruice to be.
Syne to his lord the samin thing he schew,
Quhilk said agane, his purpois quhen he knew,
That he durst nocht gif him no leif thairtill,
And bad him do at his plesour and will,
And he suld be thairof hartlie content;
And larglie bayth gaif to him and lent
Siluer and go[l]d in his seruice to spend;
Syne all his tresur to king Robert send
With him that tyme, to help him in his weir,
And bad him self [than] other hors and geir,
Or oucht he had, tak at his awin hand,
Thocht he thairtill durst nocht gif him com-
mand.
All this wes done, as I haif said ȝow so,
Betuix thame self richt secreit and no mo.
This ȝoung Douglas quhen he his tyme did se,
Airlie at morne tuke with him seruandis thre,
Quhilk louit him and he thame with his hart,
That reddie war ay for to tak his part;
Syne to the stabill of his lord he fuir,
And causit thame for to ding vp the duir;
The four best hors that war in all the stabill,
The quhilk he knew that war maist swyft and
abill,

To help in neid that suir war and trew,
Syne all the four out at the dur he drew.
The pamfra man that had the hors to keip,
That walknit wes that tyme out of his sleip,
Of all that thing richt litill wes content,
And schupe to stop and mak impediment,
Trowand richt weill it wes his lordis will,
That he sould mak impediment thairtill;
Thairfoir the Douglas out ane lang knyfe drew,
And suddantlie the pamfra man he slew.
All that he did into that ilk effect,
Or dreid his lord sould haldin be suspect,
And get the wyit of all that he had done.
He and his men richt suddantlie and sone
Lap on thair hors withoutin ony baid,
The narrest way syne to king Robert raid.
This ilk Douglas remanit ay syne still
With king Robert baith into gude and ill, Col. 2.
In his seruice, as ȝe ma efter reid
Baith of his wisdome and his nobill deid;
Quhairfoir his honour and his nobill fame,
His worthines, his wisdome and his name,
His duchtie deidis greitlie till advance,
Remanis still ȝit in rememberance.
Of this Douglas discendit is sensyne,
Richt lineallie be rectitude and lyne,
Full mony lord and mony nobill knicht,
And mony berne that wes baith bald and wycht.
This king Robert, as ȝe haif hard me sa,
Grew to sic power euirilk da be da,
And of his purpois also did prevaill,
Wes none so bald that durst him mair assaill
In plane battell, Scottis or Inglisman,
The victorie sa oft of thame he wan.
Suppois my author tell nocht sic thing heir,
And I my self siclike hes nocht perqueir,

The mony battell, thocht tha war bot small,
Richt manfullie contrar his fais all
He wan that tyme, quha lykis for [to] luke
Ma find at lenth into the Brucis buke.
This ilk Edward, of Ingland that wes king,
Quhen that he knew and hard tell of sic thing,
How that king Robert in his weiris sped,
Abaissit wes richt greitlie than and dred,
Heirand his folk sa oft maid for to faill,
Or dreid the Bruce agane him suld prevaill.
For that same caus with greit power and mycht,
Sone efter that come to debait his richt
With ane greit armie to the bordour syde.
So hapnit him into the samin tyde,
Quhen he had passit with his armie throuch
Northumberland, wnto the toun hecht Brouch
Vpoun the bordour into Cumberland,
Four myll fra Carlill vpoun Sulwa sand,
Richt haistelie so tuke infirmitie,
That in that tyme na forder pas micht he,
Bot tuke his rest still in his bed and la.
Syne efterwart, as my author did sa,
It vexit him with sic crudelitie,
That euerie man wist weill that he wald die;
And for that caus the kirkmen to him spak,
Beseikand him his confessione to mak,
And mak him reddie also to ressaue
Sic sacrament as Crissin men sould haue.
For no requeist other of gude or ill
That micht be maid, wald he consent thairtill,
No ȝit na signe of contritioun wald schaw,
Bot crabitlie his visage on thame thraw,
And flit agane with greit anger and ire,
So that his toung thairof wald neuir tyre
To ban and sueir, that horribill wes to heir,
Quhill he had power of his toung to steir.

In this same tyme ȝe heir me now alledge,
Fiftie and fyve ȝoung childer la in pledge,
Quhilk sonis war to Scottismen of gude. 49,465
The Inglis lordis quhen tha wnderstude,
That king Edward wes to depart rycht sone,
To wit his will thairof quhat sould be done,
That samin tyme quhair he la in his bed
Thir childer all befoir him in tha hed, 49,470
Askand at him with thame quhat tha suld do;
And he agane sic ansuer maid thairto,
Quhair that he la almaist in the deid-thraw,
Girnand for ire he bad baith hang and draw.
And so tha did withoutin ony moir, 49,475
Thir ȝoung childer that faillit neuir befoir,
That samin tyme with greit crudelitie
Vpone the gallous wes maid all to die.
That cruell tirrane, as my author sais, Lib. 14, f. 225. Col. 1.
That cruell wes and wickit all his dais, 49,480
And vennemous, full of iniquitie,
Richt as he leuit siclike endit he,
Richt full of malice and of greit dispyte.
Difficill is till ony man to wryte
With pen and ink, thocht he sould leve rycht lang, 49,485
Sa mony vices in his persoun rang.
Thocht men wald say I sa this for invy,
Becaus he wes to Scotland ennimye,
It is nocht so, gude schiris, with ȝour leif;
All that I sa his deidis dois weill preif 49,490
In all his tyme, as it wes rycht weill kend,
Quhilk previt weill into his latter end.
Thairfoir schiris, traist weill this tyme that I
Said nocht of him sic thingis for invie.
My author bot nocht for the veritie, 49,495
ȝit neuirtheles as at that tyme said he,

Be as it will ane lesing or suith saw,
As he schew me so sall I to ȝow schaw.
This king Edward in sic infirmitie,
As that he la into extremitie,
Richt as the saull did fra the bodie draw,
Ane Inglis knycht intill his visioun saw
Greit Lucifer, the maister feind of hell,
With mony feindis furius and fell,
Sum at the heid and sum [als] at the feit
Of king Edward thair ryving out the spreit,
Syne flew with it with mony reuthfull rair;
Judge ȝe ȝour self, for I can nocht tell quhair.
That knicht for fleitnes of that visioun,
Richt lang he la into ane deidlie swoun,
So paill of hew and wan as ony weid,
That ilk man trowit that he had bene deid.
Syne efterwart quhen he did convales
Of his swowning, he tald thame how it wes,
In his visioun how he hed hard and sene;
Syne efterwart, as my author did mene,
All warldlie honour and riches forsuik,
And syne on him religious habite tuik.
Quhen this Edward, that furius wes and fell,
Departit wes as ȝe haif hard me tell,
His sone Edward efter that he wes deid,
Of Carnavirn succedit in his steid;
Ane vicius man withoutin dreid of God,
That fit be fit into his fatheris rod,
Evin quhair he left siclike thair he began.
To keip the conqueis that his father wan,
Into Drumfreis efter his fatheris deid,
He causit hes to compeir in that steid
The Scottis lordis that duelt in the south,
That keipit kyndnes to him and war couth,
As tha wer wont to his father beforne:
Syne causit thame befoir him to be sworne

Him till obey intill all kynd of thing,
And hald of him as of thair prince and king.
Quhen this wes done as ȝe haif hard me say,
He tuik his leif and passit hame his wa
Into Ingland, quhair that he did remane.
Now to the Bruce heir will I turne agane.
Johnne the Cuming, of quhome befoir I spak,
Sum vassalage thocht that he wald wndertak
To pleis his prince, this Edward new maid king,
So greit desyr he had into that thing.
And for that caus with greit power and mycht
Of Inglismen all into armour brycht,
And Scottismen into greit number als,
Rebellaris war and to thair awin king fals,
He tuke the feild king Robert till persew.
This king Robert richt weill that sic thing knew,
Quhilk in his bed richt evill asposit la,
Ȝit neuirtheles he wald nocht be awa,
Suppois that tyme rycht seik and sair wes he, Col. 2.
With all the power that he doucht to be,
Of bernis bald all into armour bricht,
Agane the Cuming to defend his richt.
Amang his men ane da airlie at morne,
On ane hors littor to the feild wes borne,
Quhill that he come into the Cumingis sycht,
With baneris braid displeyit vpoun hicht,
And mony pensall panetit wes full proude,
With schalmis schill and hornis blawand loude,
In gude ordour all into armour bricht,
Quhilk for to se than wes ane plesand sicht.
That so greit curage, thocht tha war rycht few,
And hardiment into the tyme tha schew
Agane thair fais of sic fortitude,
Haiffand sic power and sic multitude;
This Johnne Cuming, quhen he thair curage saw,
Abasit wes and in sum part stude aw

Of thair curage, and of thair ordour gude,
Seand of him so litill aw tha stude,
Throw sic terrour abasit wes and dred,
Syne left the feild and out of ordour fled.
Than king Robert gart follow on the chace,
And vp and doun in mony sindrie place,
Into that tyme out of nummer wntald
Baith tuke and slew alss mony as tha wald.
This victorie [wes] that ȝe heir me mene,
Into ane place ten myle fra Abirdene.
Sone efter syne as that my author tald,
Ane greit captane, that callit wes Donald,
Duelt in the Ylis, come with mony Scott
And Inglismen togidder in ane knott,
That gatherit wes for king Edwardis behuif,
With new battell king Robert for to pruif.
Edward the Bruce abillest of ony vther,
To king Robert quhilk wes germane bruther,
With greit power be king Robert wes send
Agane Donald his querrell to defend.
At Deir water quhair that the feild wes set,
In plane battell togidder thair tha met,
With mony dynt that deidlie wes and dour;
Vnto the space than of ane large hour,
Into greit dout the victorie did stand,
Quhill at the last ane knicht, [wes] hecht Roland,
Quhair that he faucht richt pertlie on the plane,
With mony feir into the feild wes slane;
Quhilk causit Donald and his men to fle,
Sum to the mos and sum to montanis hie,
And he him self, siclike with mony ane,
That samin tyme into the chace wes tane,
And as ane tratour to king Robert led,
Quhairof the fame ouir all Scotland it spred.
Quhilk causit mony in to sindrie place,
Sic fauour haif to his hienes and grace,

Quhilk feid and malice had at him befoir,
Than war content his kyndnes to imploir,
And him obey ay as thair prince and king,
And tak his part into all kynd of thing:
So euirilk da his power did incres,
And of his partie da be da maid les.
This gude king Robert in that samin quhile,
With all his power passit in Argyle;
The lord thairof, that callit wes to name
Than Alexander, quhair he duelt at hame,
Agane king Robert into all his dais
He tuke plane part, as that my author sais.
Thairfoir king Robert seigit him rycht lang
That samin tyme into ane castell strang,
Quhill he wes fane, without ony rebous,
Off this conditioun for to gif ouir the hous; 49,620 Lib.14, f.225b. Col. 1.
That he him self and all his men also,
Without danger richt frelie sould lat go
Into Ingland; quhair efter he did pas,
Within schort quhile in Ingland quhair he was,
In greit distres thair, baith with barne and wyfe,
Departit hes out of this present lyfe.
Efter all this into the secund ȝeir,
That so wes done as I haif said ȝow heir,
This king Edward with greit power and pryde,
In Scotland come onto the bordour syde.
Of Scottismen ane richt greit multitude,
To tak his part baith into ill and gude,
Tha met him thair as I haif said to ȝow,
Syne passit with him fordwart to Renfrow;
Bakward agane syne passit hame richt sone,
And litill honour till him self hes done,
Or ȝit to Scotland lytill skaith or lak,
In thair cuming or passage hame abak.

Sone efter syne thair hapnit for to be
Ouir all Scotland so greit penuritie,
That meit and drink and all thing wes so deir,
For-quhy befoir the space of neir tua ȝeir,
The grund la waist wnlauborit for the wair;
Baith scheip and nolt, gait and all vther gair,
Out of Scotland war drevin awa and reft,
And of thair brok richt litill than wes left.
Bayth fische and flesche, and all thing wes so scant,
That men behuifit for hungar and want
Of beif and muttoun, and all vther meit,
Baith hors and doggis in the tyme to eit.
And for this caus as I haif said ȝow heir,
This gude king Robert quhill the nixt ȝeir
Onto the weiris be no way micht pas,
So greit inlaik of all victuall thair was.
The nixt ȝeir succedit efter syne,
Of quheit and ry, of beir and als of wyne,
In Scotland come richt large with abundance,
Fra Bartanȝe, fra Flanderis, and fra France,
Quhilk pat Scotland out of that greit distres,
With sufficience than baith to mair and les.
The samin ȝeir king Robert tuke the feild,
With mony wycht man that waponis weill culd weild,
And tuyss in Ingland with greit power raid,
Ouir all the bordour that wes lang and braid;
Baith brynt and slew for aucht dayes or nyne,
And all the spulȝe brocht in Scotland syne.
Ouir all Scotland als in that samin ȝeir,
Quhair euir he passit other far or neir,
Sic aduenture and fortoun he hed than,
Richt mony castell and carmusche he wan.

The toun of Perth vpoun the water of Ta,
Wichtlie he wan sone efter on ane da;
The men of weir all that he fand thairin,
Of Inglis blude and als of Scottis kin,
As ressoun wald, that same tyme ane and aw, 49,675
Gart heid and hang withoutin dome or law;
And sparit hes syne all the multitude.
The wallis syne about the toun that stude,
Of stane and lyme, that strenth wes of the toun,
To the cald erd gart cast thame ilkane doun. 49,680
Drumfreis, Bodwell, also the toun of Air,
Lanerk siclike, thir four townis so fair,
That same tyme tūke throw greit power and mycht,
And mony castell that war strang and wicht;
Thir townis all and castellis that war tone, 49,685
Gart cast thame doun to the cald erd ilkone,
Except Beruik that he leit than stand still,
The quhilk sensyne hes done greit skayth and ill. Col. 2.
The nixt ȝeir efter all this wes done,[1]
Of Roxburgh the strang castell of stone, 49,690
Schir James Douglas, that worthie, nobill man,
Richt subtillie withoutin seig he wan.
Thomas Randall neirby the samin da,
Quhilk efterwart that erle wes of Murra,
Of Edinburg siclike als hes tone 49,695
The strang castell stude on ane crag of stone.
The Yle of Man, as that my author sais,
Subdewit wes into tha samin dais
To king Robert for to hald of his croun,
Lang of befoir wes in subjectioun 49,700
To[2] Inglismen, and hed of it greit vse.
The kingis bruther, schir Edward the Bruce,

[1] In MS. *gone.*

[2] In MS. *The.*

At Striuiling castell at ane seig he la,
Neirby that tyme as my author did sa ;
Inexpugnabill that castell wes and strang.
About the hous quhen that he la so lang,
And of his purpois culd no way prevaill,
Greit schame he thocht thairin gif he suld faill ;
Thairfoir he thocht ane subtill way with slicht
To wi[n] the hous, sen he culd nocht throw mycht.
Ane Scottis man that captane wes that da,
The quhilk to name wes callit Philip Mowbra,
Ane Scot he wes and of the Scottis blude,
This ilk Edward greit riches, land and gude,
Promittit him with mekle vther thing,
To him that castell and he wald resigne,
Als with his bruther king Robert sould be
Treittit moir tender with humanitie,
No euir he wes into all kynd of thing
Treittit or chereist with Edward that king.
The quhilk petitioun he did sone deny ;
" For all the gold that war wnder the sky,
" Wald I be fals to him," agane said he,
" Or ony leid that lipnis into me."
This ilk Edward syne efter quhen he knew,
Ane vther way his purpois did persew,
And said to him, as I sall to ȝow sa,
He sould be assurit for ane ȝeir and da,
With this conditioun sua that tyme that he
Within that space gat nocht help and supple
Out of Ingland fra Edward that wes king,
The hous to him gif that he wald resing.
Quhairof the captane wes richt weill content,
And suddantlie thairto gaif his consent,
And bandis maid for to obserue and keip
As tha haif said, with aithis sworne deip.

Quhairat the king his bruther that him louit,
Displesit wes sic folie [he] hes prouit;
Full weill he wist that sic ane potent prince,
As king Edward, in falt of his defence,
Wald nocht lat him tak sic ane lak and schame,
To brek the tryist that wes maid of his name.
Ȝit neuirtheles thocht he wes nocht content,
As he had said, siclike he gaif consent
To euerie poynt promittit wes him till,
Withoutin fraude or falsheid to fulfill.
This ilk Edward that king wes of Ingland,
Quhen that sic thing wes done him wnderstand,
Promittit hes, his curage wes so hie,
To keip that tryst or ellis for to die.
To sindrie landis than also he send,
For thair supple his actione to defend,
His friendis war, and for that samin quhy,
In sic ane neid tha wald him nocht deny.
Fra Holland, Ȝeland, and Irland also,
Fra Britane, Gascone, and fra Hanego,
Fra Flanderis, Freisland, and fra Picardy,
Fra Braband, Burgone, and fra Normondy,
To king Edward come mony wordy wycht,
On fit and hors all into armour bricht;
In that beleif, gif conqueist wes Scotland,
As he befoir had gart thame wnderstand,
To euerie man efter his facultie
Richt equallie it sould diuydit be,
As he had seruit to haif reward,
Sum be maid lord, and vther sum be maid lard,
In heretage ay for to bruke and joy;
And all the Scottis ilkane till destroy,
So in Scotland that neuir ane be sene,
Within Scotland as tha had neuir bene.
In that beleif rycht mony come him till,
Without wage, of frie motiue and will,

49,740 49,745 49,750 49,755 49,760 49,765 49,77

Lib. 14, f. 226. Col. 1.

Sum to wyn gold, and vther sum to wyn geir,
Sum to wyn land, and sum honour in weir,
With wyffe and barne, and all thair vtencell,
As tha in Scotland euir mair sould duell.
Sic multitude, as my author did mene,
Into this warld wes neuir hard no sene.
Sevin scoir of thousandis than weill tald and ten,
Of forcie freikis quhilk war all fit men,
Ane hundretht thousand [also] of horssmen,
Quhen he lykit, he had with him till go,
Of ringat-rangat, and of pepill gude,
Inmensurabill war in that multitude,
Of bairdis and boyis, and knaifis makand cummer,
And carriage men the quhilk war out of nummer,
With wyfe and barne, and mony laborus men,
Quhilk brocht with thame bayth guiss, [and] gryce, and hen,
And houshald geir siclike as ilk man hed,
With all thair cleithing baith on bak and bed;
In that beleif, without ony ganestand,
For to remane and duell ay in Scotland.
Sex hundretht thousand quhat of ill and gude
Contenit war into that multitude,
Without ordour, as eith is for to ken,
Quhair wyfe and barnis ar mixt amang men,
And men of weir amang the pepill rude,
Quhair neuir ane ane vther wnderstude,
Of sindrie langage and of diuerss toung,
Quhilk causit ilkane vther till impung,
Quhen nane of thame ane vther culd record,
Without ordour and oft like to discord.
This king Edward and all his men of gude,
That had sic hoip into thair multitude,
But grace of God, with sic power and nummer
To conqueis Scotland withoutin ony cummer.

So wes weill sene, as efterwart did preif,
In Goddis grace quha puttis nocht beleif,
In halie Scripture richt oft as I reid,
Of his purpois cumis bot hulie speid.
King Edward than quhilk hes brocht to the bordour
That multitude without reull or ordour,
Syne pertlie passit with thame all ouir Tueid,
Out throw the Mers and Loutheane syne ȝeid,
Without refute of ony or returne,
Onto ane water callit Bannokburne,
Neirby Stirling, and thair he did remane;
Syne plantit doun his palȝeonis on ane plane.
To counsall syne this king Edward is gone,
With his lordis and nobillis euirilkone,
For to devyss be thair auctoritie,
Quhat déid king Robert he sould mak to de;
As he had bene than takin in to hand,
In his power fast festnit into band.
He that fischis sa far befoir the net
As he did than, richt litill gude will get.
Also this tyme that I haif said ȝow heir,
This king Edward he brocht with him ane freir, Col. 2.
Ane versifier, and of the habite quhite,
Of his ordour callit ane Carmelite.
In Lating toung ane metrost wes he,
In sic science thocht he wes nocht rycht sle,
Ȝit neuirtheles he wes haldin that tyme
Ane cunnyng clerk culd mak sic verss and ryme.
This freir he brocht thair for to heir and se,
On to that feild ane witnes for to be
Of his triumph, his victorie and gloir,
And syne in vers to put into memoir,
To notifie efter to euirilk man,
Of his conqueiss and how he Scotland wan.

How King Robert the Bruce bownit him to Battell baldlie aganis King Edwardis greit Multitude, traistand in God that he wald be gude, quhairfoir of him litill Aw he stude.

Robert the Bruce vpoun the tother syde,
Of litill pryce held all his pomp and pryde,
And dreid him nocht for all his multitude,
For-quhy richt weill he knew and wnderstude
Thair lichlines but diligence and cuir,
Agane thair partie that tha held so puir,
Of litill pryce, thair power wes so small,
Suld be the caus of thair rewene and fall.
Siclike also he knew rycht weill that cace,
Tha put no help nor hoip in Godis grace,
As tha thairof had na mister nor neid,
Of strenth and power did so far exceid,
Quhilk causit thame thair awin selfis till ouirluke.
Be sic takynis conjectering he tuke
He had no caus to dreid or to be rod,
And put his hoip into the help of God.
Bald as ane boir syne to debait his rycht,
With threttie thousand worthie men and wycht,
In the prospect of king Edward richt plane,
On ane fair feild richt equall him forgane,
Planetit his palȝeonis pertlie in the tyde,
And baldlie thair schupe to remane and byde,
For all thair bost, onto the latter end,
And tak sic chance as God wald to him send,
With greit beleif and curage in his hart.
The Inglismen vpoun the tother part,
Richt greit mervell and wounder ilk man hed,
With sic power so pertlie him he sped

Aganis thame for to debait his richt,
Wes of sic strenth, sic power, and sic mycht.
Quhairby tha knew that he thocht nocht to fle,
Also tha wist ilk man that tyme that he
Greit prattik hed and policie in weir,
Richt circumspect in nothing for to leir,
And with him hed, als weill tha wnderstude,
Rycht mony captane that war wyss and gude;
The men of weir alss with him he hed,
In mony jornay oft befoir weill sped,
And in mony feildis wan greit victorie,
Thairfoir wes said than for that samin quhy,
With mony men king Edward with him brocht,
The victorie wald nocht be wone for nocht.
As thir tua kingis into the samin quhile,
In vtheris sichtis within les nor ane myle,
Thair ostis la vpoun the water syde,
Ȝit Banokburne that callit is this tyde.
The nycht befoir thir princes met in feild,
Fyve hundreth knychtis wnder speir and scheild,
All in gilt geir rycht gudlie to commend,
This king Edwart ane quyet way hes send
To Stirling castell on ane craig that stude,
To caus the captane be of confort gude,
And schew how neir his help wes at the hand,
And of the Bruce no dreid or aw to stande.
Robert the Bruce at thair passage did spy,
Erle Thomas Randall, or tha passit by,
With equall nummer in middis of the streit,
He causit him thame manfullie to meit,
And gaif thame feild or tha doucht to pas by,
Quhair mony berne that bald wes and hardy,
And mony freik that stalwart wes and stout,
Thocht he wes laith, full law tha gart him lout.
Richt lang tha faucht thir worthie men and wycht,
Of baith thair princes and present in sicht.

Lib. 14, f. 226 b. Col. 1.

Schir James of Douglas that wes strang and stout,
Quhen he beheld the Randell in sic dout,
Suppois that tyme that he and he wes fais,
Ȝit neuirtheles on to the king he gais,
Beseikand him richt lawlie on his kne,
To grant him leve the Randell to supple,
Stude in sic dout than of the victorye ;
The quhilk king Robert rycht sone did deny.
Quhen twyss or thryis he wes denyit so,
Withoutin leve tuke aduenture till go
For to supple the Randell in sic weir.
So at the last as he approchit neir,
Beheld and saw sa mony Suthroun faill,
The Randall also liklie to prevaill,
Stoppit and stude still in that steid as than,
And leit him haif the victorie he wan.
For weill he wist, and he had tane his daill,
Thairof rycht sone that all the honour haill
To him and his, withoutin caus or quhy,
Had gevin bene, quhilk causit him stand by
Stane still fra him that tyme rycht far in tuyn,
Quhill gude schir Thomas had the battell wyn.
Of fyve hundreth the fecc into that place
War slane that da, the laif all in the chace,
In sindrie partis vp and doun the plane,
That samin tyme war other tane or slane
Richt cruellie into thair kingis sicht.
This gude Randell that worthie wes and wycht,
With greit spulȝe of mony sindrie thing,
And honour als, returnit to the king,
Quhilk louit him, and bad the laif nocht dreid
Quha spurnis airlie cumis lidder speid.
He said to thame als, as he wnderstude,
That sic ane taikin come alway for gude,

As micht be judgit rycht apperandlie.
So said the laif ilkone that tyme stude by.
Robert the Bruce that worthie wes and wycht,
Befoir the feild he hes gart mak that nycht,
With diligence and greit laubour rycht sone,
Into the place quhair that the feild sould jone,
That samin nycht, ane wynk or he wald sleip,
Trynchis gart mak and pottis that war deip
Into the erd with greit laubour and cuir,
And fra that place the erd awa syne buir,
And stoibbit thame with ryce quhen that wes done,
And couerit syne the grene scheretis abone;
That nane micht ken that come vpon the grene,
That ony perrell in that place hed bene.
Sen that he wes of small power and micht,
Neidfull it wes to vse wyllis and slicht;
As wyss men sais, as I traist ȝe ken,
That oftymes wyllis helpis rycht waik men.
Sic policie of aduenture and cace,
Weill ma ȝe wit cumis of Goddis grace,
And be no way of manlie gouernance,
No ȝit throw fortoun, aduenture and chance;
Bot as God wist of his fredome and will, Col. 2.
At his plesour quhome that he will gif till.
Experiens thairof wes had full richt;
As gude king Robert in that samin nicht
Befoir the feild, at his deuotioun
Walkit that nicht, into his orisoun
To Sanct Phelen most speciall of the laif,
Becaus the Scottis [men] wes wont to haif
His richt arme bane into ane siluer cace,
Quhair euir tha passit into ony place,
Agane thair fais for to fecht in feild;
And, as my author did to me reveild,

That siluer cace into the nicht throw hap,
Wes hard richt loud than closand with ane clap.
Ane agit preist, the clap quhen he did heir,
Keipit the cace, richt suddantlie drew neir,
And fand the arme he had forȝet at hame,
Quhilk he that tyme durst nocht reveill for blame,
Weill cloisit thair into the siluer cace.
On to the king he ran than in ane race,
And tald him all the maner wes [1] and how,
Ilk word be word as I haif said to ȝow;
How he that tyme throw aduenture and hap,
The siluer cace hard closand with ane clap,
And in the caice the relict syne did get,
Quhilk he at hame behind him had forȝet.
Gude king Robert quhen he hard how he said,
And all the laif rycht blyth tha war and glaid,
Traistand richt weill that all thing [2] suld ga rycht,
Sen gratius God, of his gudnes and mycht,
Hed sic ane signe of victorie thame schawin,
Greit traist tha had that all suld be thair awin;
Quhilk causit thame than be the leist ane knaif,
In that querrell moir curage for to haif.
This king Robert with humbill mynd contreit,
And all his men compleitlie and perfite,
Richt penitent, but fictioun, thair breist
Perfitelie maid confessioun to ane preist,
Quhairof thair wes greit copie in the tyme,
That thame assolȝeit of all syn and cryme.
Syne Christis bodie consecrat in breid
Ressauit hes deuotlie in that steid,
Commendand syne to gratius God of mycht
In his defence thair just querrell and richt,
Baith saull and bodie and all vther thing,
To be [thair] gyde and haif in governyng.

[1] In MS. *how.* | [2] In MS. *all sic thing.*

Syne on the morne quhen that the da wes lycht,
And Phebus raiss vp with his bemis brycht,
Of Inchafra the abbot of greit fame,
Quhilk callit wes Mauritius to his name,
Solempnitle that da ane mes sang he,
In sic ane place quhair all the oist mycht se.
Syne efter mes, quhen that seruice wes done,
The king him self ascendit to ane trone,
Quhair he richt weill mycht bayth be hard and sene
With all his men that stude vpone the grene,
Into ane place richt hie aboue thame all.
Syne on his captanis ilkane he gart call,
And with ane voce that wes bayth loude and cleir,
He said to thame as I sall schaw ȝow heir.
" O ȝe my lordis, and my kny[ch]tis kene,
" So oft with me in greit perrell hes bene,
" Quhair thair apperit greit danger and dout,
" Loving to God ȝit we wan rycht weill out.
" Rycht oft is sene, quhair men hes ane just querrell,
" All is nocht tynt that semis into perrell ;
" Thocht we be waik of power now and mycht,
" ȝe knaw our querrell is bayth just and richt,
" And that we stand alway in our defence
" For to resist thair wrang and violence,
" Withoutin richt persewis ws this tyde,
" Throw wilfull wrang, oppressioun and greit pryde,
" With mony lous men that ar lycht of laittis,
" And mony harlot also that God haittis,
" Of fugitouris fra sindrie landis fled,
" Quhilk lytill sons or nane at hame hes hed,
" Forlane lownis without riches or micht,
" Now cumin heir for to reif ws oure richt,
" Richt mony louss men out of euerie land.
" ȝone fals king, as ȝe ma wnderstand,

Lib. 14, f. 227. Col. 1.

" Pretendand now without titill of richt,
" Becaus tha ar of sic power and micht,
" Haiffand no e to richt or ȝit to wrang,
" The realme befoir oure fatheris brukit lang,
" In heretage also to ws hes left,
" Fra ws on force tha think it salbe reft,
" And leve [ws] alsua nother les no moir,
" And all oure riches, nother corne nor stoir,
" Siluer or gold or ony vther geir,
" Nocht be the clething on oure bak to weir;
" Oure self also tha think for to distroy,
" Oure heretage syne for to bruke and joy,
" Fra we be past withoutin pley or pleid,
" Baith tour and toun, with tenement and steid.
" Mair honest is, and far mair to commend,
" To tak the chance that God will to ws send
" Now at this tyme, and at his will to be,
" Na with greit lak out of the feild to fle,
" And lois oure law, oure libertie and landis,
" And syne on force to fall into thair handis,
" Without refuge at thair plesour and will,
" To quhat torment that tha will put ws till.
" Also ȝe knaw that gratius God of micht
" Most fauour hes to thame that hes the richt,
" And in him self sic power hes, for-thy,
" Quhair plesis him to gif the victory,
" To ony part thocht thair power be small,
" With litill force ma mak thair fa to fall.
" And sen it is that we haif all the richt,
" And hes sic traist in his power and micht,
" Quhy sould we dreid or ȝit of thame stand aw,
" Suppois this tyme oure power be richt smaw?
" Sen God till ws hes schawin speciall grace,
" Be ane greit miracle in this samin place,
" Bot laitlie now be Sanct Phillane ȝistrene,
" As ȝe ȝour self rycht planelie all hes sene.

" Quhairfoir," he said, " be all of confort gude,
" And thank greit God of sic ane gratitude,
" Be speciall grace hes sic ane taikin schawin
" Of victorie that all salbe oure awin.
" Quhairfoir," he said, " ilkane I ȝow exhort,
" Be of curage and tak to ȝow confort,
" And haif no dreid of all ȝone multitude,
" Quhair we ma wyn greit riches, gold and gude,
" And greit honour that euir mair sall lest,
" And all ȝour tyme syne leif in peax and rest."
Be sic persuasioun as he maid thame than,
In all his ost wes nother lad no man,
Bot he consentit glaidlie with his hart
All in ane purpois for to tak his part,
In gude and ill wnto the latter end,
As plesis God of his grace for to send.
Siclike king Edward, on the tother syde,
Gart euirilk natioun fra vther diuyde,
And with ilk natioun thair langage hes knawin,
To rewlit be ane captane of thair awin ;
Syne gaif command withoutin ony pley,
That ilk natioun thair captane sould obey.
Beseikand thame to be of confort gude,
Haiffand sic strenth, sic mycht and multitude,
Richt weill he wist, but ony stryfe or sturt,
Withoutin harme or in the bodie hurt,
Baith gold and gude thair wes aneuch to wyn,
Lordschip and land for thame and all thair kyn.

The entering and joynyng of the Battell.

Be this wes said the browdin baneris brycht Col. 2.
Aboue thair heid wes haldin vp on hicht,
Flureist and frie, weill wrocht ouir with gold wyre,
Glitterand as gleid or Phebus flammand fyre ;

And staitlie standartis st[r]eikit in the air,
Wyde witht the wynd waiffand heir and thair,
Of siluer, sabill, and of asur blew,
Depantit ouir with mony sindrie hew,
With rosis, lillie, and with flourdelyce,
And mony pynsall precious wes of pryce,
Agane the schyning of the sone tha schew,
Palit with purpure and with asur blew.
Thair basnetis bricht with mony bureall stone,
Agane the schyning of the sone tha schone;
Baith helme and habrik wes of hevenlie hew,
Lyke schynand siluer ouir the schaw that schew;
With breist[plait], brasar, and with birneis bricht,
Lyke ony lanterne lemit all of licht;
In cote armour of mony sindrie hew,
Pleneist with perle and mony sapheir blew,
And rubeis reid weill circulit ouir and set,
And all the feild with fynest gold ouirfret.
Moir semelie sicht saw neuir man beforne
Of Adamis seid ȝit sen that God wes borne.
The schalmes als in mony sindrie tune,
Sum into bas and sum in alt abone,
Blew with sic beir quhill all the bruik reboundit;
The bemand buglis tha sa scharplie soundit,
With trumpet, talburne in so stalwart stevin,
Quhill that thair noyis rang vp to the hevin,
Out-throw the cloudis of the hevinlie sky,
Mixand the air all full of melody.
King Robert als vpoun the tother part,
Of policie the quhilk wes richt expert,
In all prattik tha men vsit in weir
Perqueir he wes, in nothing for to leir,
To his bruther gude Edward gaif to gyde
Sevin thousand men to fecht on his rycht syde.

Sevin thousand als, that weill durst stryke and
stand,
To gude erle Thomas on the tother hand
He gaif to gyde, all into armour bricht.
Schir James of Douglas, that wes wyss and wicht,
Commandit hes into the mid-mest ward,
Nixt hand him self for to gyde all that gard.
Mauritius, of quhome ȝe hard me sa,
That abbot wes than of Inchafra,
Ane crucifix that samin tyme buir he
Befoir the feild that euerie man micht se,
Quhairon ane siluer image of the rude
Affixit wes for ws bleidand his blude:
Syne on his kneis lawlie did inclyne,
And as he did, so did tha ilk man syne,
Richt humblie ouir all the oist that tyde,
Beteichand thame in his cuir to gyde,
Quhilk on that cors deit for thair trespas.
Thair ennimeis seand that so it was,
Content tha war quhen tha that sycht had sene;
Trowand to thame tha had all ȝoldin bene,
Full mony freik thairof war wounder fane.
Syne on thair feit quhen tha rais vp agane,
And streikit vp richt stoutlie in that steid
The rampand lyoun all in gold so reid,
Borderit about with birneist gold so brycht,
And staitlie standertis streikit vp on hicht,
With mony pynsall that wes proude of pryce,
With buglis blast quhill[1] rairdit all the ryce,
And schalmes schill quhill that the schawis schuik,
Quhairof that tyme rycht greit terrour tha tuke.
The contrapart quhen tha beheld and saw
First to[2] the croce as tha inclynit law,
With humbill hart prostrand on the streit,
So manfullie syne as tha rais on thair feit,

[1] In MS. *quhilk.* | [2] In MS. *to to.*

Lib.14, f.227b. Col. 1.

Richt weill tha wist that da and tha wan oucht
Into that feild, it wald be richt deir boucht,
Quhilk causit hes to lurk wnder the laik
Richt mony cowart durst nocht cum to straik.

How thir Tua Kingis met and cruellie on vther set, and how gude King Robert Bruce vincust and wan the Feild.

This beand done as I haif said ȝow heir,
Thir tua princes that potent wes but peir,
With baith thair poweris planelie met in feild,
Quhair basnetis bricht and mony targe and scheild,
And mony helme war hewin all in schunder,
And mony syde maid sowand that war wnder.
The bairdit hors vpoun the Ingliss syde,
Formest in feild with greit power and pryde,
Baith hors and men into tha fowseis fell,
Wes maid befoir, as ȝe haif hard me tell,
Be king Robert, quhilk war baith wyde and deip.
The Scottismen that stude than for to keip,
Neuir ane of thame tha leit ryiss vp agane,
Baith hors and men with lang speiris hes slane.
Syne as als mony enterit of the new,
Ilkone of thame also siclike tha slew,
Of nobill men quhilk war out of nummer,
That in that feild maid so greit sturt and cummer,
Of hors and men soir woundit wnder scheild,
In the deid thraw la walterand in the feild.
The laif also behind thair bak that was,
Ay as tha presit fordwart for to pas,
Ilkane ouir vther in the hoillis fell;
Ane lang quhile so, as my author did tell,
That Inglismen[1] out of nummer wntald,
Thair slew of thame als mony as tha wald.

[1] In MS. *Scottismen.*

The Scottismen keipand the carriage
Sic confort tuke, so full of high curage,
Quhen that tha saw befoir thame on the plane
Of Inglismen sa mony that war slane,
And how the Scottis, that war bald and wycht,
Richt abill war for to debait thair richt
Agane thame all, suppois tha war bot few,
Richt manfullie had tha ony reskew,
In steid of armour all thair corsis cled
Witht lynning claithis quhairof aneuch tha hed;
The quhilk apperit in thair fais sicht,
As tha had bene all into armour brycht,
And naiprie wes weschin clene and fair,
In steid of standartis st[r]eikit in the air,
And brodin beddis, as thair baneris had bene,
Agane the schyning of the sone did schene;
In gude ordour syne in thair fais sicht,
Doun of ane hill discendit frome the hicht.
The Inglismen quhen that tha saw cum neir
So braid ane battell all in armour cleir,
Ilkane to vther said with ane loude stevin,
" ȝone is sum help is cuming fra the hevin
" To king Robert, as eith is for to ken;
" Full weill we wait ȝone ar no erthlie men;"
Quhill [sic] ane fray ouir all the oist wes hed,
That suddantlie tha left the feild and fled.
The formest feild, as my author did tell,
Ilkane ouir vther in the fleing fell
Into the fousseis that war deip and wyde,
Quhair force it wes for to remane and byde,
Quhen tha doucht nocht to mak defence agane,
In tha fousseis quhair tha war ilk man slane.
The laif that fled to mony sindrie place,
The Scottis men fast followit on the chace,
Bayth tuke and slew as tha had all bene hyrit,
Quhill thai of slauchter and takinge war tyrit.

Col. 2. The Inglismen withoutin ony gyde,
To sindrie partis fled all in the tyde,
Sum eist, sum west, and sum into the north;
Richt mony than fled to the water of Forth,
Quhilk deit thair withoutin wan or wound.
In that water far mo that tyme wer dround,
Fleand for feir for dreid mycht nocht remane,
No in the feild with sword and knyfe war slane.
The cariage men wnfulȝeit in the feild,
Waldin and wicht thair waponis for to weild,
Withoutin armour lycht for to ryn or gang,
With stark stowris that war baith deip and lang,
So cruell war without mercie or grace,
Baith in the feild and also in the chace,
Far ma tha slew, as my author did sa,
No in the feild war slane fechtand that da.
King Edward than out of the feild that fled,
Ane hundreth horssmen with him than that hed
In company thair for to keip his corss,
Schir James of Douglas with four hundreth hors,
Of chosin men that suir war in neid,
Fast efter him king Robert hes gart speid,
Throw Loutheane to follow on the chace;
And hed he nocht ressauit bene on cace
Within Dumbar, that strang castell of stane,
Into that chace doutles he had bene tane.
Syne in ane galay, with greit lak and schame,
Rycht quyetlie in Ingland passit hame.
Was neuir hard ȝit in this warld befoir,
Sic hie triumph, so greit honour and gloir,
With nane on lyfe sen that this warld began,
That da in feild as gude king Robert wan,
With few folk for to defend his richt,
Agane ane prince with sic power and micht:

Of Inglismen, that waponis weill culd weild,
Fiftie thousand war slane into that feild.
Tua hundreth knychtis war men of greit gude,
And mony vther of the nobill blude,
War slane that da with mony vther mo.
The nobill duke of Glomorans also,
And gude schir Gelis of Argenty in feir,
In all Ingland had nother maik no peir.
Of Scottis men, gif I the suith sould sa,
In the feild thair deit that same da
Four thousand men of pepill that war rude,
With tua knychtis the quhilk war men of gude.
Schir Williame Aldbrig he wes one of tha,
Schir Walter Ros the tother of tha tua.
Of Inglismen, except thame [that] wer keild,
Rycht mony nobill tane war in the feild,
Throw quhais ransonis, gif that I reid rycht,
Scotland lang grew to riches and [to] mycht,
And of all thing aboundance and plentie,
Quhilk of befoir wes in greit povertie.
King Robertis wyfe, as ȝe micht heir me sa,
Aucht ȝeir befoir quhilk that in Lundoun la
As presoner, redemit wes as than,
With commutatione of ane Inglisman;
Ane man of gude, alss far as I haif feill,
Bot quhat he wes I can nocht tell ȝow weill.
Suppois I wald, I wait weill I nocht can
Tell sic riches as in the feild tha wan,
Of cunȝeit money, gold and siluer bricht,
Of hors and harnes, and all vther mycht,
Of siluer werk, and goldin cremary,
Of silk and sabill, and of tapestrie,
Of poleist perle and mony pretius stonis,
Of costlie clething brocht thair for the nonis.
King Edwardis tent, all of ane clayth of gold,
Als fair as Phebus flammand on the fold,

Wes consecrat to halie kirk, to be
Lib. 14, f. 228. Col. 1. Maid vestiment, quhilk ȝit is for to se
In sindrie places now of the blak freiris,
And ȝit wilbe lang efter mony ȝeiris.
This freir Bastoun of quhome befoir I spak,
Quhilk ordand wes in Lating vers to mak
Of king Edward, as I haif said befoir,
The greit triumph, the victorie and gloir,
Wes tane in feild into that samin quhile,
Quhilk causit wes than for to turne his style
To king Robert, and gif him all the gloir
He suld haif gevin to king Edward befoir,
Ilk word be word and neuir ane word to lie,
The quhilk wark remanis ȝit to se.
The nicht befoir thir tua kingis did fecht,
Into ane abba, Glessinbery hecht
To name, in Ingland, in tha samin dais,
Tua men in armis, as my author sais,
Semand to be baith manlie, wyss and wycht,
In that abba tha ludgit for that nycht;
And quhen at thame it wes askit so,
Quhat that tha war or quhair that tha sould go,
Richt sone agane maid ansuer to that thing,
" To Banokburne to help the Scottis king,"
Said tha wald pas, " be Godis grace beforne,
" Quhilk wes to fecht richt airlie on the morne."
Syne on the morne be that tha mycht ken da,
Ane ȝeid to luke all nycht how that tha la,
And saw nothing remanand bot thair bed
Perfitlie maid, wnspilt and weill ouir spred,
With bed and bowster arrayit all at richt,
As nane thairin had lyne as that nycht.
Quhairby tha knew richt weill that tyme and kend,
Tha war tua angellis fra the hevin send

Be gratius God be his gudnes and micht,
For to manteine king Robert in his richt.
On the same da siclike also wes sene,
The battell wes, rydand throw Abirdene,
Ane man on hors all in glitterand geir,
Buir in his hand the trunchoun of ane speir,
Tha[t] schew perfitlie how the feild tha wan,
Bot quhat he wes culd no man tell as than,
Quhilk sene wes efter singand with greit mirth,
Vpoun the se rydand ouir Panetland firth
Ontill Orkna, agane hame till his awin;
The commoun voce said it wes Sanct Mawin.
Quhairfoir king Robert out of Abirdene
Fyve pund stirling, as my author did mene,
Onto the tempill of Sanct Mawnis gaif
In heretage, the quhilk ȝit that tha haif
For the vphald, as I can richt weill ges,
Of breid and wyne and walx [on]to the mes.
Tua men of gude that duelt into Braband,[1]
That samin tyme, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
Compellit wes to cum king Edward till
Onto the[2] weir richt soir agane thair will,
At Banokburne befoir the feild that nycht,
Quhair present war richt mony worthie wycht,
Of Inglismen heirand the schame and lak
And greit dispyte of Scottismen tha spak,
With greit blaspheming also of the Bruce,
And of thame selffis rycht hielie vant and ruse,
Quhilk for to heir tha thocht greit sturt and pane,
Quha[i]rfoir richt sone tha maid ansuer agane,
Beseikand God, of his greit mercie and micht,
To help the Bruce sen he had all the rycht,

[1] In MS. *Scotland.* | [2] In MS. *thair.*

And lat him nocht of no way be ouirthrawin.
Fra that ansuer wes to king Edward knawin,
With greit dispite, [with] manassing and bost,
Tha pat thame baith that nycht out of his oist
And bad thame pas and tak king Robertis part.
And so tha did richt glaidlie with thair hart,
To king Robert tha passit baith richt sone.
This king Edward, efter that that wes done,
Ouir all his oist gart cry in sindrie steidis,
Col. 2. Quhat euir he war brocht him ane of thair heidis,
Ane hundreth markis to his reward suld haif
Of gude money, quhilk suld nocht be to craif.
Thir tua knichtis, quhome of I tald beforne,
With king Robert tuke plane part on the morne;
Ilk ane of thame that da preuit ane man,
And mekle riches in the feild als wan.
With all that riches and with mekle moir,
And greit reward the king gaif thame thairfoir,
Tha passit hame ouir salt se and ouir sand,
Thir nobill men agane in thair awin land,
Into Braband, quhair tha war wont to duell;
Syne efterwart, as my author did tell,
Into Antuerp, the quhilk is ȝit to ken,
Ane hospitall biggit for Scottis men,
Thame to ressaue and thairof to haif vse:
Ane image als of king Robert the Bruce
Thairin gart set, quhilk wes baith greit and hie,
Quhilk ȝit remanes in that place to se.
The ȝoung Fleming quhilk that the Cuming slew
Into Drumfreis, as I befoir ȝow schew,
This king Robert gaif him for his reward
All Cummernald, thairof maid him ane lard;
Fra quhilk Fleming discendit hes sensyne
Richt mony lord proceiding lyne be lyne,
And mony vther worthie nobill man,
Onto this da sen that surname began.

Quhen all wes done as ȝe haif hard me sa,
This king Robert sone efter on ane da,
The greit nobillis of Scotland ouir all quhair,
He gart convene into the toun of Air,
For to decerne in mony sindrie thing,
And speciallie for to declair him king,
And his airis all efter him in feir,
On this same way as I sall schaw ȝow heir.
That is to say, that gude Edward his bruther,
Nixt efter him erast of ony vther
He sould succeid, as it wes planelie schawin,
Gif he no sone had lauchfull of his awin.
Gif hapnit so, as kyndlie is for-thy,
Thame baith inlaik, his dochter Marjorie,
Into hir tyme most plesand and preclair,
Scho sould succeid to him as lauchfull air.
And gif so be the prince be nocht of eild
Efter his tyme, bot within age ane cheild,
Erle Thomas Randell gouernour sould be,
And all that tyme to haif auctoritie,
Quhill that the king in ȝouthheid wes ane page,
Come to discretioun and to perfite age.
This beand done as ȝe hard me declair,
This Merjorie his dochter and his air,
No vther childer in the tyme he hed,
With the lord Stewart that tyme did hir wed.
Efter the deid, as my author did tell,
Of hir moder wes callit Issobell,
Quhilk sister wes, as my author sais,
To the gude erle of Catnes in tha dais,
Ane lustie ladie of honour and fame,
That callit wes Elisabeth to name,
Of Hulsister the duches dochter deir,
He weddit hir to his princes and feir,
Quhilk efterwart buir to him dochteris tua
And ane fair sone withoutin childer ma.

The eldest dochter, hecht Margaret to name,
Of Sutherland the erle of nobill fame
Wes weddit with, syne efter in his cuir
Till him ane sone wes callit Johne scho buir,
Into his birth sic dolour had and pane,
On lyfe na langar that scho micht remane.
The secund dochter without falt or blame,
The quhilk Matildis callit wes to name,
Lib. 14, f. 228b. Col. 1. Into na storie I can se or reid
Of hir to find successioun or ȝit seid.
Ane sone he had callit Dauid also,
Borne of his ring the tuentie ȝeir and tuo,
Quhilk efterwart quhen king Robert wes deid,
As lauchfull air succeidit in his steid.

How the Ireland Men send an Ambassadour to King Robert the Bruce, for Supple aganis Edward, King of Ingland.

Sone efter syne into the secund ȝeir
That this wes done that I haif said ȝow heir,
The Yrland men to king Robert hes send
Ane messinger with hartlie recommend,
Richt humblie at him help [than] till imploir
Agane king Edward, lang tyme of befoir
He[d] vexit thame with greit crudelitie,
Beseikand him of his help and supple,
As he that wes the most victorius knycht
Wnder the hevin quhome to the sone gaif lycht,
And conqueist had in armes sic honour,
Quhilk in his tyme of all Ewrope wes flour,
Of Inglismen had wyn sic victorie;
Beleifand weill for that same caus and quhy,
At his plesour he micht with litill pane,
To put thame all to libertie agane.
And secundlie desyrit hes this thing,
His bruther Edward for to be thair king;

Sen of thame self the successioun did faill,
Nane lauchfull wes than of the airis maill,
Amang thame self betwix lord and lord,
Quha suld be king, thair wes rycht grit discord.
And for that caus all the communitie,
And lordis als with haill auctoritie,
Content tha war richt hartlie of that thing,
His bruther Edward for to mak thair king.
Off thair desyre king Robert wes content,
And syne with thame his bruther Edward sent
Into Yreland, richt sone attouir the se,
With sic power as he that tyme micht be.
This ilk Edward sone efter he come hidder,
He and thair power baith in ane togidder,
Ane strang wallit toun he seigit syne and wan,
Callit Vlton, quhair mony Inglisman
War slane that tyme but reuth or ȝit mercie.
The Ireland men syne of thair victorie
So glaid tha war, and joyfull of that thing,
This gude Edward tha crownit to be king.
Syne to the paip ane legat send richt sone,
For to confirme that tyme that tha had done,
With sair complant of king Edward also,
So lang befoir richt mony da ago
Hed vexit thame with greit power and micht,
And reft fra thame, without ressoun or richt,
Bayth land and law, and als thair libertie,
As tha to him sould bound and thrallis be.
The secund ȝeir syne efter this wes done,
The quhilk in vers as writtin is abone,
Ane greit armie king Robert gart provyde,
Vpoun the bordour to remane and byde;
In gyding syne to James of Douglas gawe,
And syne him self sone efter with the lawe,
And all the power that he doucht to be,
In Ireland went his bruther to supple.

Quhat wes the caus I can nocht to ȝow sa,
His bruther Edward efter on ane da,
He tuke the feild nocht bydand on his bruther,
Without counsall of him or ony vther,
But apperance ane partie for to be,
Full hardalie sic thing on hand tuke he.
Into that feild his fais war so strang,
Col. 2. This ilk Edward quhilk fouchtin had so lang,
Wald nocht than flie ane fit out of that steid,
In his defence faucht still thair to the deid.
So endit he as ȝe haif hard me sa,
Quhen king Robert the journay of ane da,
Wes slane, to[1] him cumand with greit supple:
As plesis God and so all thing mon be.
In that same tyme, the Bruce beand fra hame,
This ilk king Edward of Ingland be name,
With all his power greit prouisioun maid,
Syne suddantlie come Scotland to invaid.
Schir James of Douglas with his cheualry
Than gaif him battell as he passit by,
And wan the feild suppois that he wes few,
Of Inglismen rycht mony thousand slew.
The thrie captanis that had the oist to gyde,
War slane that da vpone the Inglis syde:
Schir James of Douglas that wes traist and trew,
Ane of the thrie with his awin handis slew.
This king Edward syne efter as I reid,
Quhen that he saw that he culd cum no speid
Vpoun the land, no ȝit no partie be,
Richt sone he set ane naving to the se,
In till all haist, or king Robert come hame,
With mony freik syne fuir attouir the fame,
Quhill that tha enterit in the water of Forth,
Vp in the firth, and syne towart the north

[1] In MS. *fra.*

Tha tuke the land sone efter on ane da.
The erle of Fyffe, as my authour did sa,
Thame to resist come with fyve hundreth men,
Syne quhen he saw perfitlie and did ken
That his power to thame wes no compeir,
Huifit on far and durst nocht than cum neir.
Gude Williame Sinclair, as my author sais,
That bischop wes of Dunkell in tha dais,
With sextie horssmen come rycht sone in hy
On to this erle quhair he wes huifand by,
And blamit him befoir thame all rycht plane,
Quhilk causit him than for to turne agane,
And all his men war with him les and moir.
This ilk bischop than passit hes befoir
Him awin self with greit curage on hie,
To all the laif exempill for to be,
Into that tyme no terrour for to tak,
Bot for to byde richt baldlie at his bak,[1]
And euerie man thairfoir to do his dett.
Syne in the feild with thair fais sone met,
Without array or ordour in the tyde,
Ouir all the feild quhair tha war scaillit wyde
In sindrie partis vp and doun the plane,
Of Inglismen fiftie that da war slane,
And mony ma war into handis tane ;
And all the laue war chasit syne ilkane
Onto thair schippis la be the se coist,
Quhair mony ane of thame that tyme wes lost
Into the chace that doucht nocht for to fle.
The laif also that fled than to the se,
For haistines, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
Intill ane galay that wes nixt the land,
Tha enterit in sa mony vpoun cace,
Be scho wes passit bot ane litill space

[1] This line precedes the former in the MS.

Than fra the land, besyde ane roche of stane,
Into thair sicht war present thair ilkane,
For birth and wecht hir furing wes so hie,
With thame ilkane scho sank into the se.
Throw grit triumph the Scottis wan that da,
This ilk bischop, as my author did sa,
Robert the Bruce, for that grit victorie,
His awin bischop ay callit him for-thy.
Lib. 14, f. 229. Col. 1. Dame Marjorie the onlie dochter deir
Of gude king Robert, in the samin ȝeir,
To Walter Stewart beand in his cuir,
Ane sone hecht Robert in that tyme scho buir,
Ane fair persoun richt plesand and bening,
Quhilk efterwart of Scotland that wes king.
Erle Thomas Randell efter this tua ȝeir
That all wes done as I haif said ȝow heir,
He enterit hes into Northumberland
With grit power, but stop or ȝit ganestand,
Baith brynt and slew, and greit riches also
Into Scotland maid hame with him till go;
Beruik also that tyme seigit and wan,
All be the fauouris of ane Inglisman,
Callit Spalding, quhais posteritie
In Angus ȝit remanis for to se.
The nixt ȝeir king Edward with grit bost,
He seigit Beruik vpoun the se coist;
Quhairat he loissit mony nobill man,
And in his travell litill honour wan.
Syne efterwart he sped him hame rycht sone,
And left his erand in the tyme wndone,
Quhen he had thoillit bayth grit lak and schame.
Sone efter syne, quhen king Robert come hame,
Rycht fane he wes with him trewis to tak,
Quhen he had gottin bayth the skayth and lak.
Sone efter syne quhen tha weiris did ceis,
And bayth the kingis leuit into peice,

And all weiris forȝet war and desert,
Robert the Bruce into the toun of Perth
His lordis all befoir him he gart caw,
Thair euidentis of thair landis till schaw.
Quhairof that tyme richt mony ane war noyit,
Had all thair chairteris in the weir distroyit,
But euident or instrument till schaw,
Quhilk causit thame till armour all till draw.
And syne comperit in the kingis sicht,
Sayand, "Lo heir oure euidentis and richt,
" And all the chairteris also of oure land,
" Befoir ȝow heir now as ȝe se ws stand:
" Siclyke with ȝow in mony stour we stude
" For ȝour honour, quhair that we bled oure blude,
" And ȝour defence rycht manlie with oure handis,
" Maid ȝow ane king and wan to ȝow thir landis."
Than king Robert, seing that it wes so,
Dissimulat withoutin wordis mo,
Sayand tha war richt gritlie to commend
So honestlie thame self schupe till defend;
Ȝit neuirtheles remanit in his thocht
To be revengit efter and he mocht.
The quhilk consait, suppois it wes nocht schawin,
Into that tyme sone efter it wes knawin
On to thame all, as my authour did mene,
Quhilk causit mony efter to convene
Into ane band, for that same causs and thing,
For to conspyre aganis thair prince and king,
In that intent he suld deliuerit be
To king Edward quhen tha thair tyme micht se.
So secreitlie ȝit this thing wes nocht done;
Ane of thame selffis syne efterwart rycht sone,
In forme and effect the fassone of that thing,
Ilk word be word reueillit to the king;
Quhilk in his mynd richt cloiss than keipit he,
Quhill efterwart that he his tyme micht se.

To nane of thame he wald reveill his will,
Quhill that he had ane grittar preif thairtill;
And spyis laid richt mony in the tyde,
Col. 2. Gif ony bill come to the bordour syde,
To king Edward thair mynd to him to schaw.
And so thair did within ane litill thraw,
To king Edward ane messinger tha send,
Schawand to him all thing as tha pretend,
And all thair names writtin in ane bill,
And euerie man his seill had set thairtill,
That oblist war togidder in that band,
Richt weill subscriuit with ilk mannis hand.
The messinger into that samin tyde,
Wes tane and brocht on fra the bordour syde
Rycht quietlie to gude Robert oure king,
Quhilk secreitlie convoyit all that thing
Into his mynd, quhill that he saw his tyme
Convenient for to accuiss sic cryme.
Syne efterwart, quhen he his tyme did se,
Thir men ilkone befoir him callit he,
And schew to thame thair seillis and thair band,
Quhilk wes subscriuit with thair awin hand.
So cleir it wes that tha culd nocht deny:
Than war thai tane all for that samin quhy,
And keipit clois or ony murmure rais.
The king him self syne onto Beruik gais,
Quhair the lord Soullis wes captane in the tyme,
Quhilk he accusit of that samin cryme;
Siclike to him seill and subscriptioun schew
Of his awin hand, and that richt weill he knew.
Than wes he tane for the tressoun he wrocht,
With all the laif syne to Sant Jhonestoun brocht;
Syne war accusit ilkane in that tyme
Of thair tressoun, syne of thair wickit cryme.

Schir Dauid Breichin in that samin thing,
Quhilk sister sone wes to Robert oure king,
Accusit wes becaus he had ane feill
Of thair tressoun, and syne wald nocht reveill.
And nocht that he wes giltie of that thing,
Becaus he knew and wald nocht schaw the king,
That nobill man wes maid that da to die
For that same falt, quhilk wes the moir pitie,
Without requeist of ony in that place
To ask him mercie at the kingis grace.
Syne on the morne in presens of the king,[1]
Quhen all the laif siclike for that same thing
Condampnit war to hangit be and drawin,
For euirilk man than freindis of thair awin
Requeist hes maid wnto the kingis grace.
To quhome agane richt sone in to that place
He ansuer maid, rycht scharplie wnagast,
And said, "Forsuith the da of grace is past.
"For ȝisterday had other wyfe or man,
"The puirest scho vpoun ane rok that span,
"Hed cumd to me desyrand in that cace,
"Schir Dauid Breichin askand to him grace,
"My sister sone, withoutin caus or gilt,
"Doutles that da he hed nocht so bene spilt.
"Quhairfoir," he said, "it is nocht as ȝe weind,
"Thocht ilk man now mak requeist for his freind,
"It sall nocht faill now alss far as I ma,
"Sen nane for him maid requeist ȝisterda."
Thairfoir ilk man, as it wes richt weill knawin,
That samin da war baith hangit and drawin.
Schir Walter Maxwell and Walter Barcla,
Of Abirdene wes schirreffis in that da,
And Hamelyn of Nedringtoun also,
With Patrik Grahame and mony vther mo,

[1] In MS. *thing.*

And other aucht accusit war in that tyme,
That knychtis war and clengit in that cryme,
Lib.14, f.229b. Col. 1. But ony falt war fund to pas [than] frie,
Quhair euir tha list at thair awin libertie,
The erldome of Buchane that same da,
Robert the Bruce diuydit into tua:
The tane part syne gaif to ane nobill man,
Williame the Hay, of Erroll lord wes than,
With tha landis that war baith lang and braid;
Of Scotland than the constabill him maid.
The quhilk office Johnne Quintyn had that tyme,
Convictit wes and deit for that cryme.
The tother part he gaif than, to conclude,
To Williame Keith, quhilk wes ane man of gude,
In heretage as ȝe sall wnderstand,
And maid him syne the Stewart of Scotland.
This da of law of quhome to ȝow I ment,
Callit sensyne is the Blak Parliament.
In this same tyme, gif that I richt presume,
King Edward send on to the paip of Rome
Ane messinger with mony richt fals mene,
Of Scottismen quhilk did richt soir complene.
Sayand, for thame that he micht nocht cum till
His purpois than, and be no way fulfill
The vow he maid, as he sould wnderstand,
Quhilk wes to pas into the Halie Land,
And thair to fecht aganis Godis fa,
Sayand, be thame he lattin wes to ga
For to compleit that he had tane on hand,
With dalie forra cumand on his land,
And in his boundis that war lang and braid,
Baith brint and slew and grit distructione maid.
This messinger with wordis myld and meik,
His holines richt oft syis did beseik
Of sum remeid, gif he had ony reuth
Of Chrissin pepill, for thair faith and treuth

That puneist war, without help or supple,
With pagane pepill full of crudelitie;
Micht he be quyit than of the Scottis ill,
Richt sone, he said, that he suld send thame till.
Quhen this rehers befoir the paip wes maid,
Ane legat sone, withoutin ony baid,
Onto king Robert suddantlie he send,
With greit repreif and litill recommend,
Quhilk did to him the haill mater rehers,
Ilk word be word [as] I haif put in vers.
This beand said befoir the nobill king,
Richt soberlie agane into that thing,
" Gude[1] freind," he said, "thow sall weill wnderstand,
" With Godis grace, or ȝe pas of this land,
" It is nocht [so] as ȝe haif said ws till.
" Ȝit neuirtheles, to satisfie his will,
" And the desyr of oure father also,
" Ȝe sall richt sone deliuerit be till go.
" Thairfoir," he said, "remane ane lytill we,
" With oure counsall quhill we aduysit be."
In that counsall quhair thair convenit than
Richt mony worthie lord and nobill man,
Of ciuill stait and spiritualitie,
Of quhome thair names neidis nocht to be
Schawin as now, na of thame to rehers,
So langsum war to me to put in vers.
The ȝoung lordis the counsall first began,
Be ane het [will] deliuerit hes as than,
And speciallie, quhilk tha did all approve,
Agane Ingland sone battell for to move,
For causs that tha, for malice and invie,
Complenit hes withoutin caus or quhy.
Als of the paip greit mervell that tha hed,
That without wisdome with ignorance wes led, Col. 2.

[1] In MS. *And.*

Quhilk schew to thame it come of greit folie
That tua kingis so mony ȝeir gone by,
Greit weir and stryfe that vsit had so lang,
And he nocht wittand quha wes in the wrang.
Quhairfoir tha said, baith ane and all the laif,
That he na ansuer worthie wes to haif;
Decreittit als befoir thame all in plane,
That he but ansuer sould pas hame agane.
Ȝit vther men moir humbill wes and meik,
Moir circumspect, curtas, and wysar eik,
Wald nocht apply na consonant to that sort,
As of befoir ȝe haif hard me report,
His halynes of no way to displeis,
Bot with meik langage alway him to meis,
" And his legat he hes send to ws hidder.
" His halines we wait will weill[1] considder,
" Fra he haif hard the veritie but fenȝe,
" Quha hes most caus of ws tua for to plenȝe."
Off that counsall than war thai all content.
Befoir the legat quhair he wes present,
Than king Robert in presens of the laif,
To that legat sic ansuer that he gaif,
In meik langage and of ane gude maneir,
In forme and effect as efter followis heir.
" Deir freind," he said, "ȝe sall rycht weill beleve,
" With Godis grace we think neuir to greif
" The kirk of Rome other in moir or les,
" Or disobey the paipis haliness,
" Or ony wrang agane the commoun weill
" Till do or sa als far as we haif feill.
" Als oure desyr is of all thing, but leis,
" Of king Edward for to haif rest and peice;

[1] In MS. *weir.*

" At him all tyme nocht ellis we suld craif,
" But skayth and lak and we his peice mycht haif.
" His fatheris[1] first richt mony ȝeir ago,
" And syne him self richt lang efter also,
" Invaidit[2] ws with greit power and micht,
" At thair plesour without titil of richt,
" Traistand to mak haill conqueis of our ring.
" Quhen faillit wes successioun of the king,
" Tha occupyit as all had bene thair awin.
" Ane lang quhile so be thame we war ouirthrawin,
" All that we did wes ay in oure defence.
" Considder now," he said, " oure innocence,
" And his falsheid, as we ma rycht weill pruif,
" Wald fenȝe caus of battell for to move,
" Quhilk of the paip sould haif auctoritie,
" And in sic thing richt innocent wes he.
" As for the paip, in all thingis moir and les,
" We will submit ws to his halines,
" And his correctioun at his awin will,
" To quhat purpois pleis him to put ws till."
This beand said, that counsall syne tuke end;
The legat als his leif hame for to wend,
With sic ansuer as ȝe aboue haif red,
And left his erand in the tyme vnsped.
Sone efter this, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
Robert the Bruce he enterit in England,
With mony weirmen worthie war and wicht,
Baith big and bald all into armour bricht,
And fraklie syne attouir the fell he fuir,
And stoppit nocht quhill he come to Stanmure.
Ouir all tha boundis that war lang and braid,
Baith brynt and slew, and rycht greit heirschip maid,

[1] In MS. *first.* | [2] In MS. *Invaidis.*

As plesit him his fordward to fulfill;
Was nane that tyme mycht warne him of his will.
Robert the Bruce the quhilk that tyme that knew,
That king Edward wald rycht sone him persew,
Lib. 14, f. 230. Col. 1. With sic power that he micht nocht resist,
Quhairfoir richt sone at greit lasar and list,
He passit than without stop or ganestand,
With greit spulȝe hame into Scotland.
Fra Tueid to Forth tha boundis all gart red
Off all riches thairin that ilk man hed,
Of corne and cattell, and all vther geir,
Of nolt and scheip, swyne, gait, hors and meir,
Out of tha boundis richt far to flie,
Or than to strenthis quhair tha saif mycht be.
Richt so thai did into all gudlie haist,
Fra Tueid to Forth left all tha landis waist,
Evin fra the bordour all to the se coist,
Quhair this king Edward passit with his oist.
This ilk Edward, of quhome I spak befoir,
With all his power that tyme les and moir
In Scotland come, with mekle pomp and pryde,
Till Edinburch on fra the bordour syde.
In all his gait fand nother kow nor ox,
Nor ȝit no beist bot wyld hairis and fox,
But plenesing other [of] but or ben,
Or ony thing that micht refresche his men.
Syne efter lang or the fyftene da,
Without honour he passit hame his wa,
Or skaith to Scotland ony done that tyde,
Quhill that he come on to the bordour syde,
To Melros abba, to that halie place,
Quhair four monkis withoutin girth or grace,
Quhair tha la seik in the dortour wer slane.
Syne vp and doun ouir all the place rycht plane
Greit spulȝe maid, as my authour did sa,
And left nothing that tha mycht turs awa.

The siluer euchrist be ane cord rycht lang,
Aboue the altar in the kirk that hang,
Of costlie werk richt gudlie till advance,
Tha pluckit doun but ony reuerance.
Horribill it is to heir or ȝit remord,
The pretius bodie how than of oure Lord,
For oure synnis vpoun the croce that hang,
Out of the bost so lichtlie as tha flang,
And left it bair and tuke awa the bost,
As it had bene ane vther prophane ost.

How King Robert Bruce passit in Ingland and maid greit Heirschip, and how King Edward of Ingland gatherit ane greit Armie aganis him, quhair the said Edward was vincust and mony of his Men slane, and the said Robert with greit Riches and Honour returnit in Scotland.

King Robert syne into the samin ȝeir
That this wes done that I haif said ȝow heir,
He semblit hes, as my author did sa,
Ane greit power efter on ane da,
Of beirnis bald in battell weill durst byde,
The narrest way in Ingland syne did ryde,
Quhair he gart nother stop no ȝit ganestand,
With fyre and blude distroyit all the land,
South on to Ȝork vpoun the watter of Humber,
Of scheip and nolt quhair he gat out of number.
Edward of Ingland that his cuming knew,
Quhilk schupe him schairplie that tyme till persew,
Conducit had than out of Normondy
And Hanego, with vther landis by,
Of mony berne that wes baith bald and wycht,
Ane greit power all into armour brycht.

Col. 2. Off Inglismen tha micht nocht weill be tald
Sa mony berne that busteous wes and bald,
In cumpany with him that tyme he hed ;
Fra Lundoun toun the narrest way syne sped
Onto Byland, quhair that king Robert la,
Schort space fra ȝork, as my author did sa,
Syne plantit doun thair palȝeonis on ane plane,
And thair tuke purpois all nycht to remane.
Apone the morne be that the da wes licht,
This king Edward come in the Scottis sicht,
With browdin baneris bemand ouir all quhair,
And staitlie standertis streikit in the air,
Wrocht with gold wyre, that waiffand war full wyde
Into the wynd that tyme fra syde to syde.
The bemand buglis all of bras that blew,
Quhilk for to heir it wes ane glorius glew.
King Robert als, vpoun the tother syde,
Bald as ane boir thair bargane for to byde ;
The rampand lyoun all in reid gold sett,
With dowbill tresett on the bordour plett,
This ilk lyoun most gudlie till advance,
Aufull and angrie of his countenance,
On ane bane[r] of birneist gold so bricht,
Aboue their heid wes borne vp vpoun hicht,
And mony pynsall pantit wes full proude.
On euerie syde the hornis blawand loude,
And schalmes schill schouttand bayth loude and cleir,
Quhilk wes ane poynt of paradyce till heir.
Considder weill it wes no barnis pla,
The awfull meitting of thir kingis tua,
So potent war of sic power and pryde,
So wilfull als in battell for to byde.
Fra bowmen bald richt mony fedderit flane,
Als thik tha flew as other haill or rane,

Or dew droppis that fallis on the ground;
Quhair euir tha hit tha maid ane werkand wound.
Thair speiris scharp, that war bayth greit and lang,
Throw all thair armour in tha[i]r bodie thrang;
With stalwart axis, that war stif of steill,
Richt mony knicht maid vther for to kneill.
Thair wes no stuffe thair steill waponis ganestude,
Thair brandis brycht ilk baitht in vtheris blude.
Ane lang quhile so rycht furiuslie tha fuir
Thir stalwart men that war bayth strang and stuir,
Ay rappand on so rudlie with sic reird,
Quhill schawis schuke and trimlit all the eird.
The suith to say, and neuir ane word to le,
On euerie syde tha war full laith to fle.
The Inglismen thocht mekill lak and schame,
Sa mony war within thame self at hame,
Agane the Scottis in thair awin cuntrie,
So far fra hame to leif the feild and flie.
The Scottis als vpoun the tother syde,
So full tha war of hie curage and pryde
Of the greit honour with sic laud and gloir
That tha had wyn in Banokburne befoir,
And alss sensyne in mony sindrie place,
Haiffand sic hoip ay into Godis grace,
And that thair querrell wes so just and rycht,
With greit curage and hartis hie on hycht,
Fers as ane eill war new tane in the rane,
Thair strenthis all renewit than agane.
And in the feild quhair thair wes thickest thrang,
With scharp swordis and axis greit and lang,
Tha maid ane reill that mony man mycht rew,
And dang thame doun alss thik as ony dew.
The Inglismen so scharplie war assaȝeit,
Thair strenthis als for lang fechting that failȝeit,

Lib. 14, f. 230 b. Col. 1.

That force it wes, quhen no better micht be,
To turne thair bak out of the feild and flie.
The Scottis men fast followit on the chace,
Quhome tha ouirtuke tha gat litill girth or grace.
Richt mony thousand in the field war slane,
And in the chace neir alss mony agane,
Of Inglismen and of Normanis also,
And Duchmen come furth of Hanego.
Tua greit nobillis out of the feild that fled,
Quhilk mony knicht in cumpany that hed,
Harie Soule, that wes ane nobill man,
Wes ane of tha, the tother Johnne Britan,
Ontill ane abba that wes neirhand by,
For to tak girth tha fled richt suddantly;
With Scottismen sone efter syne ilkone
Out of that part that samin tyme war tone,
And keipit thame rycht sicker as weill semit,
[Be] greit ransoun quhill tha war redemit.
This beand done as I haif said befoir,
Gude king Robert with greit triumph and gloir,
And greit riches in Ingland that he wan,
Come hame agane with mony nobill man.
Quhen all this thing wes brocht to sic ane end,
Ambassadouris this ilk king Robert send,
Greit men of gude wer greitlie till advance,
Ane to the paip, and vther vnto France.
The tane quhilk send wes to the paip of Rome,
Ane bischop was, as ȝe ma weill presume;
Thair with the paip the quhilk that did profes
That samin tyme onto his halynes,
Scotland agane in all thing les and moir,
Out of his grace that lang had stand befoir,
Be wrang relatioun of king Edward maid;
Quhen that wes done come hame agane but baid
Into Scotland blythlie with gude chance.
The secund syne that passit wes in France,

50,995 51,000 51,005 51,010 51,015 51,020 51,025

Renewit hes the leig agane and band
Maid of befoir betuix France and Scotland,
And sindrie thingis eikit hes of new,
Ilkone to vther sworne syne to be trew.
Tha new actis, as that my author sais,
Ar keipit ȝit into thir samyn dais.

Off the Surname of Hamptone quhairof Hamiltonis tuke thair Begynnyng.

Neir by this tyme as ȝe sall wnderstand,
Ane gentill man that borne wes in Ingland,
Ane fair squyar and laulie but rebous,
Ane seruand als was of the kingis hous,
Of men of gude discendit als was doun,
To his surname that callit wes Hamtoun.
This ilk squyar that same tyme on ane da,
It hapnit him, as my author did sa,
To fall in talk of king Robert the Bruce,
Quhilk maid of him excellent vant and ruce
Of his manheid, and of his victorie,
His worthines and of his cheualrie.
Ane vther man thinkand he had abusit
His langage far, king Robert so that rusit,
To thair awin kynd wes sic ane ennimie,
Displesit wes at him rycht far for-thy,
And waill schort langage in the tyme him gaif.
Suppois of birth that he wes bot ane knaif,
He wes so tender all tyme with the king,
Quhilk maid him than the perter of sic thing,
And als him self and other men misknaw,
That pensit knaif without nurtour or aw,
This ilk Hamtoun than with ane knyfe he hurt, Col. 2.
Quhilk haldin was, and mycht do him na sturt,
Be other men quhilk than war standand by.
Sone efter that, for that same caus and quhy,

This ilk Hamtone of quhome to ȝow I schew,
Within the palice of the king he slew
That samin man befoir that hurt him hed,
In Scotland syne to king Robert him sped,
And all the maner of this thing he schew.
This nobill king quhen that he hard and knew,
Throw greit kyndnes of him and of his querrell,
For luif of him pat him self in sic perrell,
Resauit him richt hartlie with gude will,
Greit proffeit als and plesour did him till,
In sindrie tyme with mony greit reward.
In Cliddisdaill he maid him syne ane laird
Of braid landis that callit war Cadȝow,
The quhilk his airis this da brukis now;
That changit ar now of thame and thair landis,
Bayth name and surname, this tyme as it standis,
To Hamiltoun, quhilk men ar of greit gude.
Tha ar principall now of the kingis blude;
The erle of Arrane, lord of Hammiltoun,
Evin thrid, and thrid to him weiris the croun.

How King Edward was abusit be certane Mennis euill Counsall, and thairefter presonit and sufferit ane cruell Deid, and his Counsallouris hangit.

Sone efter this that ȝe [now] heir me tell,
Harkin and heir sic aduenture befell.
Into Ingland that same tyme of the new,
This king Edward of quhome befoir I schew,
Be his sone Edward and his quene also,
With the counsall of mony vther mo,
Wes tane that tyme becaus that he refusit
Gude counsall ay, and partiall counsall vsit,
Quhilk causit him, as my author did tell,
Bayth wyfe and freindis fra him to repell.

Be ane wes callit Hew Spensar to name,
Of sempill birth and of far lawar fame,
Ane vther als, hecht Johnne of Arandale,
Of Eccister the bischop als but faill,
Quhilk callit wes Walter of Stabiltoun,
Thir war the thre that misgydit the croun,
Quhilk for thair gilt war all thre maid till hang.
The king him self put in ane presone strang,
Quhair efterwart, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
As his sone Edward gaif thame in command,
Thair wes he slane that same tyme wait ȝe how,
Of this fassoun as I sall schaw ȝow now,
To all Ingland it wes greit schame and lak.
Tha laid him doun wyde opin on his bak,
And on his briest ane burd bayth braid and lang,
Syne forcelie doun to the erd him thrang.
Of that injure tha war scantlie content,
Ane pype of bras sone in his fundiment
Vp in his breist amang his bowellis threw;
Ane reid hett irne syne, as my author schew,
Vp throw the pyip vp in his breist tha buir.
The fervent heit, quhilk he mycht not induir,
Aboundit so without ony remeid,
Out throw his bowellis brint him to the deid;
For-quhy that he gude counsall oft refusit,
And priuat counsall of sic men ay vsit.
Richt gude it war till ony prince or king,
Gif that he list in honour for to ring,
With wyse counsall him to convoy and gyde,
Of men of gude and at thair counsall byde,
And leif counsall of euill aduysit men.
And do he nocht, it is richt eith to ken,
It sall mak him sone efter for to rew,
As ȝe ma se be exempillis anew,
In all tymes quhilk bene hard and sene
Of mony ane befoir oure tyme hes bene.

51,090 51,095 51,100 51,105 51,110 51,115 51,120

Lib. 14, f. 231. Col. 1.

How Edward, his Sone, rang efter him King of Ingland, and send for Peax to King Robert Bruce wnder Cullour and Dissait, and how Erle Thomas Randell and Schir James Douglas enterit in Ingland with ane greit Armie.

Quhen endit was the dais of this king,
His sone Edward that efterwart did ring,
Of Wyndisoyre, the thrid king of that name,
To king Robert quhair that he wes at hame
Ane herald send, quhilk trewis with him tuke,
Wnder cullour, as I fynd in my buke,
Quhill efterwart that he his tyme mycht se
For weir and battell to provydit be.
Or passit wes ane schort part of tha trewis,
Out of Ingland rycht mony smaik and schrewis
Into Scotland king Edward send, but leis,
In that purpois for to perturbe the peice,
Sum on the nycht and sum als on the da,
Bayth staw and reft richt mekle gude awa.
Quhen this falsheid wes to king Robert kend,
Erle Thomas Randell gudlie to commend,
His sister sone, hes maid reddie till go,
Schir James of Douglas with him than also,
With threttie thousand that war bald and wycht.
Erle Thomas Randell, and the nobill knycht
Schir James of Douglas in his cumpany,
Sic tua captanis wes nocht wnder the sky
Ouir all Ewrop levand in thair dais,
No ȝit sensyne as that richt mony sais,
Enterit in Ingland at the bordour syde.
With grit power thir nobill men did ryde,
Distroyand all befoir thame that tha fand,
With fyre and blude ouir all Northumberland:
Fra eist to west ouir all tha boundis braid,
Without ganestand richt greit distructione maid;

Kow nor calf, nor cok to craw thame da,
Tha left richt nocht that micht be tursit awa.
Than king Edward that busteous wes and bald,
Of that distructioun quhen he hes hard tald,
Ane hundreth thousand in armour weill cled
On fit and hors out of Lundoun he led,
Of bernis bald that semelie war till se,
Of that injure for to revengit be,
With greit dispyte wes done him of the new.
The Scottismen that weill his cuming knew,
Fra place to place so spedelie tha past,
The Inglismen quhilk micht nocht follow fast,
For greit carrage and mekle vther gude
Tursit with thame into that multitude,
For no devyss than that tha doucht to mak,
The Scottismen be no way micht ouirtak.
Than suddantlie tha soucht ane vther wyle,
That subtill wes, the Scottis to begyle,
Out of thair boundis for to gar thame pas.
This king Edward, with [the] power he was,
Richt suddantly diuysit for to ryde, Col. 2.
To birne and sla vpone the bordour syde,
Within Scotland thair partie till persew,
To caus the Scottis to cum and reskew
Thair landis, thair guidis, and thair freindis bayth,
And leif Ingland quhairin tha did greit skaith.
Off aduenture that same tyme hapnit syne,
As tha come all wnto the water of Tyne,
The flude it grew so greit of spait that tyde,
Thair doucht na hors ouir that water to ryde,
No ȝit na freik that saifflie ouir mycht found,
Without that tyme baith hors and man wer dround.
That flude was waxit so than with the rane,
That force it wes thair till byde and remane,

And thoill the Scottis but stop or ganestand
Bayth birne and sla ouir all Northumberland,
As lykit thame, at thair plesour and will,
Quhair tha micht nocht than mak reskew thame till.
Eik the Scottis mouit than in so far,
That none micht wit perfitlie quhair tha war.
Quhairof king Edward thocht greit schame and lak,
And for that caus gart proclamatioun mak,
Ouir all his oist quhat euir he wes wald spy
The Scottis ost quhat feild tha did in ly,
Richt greit reward for his travell suld haif,
And thankis als quhilk sould nocht be till craif.
To win reward tha ȝeid on euirilk hand
Full mony spy out throw Northumberland,
To seik the camp quhair the Scottis did ly;
So at the last thair come to him ane spy,
Quhilk schew to him into the samin quhile,
Wnder ane crag within les nor ane myle
The Scottis la in gude ordour that tyde,
And manfullie thocht bargane for to byde.
Quhen king Edward this ilk report did heir,
With all his ost approchit hes richt neir
Wnto the place quhairat the Scottis la;
Syne on the morne, sone efter it wes da,
Apperit hes into the Scottis sicht
With mony berne all into armour bricht.
Siclike the Scottis, on the tother syde,
Arrayit war thair battell for to byde
Within ane strenth, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
Ane craig that had that tyme on the tane hand,
Ane mos also vpoun the tother syde,
With mony dubbis that war bayth deip and wyde.
The Inglismen, thocht the Scottis war few,
Within that strenth tha durst nocht thame persew;

For weill tha wist withoutin ony dreid,
And tha did so tha wald cum hulie speid:
Within that strenth tha durst thame nocht assay.
Quhen tha had stand[1] all that da in array,
So werie war micht no langar remane,
Bot to thair palȝeonis passit hame agane.
This king Edward than in that samin quhile
Assayit hes the Scottis with ane wyle,
Out of that strenth for to gar thame releif,
Quhairby he thocht he sould thame richt sone greif,
And he his purpois micht bring to ane end.
Ane herald sone syne hes he to thame send
Askand at thame without fenȝie or lane,
To leif that place and cum furth on the plane,
And gif him battell to decyde thair richtis,
For thair manheid as tha war nobill knichtis.
The Scottis men, quhilk knew his tressoun plane,
Bot scorne and hething send to him agane,
And to that purpois wald nothing apply.
To the thrid day the parteis baith did ly
Into thair tentis wnsturtit richt still, Lib. 14, f. 231b. Col. 1.
And nane of thame did vther harme or ill.
Syne on the nycht at greit laser and lenth,
The Scottis passit till ane vther strenth
Neirhand besyde, wnder ane hingand heuch,
Betuix ane watter and ane rycht deip cleuch,
Quhair that tha lay as saiff as of befoir,
Withoutin perrell other les or moir.
Syne on the morne quhen cuming wes the da,
King Edward knew tha war passit awa,
With all his power followit on rycht fast,
Quhill he come neir the Scottis at the last;

[1] In MS. *standing.*

Syne in ane place tuke purpois to remane
Neirby the Scottis on ane plesand plane.
The Inglismen, as that my author schew,
Becaus the Scottis that tyme war so few,
The weill les cuir tuke of thame selfis or keip,
With few watchis ilk nycht falling to sleip.
Schir James of Douglas weill that sic thing knew,
Tua hundreth men that war bayth traist and trew,
That waillit war, on swyft hors grit and wycht,
He tuke with him in middis of the nicht
Onto the camp quhair king Edward did ly;
The vter watchis quietlie staw by,
War all on sleip, as my author did sa,
Quhill that he come quhair the greit ost la
Richt sad on sleip that tyme, as wes na wounder,
With scharp swordis cuttit all in schunder
The palȝeone towis aboun thair heid in tua,
And leit thame fall vpone thame quhair tha la:
Syne cruellie withoutin ony reskew,
Richt mony Sutheroun sleipand thair tha slew.
So lang tha wrocht without impediment,
Quhill that tha come wnto the kingis tent,
Quhairof tua cordis cuttit hes in tua,
Aboun his heid in his bed quhair he la.
The Scottismen quhilk that tyme wer so few,
Durst nocht remane him fordward till persew,
Seand in the ost into so greit ane fray,
Bakward agane intill ane gude array
Raid to thair camp with mekle honour than,
And in thair jurnay lossit nocht ane man.
The Inglismen fra that tyme furth ilk nycht,
Stark watchis maid with baillis[1] birnand brycht,
And buglis blawand hiddeous wes to heir,
And schalmis schill with mony clarione cleir.

[1] In MS. *boillis.*

The Scottismen syne efter on ane nycht,
Bet the fyris and gart thame burne full brycht,
And left thair palȝeonis plantit on the plane,
To gar thame trow that tha wald still remane,
Syne passit hame richt lang befoir the da,
And all the spulȝe hed with thame awa.
Syne on the morne sone efter the da sky,
To king Edward wes schawin be ane spy,
How that the Scottis war fled of that sulȝe,
And left behind thame greit riches and spulȝe,
And all thair palȝeonis plantit on the plane.
Quhairof rycht mony that tyme war full fane,
ȝit neuirtheles ouir all part far and neir,
Gart serche and seik gif ony did appeir,
Dreidand for tressoun that sic thing wes wrocht.
Quhen all the feildis spyit wes and socht,
And no man fund, thairof tha war full fane,
Syne to the palȝeonis that stude on the plane
Tha passit all als lycht as leif on lynd,
Trowand thairin rycht greit riches to fynd.
At the first entrie ȝe sall wnderstand,
Off wyld beistis fyve hundreth thair tha fand,
That Scottismen out of parkis hed tane,
Tha fand thame deid thair liand than ilkane,
The Scottismen, as my author did sa,
Becaus with thame tha wald nocht turs awa.
Also tha fand into the samyn steid,
Fyve Inglismen liand togidder deid,
And all thair craigis brokin into schunder;
Also tha fand, quhairof tha had greit wounder,
Tua thousand pair of relyngis on the streit
That Erische men vsis to weir vpone their feit
In steid of schone, quhilk maid war of rouch skynnis,
In falt of buklis prickit war with pynnis.
The Scottis than, as it wes eith to ken,
For greit dispyte than of the Inglismen,

51,290 51,295 51,300 51,305 51,310 51,315 51,320

Col. 2.

Tha rouch rillingis of blis that war full bair,
To bleir thair e behind thame than left thair.
The Inglismen seand how tha had sped,
Richt greit displesour in the tyme tha hed,
And of thame self also tha war wnfane,
With litill honour passit hame agane.
The Scottismen of the triumph and gloir,
And greit spulȝe, as I said ȝow befoir,
Of gold and siluer and all vther thing,
Come hame agane to gude Robert thair king.
That samin ȝeir Elizabeth the quene,
King Robertis wyfe of quhome this tyme I mene,
Of euirilk man with mad murning and wo,
Scho tuke hir leif out of this lyfe till go.
Quhair present war the lordis all and king,
Intumilat syne into Drumfermling,
Within the queir of greit auctoritie,
Quhilk sepultuir remanes ȝit to se.
Robert the Bruce siclike, that samin ȝeir
That all wes done as I haif said ȝow heir,
Quhair that he lossit nother lad no man,
The strang castell of Norame[1] that tyme wan.
Syne laid ane seig to Annik castell strang,
Into that seig quhair that he la richt lang.
Schir William Heichthill, Johnne Clapen also,
Males Dumbar and sindrie vtheris mo,
Quhilk in the court did with the king remane,
War men of gude, at that seiging war slane.
The latter end syne of that samin ȝeir,
Fra king Edward thair come ane messingeir
To king Robert, resignand ouir all richt
His eldaris had, or he him self haif micht,
Onto the croun of Scotland les and moir,
To be als fre as euir it wes befoir,

[1] In MS. *Morame.*

To king Robert without ony reclame.
Quhen this wes done into king Edwardis name,
Robert the Bruce for dampnage, skayth and pand,
That he had tane out of Northumberland,
Threttie thousand of gude mony alsua,
To king Edward for recompans sould pa.
Accordit wes als in the samin tyme,
Ane clene virgin, vnmaculat of cryme,
Callit wes Jene, richt humbill and benyng,
That sister wes to Edward that wes king,
With ȝoung Dauid that tyme suld weddit be,
To king Robert the sone and air wes he.
Gude peax and rest wes maid than thame betuene,
Quhair rycht greit weir so lang befoir hed bene.
Tua ȝeir efter at Beruick on ane da,
Quhair present wes, as my author did sa,
Elizabeth of Ingland that wes quene,
Thair weddit wes Johanna brycht and schene,
In all her dais quhilk did neuir offence,
With ȝoung Dauid of Scotland that wes prince,
With sic blythnes and sick solempnitie,
That plesour wes quha [had] bene thair to se.
Within ane ȝeir syne efter all this thing,
Gude Robert Bruce, of Scotland that wes king,
Be cours of nature ancient and ald,
Quhair in ȝouthheid throw greit travell and cald,
And greit distres as ȝe haif hard befoir,
Quhilk in his aige that sat him than full soir,
He wox lipper without ony remeid,
That him persewit schairplie to the deid.
And quhen he saw the tyme approchand neir
For to depairt and byde no langar heir,
His counsall than befoir him hes gart call,
That[1] wysast wes than of his lordis all,

ib.14, f.232. Col. 1.

[1] In MS. *Than.*

Of sic wisdome as God had to him lent,
He left to thame thair in his testament.
And in the first he did to thame commend
His sone Dauid to gyde and to defend,
Bot aucht ȝeir ald so tender wes of ȝouth,
Sen tha till him most kyndlie war and couth,
Quhill passit war of ȝouth the rakles rage,
And grow to wisdome and perfitar age.
Syne secundlie he gaif thame in command,
Neuir to affixt ane set feild to Ingland,
Or ȝit battell, for oucht that euir mycht be,
Bot byde alway quhill tha thair tyme mycht se,
And tak thair vantage ay quhen tha thocht best.
Thridlie also, gif tha wald leve in rest,
Tak no moir peax with Ingland as efferis,
Bot to the space extending of thre ȝeiris;
" And quhen ȝe haif maist of thair humanitie,
" In peax and rest and greit tranquillitie,
" Traistand to ȝow that tha will do no deir,
" Erast be war and provyde than for weir;
" Of thair nature tha ar baith fals and slidder,
" Thair word and thocht accordis nocht togidder,
" Gladlie will sa the thing nocht for till do."
The last command syne that he gaif thame to,
Neuir to mak ane greit lord of the Ylis
To be extollit with sic staitlie stylis,
The quhilk ma caus divisioun and discord,
Into this regioun be thair so greit ane lord,
Haiffand sic strenth and micht within himsell,
Agane his king richt oft for to rebell.
Syne finallie, quha that wald tak on hand
To bair his hart onto the Halie Land
Efter his deid with reverence and honour,
And offer it syne on to the sepultour
Of Christ Jesu, with all humilitie,
Neirby that place intumulat to be.

Schir James of Douglas that wes bald and wycht,
In all his tyme wes nocht ane better knicht,
Neir by the king in [to] the tyme did stand,
Rycht plesandlie he tuke that thing on hand;
Quhilk he completit efter in schort space,
As I sall schaw ȝow quhen tyme cumis and place.
All beand done as I haif said ȝow heir,
Than of his regnne the fyve and tuentie ȝeir,
He tuke his leve out of this lyfe till go,
Than of oure Lord ane thousand ȝeir also,
And thre hundreth, with tuentie als and nyne.
Intumulat in Drumfermling wes syne,
With all honour micht till ane prince pertene,
Ben in the queir sum thing inwith his quene.
My self wald irk, my pen wald tyre to wryte,
And insufficient also for to dyte,
Thocht I suld leve ane hundreth ȝeir onlyve,
His nobilnes and vertu till discryve.
And greit Homeir had bene ane Scottis man, Col. 2.
And in his tyme als levand had bene than,
And knawin had the deidis of the Bruce,
I wait of him he had maid far mair ruce,
And ouir the warld spred als far his fame,
As of Achill quhometo he gaif sic name.
Full weill I wait, rycht so alsua wait ȝe,
That Homeir maid of Achill mony lie,
For affectioun compellit him thairto;
Quhilk neidit nocht him of the Bruce till do,
Haiffand of him so suith mater in deid;
Sayand the suitht, neuir ane word he leid
Him to prefer, so duchtie wes and fyne,
Aboue Achill and all the nobillis nyne.
Loving to God of his excellent grace,
He[s] grantit me to compleit in this place,
Quhilk endis heir withoutin wordis mo,
The fourtene buik and his deidis also.

Lib. 15.

How Dauid Bruce, King Robertis Sone and Air, wes crovnit King of Scottis, and how and quhairfoir Erle Thomas Randell was chosin Governour quhill he come to perfite Age.

Quhen than completit wes king Robertis dais,
His sone Dauid, as that my author sais,
Far within eild, of tender age and ȝing,
Wes crownit than of Scotland to be king.
Becaus he wes of sic ȝouthheid ane cheild,
And vnabill in [to] sic tender eild
To gyde ane realme, or thairof to haif steir,
Erle Thomas Randell wes his cousing deir,
With haill consent that tyme chosin wes he,
Off all Scotland the governour to be.
Quhilk gydit Scotland, as my author sais,
Foure ȝeir befoir into king Robertis dais,
Haiffand the cuir of all thing moir and les,
Quhen that king Robert wes in greit seiknes.
This[1] ilk Thomas, the quhilk that did exceid
All vther chiftane in his tyme I reid,
As bricht Phebus into the hour of none
Dois into licht the sternis or the mone,
Considdering weill the greit dampnage of weir,
The greit distructioun of riches and geir,
And slauchter als of mony nobill man,
To leve in peax he thocht it best as than,
Onto that Scotland did agane restoir
To the awin strenth quhilk in the weir befoir
Wes waistit all, befoir as ȝe ma heir,
In weir and battell lang and mony ȝeir.
And for that caus quha lykis for to luke,
The peax befoir that this king Edward tuk

[1] In MS. *The.*

With king Robert, as ȝe haif hard in plane,
Gude erle Thomas hes renewit agane.
Richt as he wes into the tyme of weir,
Wyss and expert in nothing for to leir,
Also he schupe him in the tyme of peice
Justice till vse and wrangis to gar ceis;
And judgis maid, quhome of that men stude aw,
In sindrie partis for to keip the law,
And for correctioun of vices and cryme,
Rycht mony lawis maid into that tyme.
In the first than sic ane law maid he,
That bard, or fuill, or menstrall sould nocht be
Within his boundis thoillit to byde in,
That had no craft thair leving for to wyn:
No ydill man, as that my author sais,
Within Scotland wald thoill into his dais.
Also he hes gart ordane than, but leis, Lib. 15. f. 232 b. Col. 1.
Provyde for weir into the tyme of peice,
Of hors and harnes and all vther geir,
Gif efterwart it hapnit to be weir;
As kyndlie is, ȝe wait ȝour self to be,
Quhairof tha sould haif na necessitie.
Ane law he maid according to the richt,
That men sould leve thairout baith da and nycht
Thair plew yrnis for ony dreid or blame,
As tha war wont, and nocht to turs thame hame;
And gif sa was that ony theif thame staw,
Into that cace than he maid sic ane law,
The man that aucht the pleuche withoutin fenȝe
Sould to the schiref pas richt sone and plenȝe;
And the schiref, withoutin ony moir,
The pryce of thame sould to that man restoir
That aucht the pleuch, and that the irnis lost,
And seik the theif syne on his awin cost
Quhill he war fund, thocht it war neuir so lang,
Syne on ane gallous mak him for to hang.

Tak tent this tyme, and ȝe sall heir me tell
Of this newis quhat efterwart befell.
Throw couetusnes, the quhilk dois mekle skayth,
Ane husband man, richt fals and gredy bayth,
Quhen that he knew that maid wes sic ane law,
Vpoun ane nycht his awin pleuch irnis staw,
Baith sok and some, culter and sle-band,
Syne passit to the schiref of the land,
And maid complant of that wrang and offence.
The schiref than hes maid him recompence
Of gude money to by pleuch geir agane.
This gredy carle thairof that wes richt fane,
Throw gredines, withoutin dreid or aw,
That samin graith sone efterwart he staw,
Syne to the schiref maid ane new complaynt.
The schiref thairof that culd get na cant,
Greit wounder had quha playit had that palk;
Syne quietlie ilk nycht he hes gart walk
That carlis pleuch, vnwittand of him self,
Thinkand it war sum elrische man or elfe
So quietlie away the pleuch geir staw.
That samin carle, but dreid of God or law,
Come the thrid nycht, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
To steill his irnes, and wes tane reid hand;
Syne to the schiref had that tyme wes he,
And for that stouth condampnit wes to die,
And sic pykrie that he had vsit lang,
Syne on ane gallous maid wes for to hang.
This governour of greit auctoritie,
Ane greit nummer of officiaris held he,
Gif hapnit so that ony wald mak pley,
Sic power hed micht none thame disobey.
Of pursevantis quhair that tha stude na aw,
No for thair charge wald nocht cum to the law,
This multitude, in magir of thair will,
Throw strenth and force richt mony brocht thairtill,

In sindrie partis and in mony place.
So efterwart it hapnit vpoun cace,
At Halidone, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
Of wrangus men togidder in ane band,
Sextie that tyme quhilk war summond aw
Be ane masar for to cum to the law,
Into ane flok thir sextie all in feir,
Contempnit him and wald nocht than compeir.
This multitude of quhome befoir I schew,
Of this contemptioun quhen tha hard and knew,
Led with this masar quyetlie ane da,
Tha come richt sone quhair all thir lownis la,
Confidderit all togidder in ane band. Col. 2.
Thir officiaris, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
Of tha lous men richt mony than tha slew,
And syne the laif on force ilkane tha drew
On to the law, thocht tha war neuir so strang,
Syne on ane gallous maid thame all to hang.
This beand done as I haif said in deid,
Fra that tyme furth of him all hed sic dreid,
Ouir all Scotland nane durst him disobey,
Or be so pert to temp him with ane pley.
So equall than into all thing wes he
To riche and puir in his auctoritie,
That suith it wes, without that men wald fenȝe,
Neuir ane hed caus that tyme of him to plenȝe;
And louit wes also with euerie man,
Als tenderlie as ony culd be than,
So equallie he execute the law,
And dred and louit wes with ane and aw.
That in Scotland, quhen it wes all the best,
Wes neuir befoir into sic peax and rest;
For euerie man to vther wes so trew,
To sick riches and policie all grew,
Ouir all Scotland, of all thingis les and moir,
In mair plentie nor euir tha war befoir

In ony tyme in storie as we reid.
Quhilk causit hes king Edward for to dreid
Thair greit power and thair prosperitie,
Gif efterwart so hapnit for to be,
Aganis him gif tha suld battell mufe,
The quhilk he thocht wes nocht for his behuif;
For in the tyme he wnderstude and knew,
And tha oucht lang onto sic riches grew,
And policie quhairin tha war perfyte,
That thair power wald sone be infynite.
At sic justice and policie for-thy,
King Edward haid greit malice and invy,
And mony way oft in his mynd he soucht,
How he suld bring sic policie to nocht,
And in the tyme perfitlie als knew he,
Quhill erle Thomas wes in prosperitie,
In heill and quart at all his tyme ay throw,
Thair policie sould euir eik and grow.
Quhairfoir to counsall quietlie ȝeid he,
How this erle Thomas distroyit suld be
Be ony way of sorcerie and slycht;
For weill he wist it wald nocht be throw mycht,
No ȝit be force, he hed sic fortitude.
Quhairfoir his counsall all did thame conclude,
That best it wes with poysoun him persew,
For les danger also weill tha knew
Be sindrie men, and tha plesit, richt sone,
Without danger that sic thing mycht be done.
In this same counsall I haif said ȝow heir,
That tyme thair wes of blak habite ane freir,
Ane lous lymmer wes full of rycht euill layttis,
Ane Rome-raiker that gane had mony gaittis;
Ane flatterar and fenȝear for ane fordell,
Semdill in the kirk and richt oft in the bordell,
And of hurdome ay makand vant and ruse;
Of mes and matenis he had neuir na vse,

Bot raikand ay about fra toun to toun ;
This flatterand freir vpone his kne sat doun
Befoir the king, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
For his reward to tak that deid on hand.
Quhairof that tyme king Edward wes full fane,
Befoir thame all promittit him in plane,
That he sould haif, quhilk sould nocht be to craue,
Far mair reward nor he desyrit to haue.
Than with grit giftis he gat in his hand,
He tuke his leif, syne passit in Scotland.

How this subtill fals Freir come in Scotland, and tuke this cruell Deid on Hand, and poysonit Erle Thomas Randell, and thairefter passit in Ingland, and how King Edward of Ingland send ane Armie in Scotland, and how Erle Thomas maid Proclamatioun and come in his Contrare, and how King Edward fled in Ingland, and of Erle Thomas Hame returnyng and dolorus departing.

Lib. 15, f. 233. Col. 1.

Sone efter this that ȝe haif hard me sa,
He come in Scotland that tyme on ane da,
Vnto ane place, spairand for na expens,
Quhair gude erle Thomas maid his residence.
This subtill serpent ane quhile amang thame baid,
With his seruandis his quentance quhill he maid,
And for thair plesour larglie wald spend
In cumpany, quhairthrow he gart commend
Of largnes and liberalitie
Of euerie man, becaus he wes so frie.
For fredome is, throw greit affectioun,
Of sic nature and sic complexioun,

It causis all man for to louit be,
In quhome is fundin liberalitie:
And be the contrair also wrachitnes,
Quhair euir it be in ony, moir or les,
The quhilk is knawin for ane wrache or dring,
He is haittit with all man for sic thing.
This samin freir that I spak of befoir,
For his freidome of thame gat sic forboir,
And sic quentance and hamlines with all,
That he wes welcum in the erlis hall
In ony tyme, thocht tha war neuir so thrang,
Quhen plesit him vther to cum or gang.
Quhen he of thame had sic quentance and vse,
Than of him self greit vant he maid and ruse,
Quhilk for to heir sum men tuke greit delyte,
In medicyne that he wes[1] richt perfyte,
And speciallie in heilling of the stane;
Sayand also he haillit mony ane
In France, in Flanderis, and in Ingland also,
In Scotland als and mony landis mo.
Ane feyit seruand in the tyme he hed,
For that same caus about with him he led,
Dissimuland him as he come of the new,
Wnwist of him, amang thame all that schew
That none in erth that da wes so perqueir
In medicyne, he wist weill, as that freir.
Experience thairof he said had he,
For-quhy befoir of greit infirmitie,
Callit the stane, he wist had bene his deid,
War nocht be him he gat sonner remeid;
And ay sensyne in greit tranquillitie,
Withoutin pane of that seiknes wes he.
This erle Thomas, as that my author sais,
Oft in the stane soir vexit wes tha dais;

[1] In MS. *hes.*

Than of this freir quhen that he hard and knew,
Traistand rycht weill that all of him wes trew
That he hard tell, and him desyrit than,
For-quhy the nature is of all sic man,
Or on his bodie that hes ony sair,
And all vther that ar in sturt and cair,
To seik remeid for thair infirmitie
In ony place quhair euir tha trow it be.
So did the erle as I haif said ȝow heir,
Incontinent gart fetche to him the freir,
Quhilk him dissimulit as ane Scottisman : Col. 2.
He wes begyld it wes nocht so as than.
And at this freir he askit in this steid,
For his seiknes gif that he hed remeid ;
And he agane without ony demand,
Richt glaidlie than hes tane him vpone hand,
And do his counsall, within half ane ȝeir
Of that seiknes to mak him haill and feir.
Quhairof erle Thomas wes richt weill content ;
And he agane gaif him ane regiment
To keip dyet efter his devyss,
As doctouris will that ar expert and wyss
Till all seik men or[1] tha get drogarie.
This freir siclike for that same caus and quhy,
Gaif him dyet onto the same effect,
Of science than nane suld him hald suspect,
And as he had bene ane doctour in that art,
Vsit sic proces like men that ar expert.
With erle Thomas that tyme and all the laif,
He wes authoriȝit and credence him gaif,
Trowand he wes into his craft perqueir ;
This beand done this fals dissimulat freir,
To this erle Thomas ane cankrit confectioun
He maid that tyme wes full of corruptioun,

[1] In MS. *of or.*

Of poysoun, vennome, contagius and fell;
Ane drink thairof, as my author did tell,
For medicyne most pretius of the laif,
That samin tyme to erle Thomas he gaif.
That poysoun wes of sic nature and strenth,
Continewallie at greit laser and lenth,
Ilk da be da it wroucht without remeid,
With greit dolour ane man on to the deid.
This wickit freir that knew weill in his mynd
Of this poysoun the nature and the kynd,
Thocht suddantlie it wes nocht to the deid,
Rycht weill he wist that it had no remeid;
And for that caus he fand ane wyle to pas
Far out of danger or the perrell was.
Sayand he had, that wes baith gude and fyne,
Into Ingland ane pretious medicyne,
He wist richt weill without ony compeir,
Had he it thair, wald mak him haill and feir;
Quhill he gat it richt litill wald be done,
Thairfoir, he said, he wald ga fetche it sone,
And tuke his leif withoutin moir demand.
Syne suddantlie he passit in Ingland
To king Edward, and did till him rehers,
Ilk word be word as I haif put in vers;
Sayand also that tyme he wist rycht weill,
Suppois his strenth war als stark as steill,
And he of nature clene as ony glas,
And thocht his bellie also war of bras,
He wist richt weill withoutin tarie that tyde,
That he sould brist rycht sone at the midsyde.
This king Edward traistand that all wes trew,
Quhen that he hard how that this freir him schew,
Ilk word be word the maner how it was,
He furneist hes in Scotland for to pas
Ane greit armie of mony berne full bald,
Traistand to weild all Scotland as he wald,

At his plesour withoutin ony pleid,
Sen it wes so thair governour wes deid,
Of tender age siclike than wes thair king.
Also he wes richt sicker of ane thing,
That tha befoir quhilk had thair freindis schent,
As ȝe hard tell, in the blak parliament
Be king Robert, and tha thair tyme micht se,
Of him or his tha wald revengit be :
And for that caus, with mekle pomp and pryde,
Ane greit ost brocht onto the bordour syde.
And erle Thomas, the langar ay the moir,
Throw the poysoun the freir gaif him befoir,
In pane and dolour dalie did incres,
Withoutin hoip that he sould convales.
Suspect also wes ilk man of his lyfe,
Becaus the freir that tyme wes fugitiue,
And na apperance he suld cum agane ;
Quhairfoir that tyme all man knew richt plane
That in his werk wes nother frutt nor foysoun,
Tha wist rycht weill that he had gevin poysoun
To erle Thomas, quhilk traistit nocht sic thing,
Be fals tressoun of Edward that wes king
Of Ingland than, for malice and invy,
As I haif said bot schort quhile syne gane by.
Ȝit neuirtheles this nobill governour,
Quhilk in his tyme of all knichtheid wes flour,
Alss weill in wisdome as in cheualrie,
Proclamit hes than with ane oppin cry
Ouir all Scotland, in all part far and neir,
At da and place that ilk man sould compeir,
To pas with him quhair euir that he wald wend,
The richt of Scotland that tyme to defend
Agane Edward of sic power and micht,
So wranguslie, without titill of richt,
Or ony falt that tha had to him maid,
With greit falsheid come Scotland to invaid.

Lib. 15, f. 233 b. Col. 1.

The lordis all that knew full weill that cace,
Convenit hes at set da and at place.
Befoir this lord that wes thair governour,
Quhilk in his tyme that wes of sic honour,
Richt mony semelie semblit in his sicht,
Of bernis bald that worthie war and mycht.
This erle Thomas of quhome I schew beforne,
Betuix tua hors onto the feild wes borne
On ane litter the lordis all amang ;
So seik he wes micht nother ryde nor gang.
Ȝit neuirtheles he maid him frelie ford
With mony knicht and mony erle and lord,
And mony barroun that war bald and wycht,
Quhilk for to se than wes ane semelie sicht.
Than king Edward with mony berne full bald,
Of thair cuming quhen that he hes hard tald,
With sic triumph, sic blythnes and sic gloir,
Sic semdill sene wes in his tyme befoir;
And for that caus to wit the veritie,
In haist ane herald suddantlie send he
Vnto tha lordis liand in ane steid,
To wit or nocht gif erle Thomas wes deid.
And erle Thomas his cuming quhen he knew,
As in the tyme the lordis till him schew,
Richt weill he wist the caus wes and quhy,
How stude with him that herald come to spy,
Suppois he fenȝeit in the tyme, but leis,
Fra king Edward he come to speik for peax.
Thairfoir this erle rais than out of his bed,
And all his cors in claith of gold syne cled,
And set him self in till ane chyre doun syne,
Wes couerit weill with crammasy rycht fyne,
Of pirnit gold that plesand wes but peir;
Quhairin he sat with manlie lauchand cheir,
And glaid hauening richt gudlie till advance,
Feinȝeing richt far with ane blyth countenance,

Als haill that tyme as ony of the laif,
To this herald quhair he his presens gaif.
Syne him deliuerit in the tyme belywe,
Of his desyr with ansuer negatywe,
On to his king with greit monetioun, Col. 2.
Without he baid at his conditioun,
The quhilk wes maid betuix thame of befoir,
Ingland he said sould rew sic thing full soir.
Quhen this wes said schort quhile syne efter that,
His cleithing all quhair that tyme he sat,
Baith gowne and cote, dowblet and all the laue,
To this herald into reward he gawe,
And syne agane la doun into his bed.
This ilk herald, thinkand he had weill sped
Of his reward, quhairof he wes rycht fane,
Onto his prince sone sped him hyne agane,
And schew to him the maner all and how,
Ilk word be word as I haif said to ȝow,
And of erle Thomas, as my author sais,
That he wes neuir moir gudlike in his dais,
Moir blyth, moir glaid, in moir prosperitie,
Moir vailȝeand na in that tyme wes he:
And schew to him also amang the lawe,
The same reward that erle Thomas him gawe.
Than king Edward quhen that he wnderstude
His strenth, his power, and his fortitude,
His greit fortoun and als his happie chance,
His manheid, wisdome, and his governance,
With him that tyme he durst nocht intermell;
Bot suddantlie, as my author did tell,
Into Ingland, thoch he wes neuir so wrayth,
He passit hame in dreid of far moir skaith,
With far les honour nȧ he come fra hame,
Without proffeit, with mekle lak and schame.

Syne tuke the freir, quhilk all man did allow,
Of erle Thomas befoir that gart him trow
That he with poysoun had put him to deid,
Syne suddantlie, without ony remeid,
Bund fit and hand gart cast him on ane fyre,
Quhair he in ass wes brynt baith bane and lyre.
With greit blythnes than baith of lord and laird,
Thus endit he that freir for his reward.
This gude erle Thomas quhen he wnderstude,
That king Edward with all his multitude
Into Ingland wes passit hame agane,
Quhairof that tyme he wes content and fane,
For-quhy he thocht him self wes rycht vnmeit
For to travell other on hors or feit,
And for that causs this captane of sic fame,
Skaillit his ost and leit ilk man pas hame;
In Edinburch him self than tuke the wa.
In Mussilburgh, as my author did sa,
That fell poysoun it handillit him so sair,
With sic seiknes that he micht leif na mair,
In that same place, as that my author sais,
With greit dolour closit his latter dais.
Quhilk in his tyme of all Ewrope wes flour
Of wisdom, manheid, gentres and honour;
Of mercie, justice and of equitie,
Into his tyme without compair wes he;
So circumspect in all thing les and moir,
Quhilk now in hevin hes tane reward thairfoir.
Quhen he wes deid that wes of sic honour,
The lordis all chesit for governour
The erle of Marche, most ganand wes that tyde,
Of all Scotland the south part for to gyde.
The erle of Mar quhilk wes ane nobill man,
That to his name wes callit Donald than,

Siclike also that tyme chosin wes he
Of all the north to haif auctoritie.
Thir tua in peax the kinrik weill did gyde,
But ony weir or trubill in that tyde,
With greit justice, as my author did tell ; Lib. 15, f.234. Col. 1.
Quhill efterwart sic aduenture befell,
Quhilk[1] put Scotland in greit perplexitie;
And how it wes will ȝe tak tent to me,
The veritie thairof gif ȝe wald knaw,
My purpois is with Godis grace to schaw
Of that mater richt plane the veritie,
Ilk word be word, and neuir ane word to lie.
Ane nobill man of greit honour and fame,
The quhilk Harfordus callit wes to name,
Ane man all tyme of greit auctoritie,
And of Glasgow officiall than wes he,
And in his office also richt weill lude.
Ane knicht, hecht Twyname, wes ane man of gude,
At this officiall quhilk hed greit invye,
Becaus he him for greit adultery
Correctit oft, as it wes richt weill kend,
Quhen that he saw he thocht not for to mend.
So hapnit him into ane fassoun fair,
That he wes rydand to the toun of Air,
This ilk Twyname he met him be the way,
And suddantlie on him handis did lay;
Syne hed him hame, and in ane presoun strang,
He pat him in quhair he remanit lang,
Quhill he him gaif for ransone, to conclude,
Tua hundreth pundis of stirling money gude.
Schir James of Douglas, ȝe sall wnderstand,
Vnpassit wes onto the Halie Land;

[1] In MS. *Quhill.*

For that same caus this ilk Twyname he socht
In sindrie partis and syne gat him nocht,
Of his cuming quhilk that sic knawledge hed,
Thairfoir richt far in Ingland than he fled,
And thair remanit still ane ȝeir be ȝeir;
Na mair of him now will I schaw ȝow heir,
Quhill efterwart to tell how that it wes.
Now will I speik of gude Schir James Douglas,
That wes so hardie bayth of hart and hand,
First of his passage in the Halie Land,
And of the honour that he wan and gloir,
Quhilk lestis ȝit and sall do euirmoir.
Quhen king Robert the Bruce departit was,
Sone efter syne Schir James of Douglas,
As he promittit and als tuke on hand,
The kingis hart onto the Halie Land
For ony travell in the tyme to haif,
Syne with greit honour grathit thair in graif,
That samin tyme he passit to the se,
With all prouisioun neidfull wes to be.
Ane cace of gold wes ordand for sic thing,
Quhairin he turst of gude Robert the king
The bludie hart, the quhilk with spycarie
Anoyntit wes, and nardus specarye,
Of qualitie quhilk wes conseruatywe,
Fra all humor or canker corruptywe,
But putrefactioun into euerie part,
Without corruptioun conseruit the hart.
Syne tuke his leif and passit to the flude
In cumpany with mony men of gude,
Of quhome thair names is[1] nocht neidfull heir
To notifie, sen I haif nocht perqueir;
Bot ȝit of tua heir sall I put in vers,
Of quhome my author did to me rehers.

[1] In MS. *it.*

Gude Williame Sinclair he wes ane of tha,
Robert Logane the tother of tha tua,
And mony vther nobill man in feir,
Of quhome thair names I haif nocht perqueir.
Throw France tha passit and throw Ytalie,
Quhill that tha come to Vynneis in the se,
And tuke the se thair in ane litill skaffe,
Syne in ane schip tha saillit to port Jaffe, Col. 2.
Quhair that the Douglas landit with the laif,
In pilgramage syne to the halie graif;
Of thair purpois for to cum better speid,
Withoutin hors all on thair feit tha ȝeid.
Of Jesu Christ syne to the sepulture,
This blude hart tha offerit with honour,
And all triumph that ony prince mycht haif;
Diuotlie syne thair put it into graif,
And ordand hes thair dalie for to sing
Compleit ane ȝeir, in[1] taikin of sic thing,
Solempnitlie, with greit honour and gloir,
Baith mes and matenis ilk da in memoir
Of gude Robert, of Scotland that wes king.
Syne quhen tha haif completit all this thing,
Or tha in Scotland wald returne thame hame,
Tha thocht tha wald wyn honour, laud and fame,
Agane the Turkis that tyme in the weir.
Syne bocht thame hors, harnes, and all sic geir,
Hewmat, helme, sword, lance, and all the laue
Of sic waponis that neidfull war to haue;
With Crissin men than fuir oft to the feild,
Quhair mony Turk and Sarasene war keild
Be thair prattik and policie in weir,
And manlines withoutin bost or feir.
Ouir lang [sum] war to me to put in vers
Thair nobilnes my author did rehers,

[1] In MS. *in ane.*

And sic honouris in tha weiris tha wan,
Or all wes endit fra tha first began,
Continewallie quhill tha weiris did ceis,
And baith tha pairteis plesit war of peice,
To leif in rest as euerie man thocht best,
Syne trewis tuike quhilk lang efter did lest.
Schir James of Douglas and his cumpany,
Quhen this wes done, to schipburd went in hy,
And tuke the se in Scotland to cum hame.
Befoir the wynd syne saillit ouir the fame,
Ay be ane burd tua dayis or thrie;
So at the last thair hapnit in the se
So greit ane tempest baith of wynd and waw,
Into ane part of Spanze did thame blaw,
Hecht Bettica, ane regioun of greit fame,
Efter ane flude callit Bettes to name,
Quhair that thair schip arryuit be ane sand,
And tha also thair passit to the land.
The king of Granat, quhilk is ane infideill,
With greit weiris perturbit the commoun weill
Of halie kirk, and wes ane mortall fo
To Crissin men, and had bene lang tyme so.
That samin tyme the king of Aragone,
Ane nobill man quhilk wes of ony one,
Agane the Granaldis of sic multitude
Dalie in battell and sic bargane stude,
Quhilk for no travell wald nocht tyre nor irk
In the defence of God and halie kirk.
Schir James of Douglas, as my author schew,
Of tha weiris quhen that he hard and knew,
And all his feiris that war with him thair,
In that beleif of honour to wyn mair,
On to this king of Aragone tha zeid,
Quhilk of his men had greit mister and neid,
That thame ressauit hartlie with gude will,
And all plesour that micht be done thame till;

And gaif to thame richt mony riche reward,
In ordenance most inwart of his gard,
And of thame all of most auctoritie,
And of his counsall maist secreit to be.
All his beleif and lipning wes in thame,
For-quhy befoir of thame he hard sic fame.
Thir Scottismen, gif my author be trew,
In tha weiris so worthelie thame schew,
Sa mony Sarazenis with thair handis war slane,
In sindrie feildis fechtand thame forgane,
Wes neuir hard zit with na levand man,
Moir honour wyn nor the Scottis thair wan,
In ony feild quhair euir tha did pas,
And most of all schir James of Douglas.
The king of Granat quhairof he wes full laith,
Knawand of Scottis that he gat sic skaith,
Quhomethrow his power wes maid ay to faill,
With greit apperance that tha suld prevaill,
And for that caus diuysit hes ane trane,
The Scottismen quhairthrow tha war all slane.
Into ane feild quhairat the da wes set,
In plane battell quhen bayth the parteis met,
The men of Granat fenzeit thame to fle;
The Scottis than, thair hartis war so hie
Of victorie that tha had win befoir,
With sic desyr of honour, laud and gloir,
With pynsallis proude and mony standart straucht,
In the vangard formest quhair tha faucht,
Seand thair fais passand so abak,
Without ordour tha followit on so frak,
And wes so few, ouir far attouir the plane;
With that the Granatis turnit all agane
In gude ordour, ilkane baith les and moir,
Out of the feild that fled awa befoir.

52,040

Lib. 15, f. 234b. Col. 1.

52,045

52,050

52,055

52,060

52,065

52,070

The Scottis than quhen that tha saw thame byde,
Into the feild that skaillit war full wyde,
Ȝit neuirtheles suppois that tha war few,
Ay as tha micht to the Douglas tha drew,
Throw greit strenth and force, throw trubill and pane,
Quhill tha war brocht in ordour all agane.
With that richt sone out of ane buschment brak
Richt mony bald men in behind thair bak,
In gude ordour with mony speir and scheild,
Vpoun thair feit and gaif the Scottis feild.
The gude Douglas and his feiris war thoir,
Seand thame circulit baith behind and foir,
Rycht weill tha wist withoutin ony dout
That be no way that tyme tha mycht wyn out;
Also tha knew richt weill as it standis,
All thair defence wes than in thair awin handis,
Thairfoir tha thocht moir honour wes to die
Fechtand in feild, nor cowartlie to fle,
And to be tane and subdewit with all,
And [on] to thame bondis be maid and thrall.
For sic causis into that samin steid,
That da in feild tha faucht all to the deid.
Than steruit thair into the samin stour
Schir James of Douglas, of all knichtis flour,
And mony worthie in his cumpany.
Sen it is done I lat it now go by,
And to my purpois now agane will pas,
To tell of Twyname in Ingland that was,
Quhilk be the Douglas flemit wes befoir,
As ȝe haif hard the mater les and moir.
Quhen Twyname knew, that fled wes for sic feid,
How of Scotland the governour wes deid,
The Douglas [als] in Granat than wes slane,
Quhairof he wes richt weill content and fane,

And suddantlie, withoutin circumstance,
Out of Ingland he passit into France
To Edward Ballioll, for that samin thing,
Wes sone and air to Johnne Ballioll the king,
Quhilk king Edward out of Scotland gart pas
To his father in France that tyme that was.
This same Twyname, gif my author be trew,
To this Edward he come this tyme and schew
How tha war deid and put to confusioun,
The men ilkane that held fra him his croun.
The gouernour of Scotland, erle Thomas,
And his colleg schir James of Douglas,
Departit war out of this present lywe;
Nane vther wes agane him that mycht strywe.
Thair king also that wes so ȝoung of age,
Withoutin eild, within ȝouthheid ane page,
But ony strenth, without power or micht,
Him to resist quhilk hed [than] all the richt,
As his father befoir hed to sick thing,
To bruke the croun of Scotland and be king.
Rycht so alsua he gart thame wnderstand
That mony lord that tyme in Scotland,
Quhomeof thair freindis, as ȝe hard me ment,
Dishereist war in the Blak Parliament,
With schame and lak thame selffis pat to deid,
At thair ȝoung king greit invy hed and feid,
For saik of him quhome to he did succeid,
Robert the Bruce, as ȝe befoir micht reid,
Sayand tha thocht revengit for to be
Of that injure and tha thair tyme micht se;
Full weill he wist rycht glaidlie with thair hart,
That tha ilkone planelie wald tak his part.
Also that tyme he gart him wnderstand
That this Edward, that king wes of Ingland,
Als far that tyme as possibill wes to be,
Wald tak his part and mak him grit supple.

52,110 52,115 52,120 52,125 52,130 52,135 52,140

Col. 2.

This ȝoung Edward, of quhome I schew befoir,
Throw his counsall so couetous of gloir,
That interpryis rycht glaidlie tuke on hand ;
Syne out of France he passit in Ingland,
And to king Edward all the fassoun schew,
Sweirand to him he suld be leill and trew,
And hald his croun of his auctoritie,
To his purpois and he wald him supple.
This king Edward, thairof that wes content,
Sex thousand men of power richt potent,
Commandit hes of his gyding to be ;
Syne with ane naving set thame to the se,
Quhilk set thair cours richt sone into the north,
Quhill that tha come into the water of Forth,
Besyde Kingorne, vpone ane fair plane sand,
In thair boittis tha passit all to land.
Ane man that tyme wes haldin of grit fame,
Quhilk Alexander Seytoun hecht to name,
With small power, without supple or beild,
Rycht wnaduysit come and gaif thame feild,
And tynt the feild, syne fleand ouir the plane
In that same chace this nobill man wes slane.
The Inglismen that samin tyme for-thy,
Sic curage tuke of that grit victory,
Without dreid baldlie tha maid thame boun
With all thair power to Sanct Johnnestoun.
The erle of Marche, as that my author sais,
Quhilk of the south wes governour tha dais,
Come with ane oist of greit power and pryde ;
The erle of Mar vpoun the tother syde,
That governour wes betuix the Ylis and Forth,
With greit power that tyme come fra the north,
On hors and fit into sic multitude,
With litill sturt than as tha wnderstude
Thair innimie for to weild at thair will,
Without resist or ony stop thairtill ;

And maid na tarie nother da na nycht
Quhill that he come into his fais sicht.
Besyde Duplene, as my author did sa,
This erle Donald thair with his grit ost la.
The erle of Marche into the samin quhile,
Within the space of four or fywe of myle,
With greit power he la that samin nicht,
Of mony berne that wes full bald and wicht.
This ȝoung Edward and all the Inglismen,
Of thair cuming full weill that tyme did ken,
And of thair purpois also les and moir,
The quhilk to him wes schawin of befoir,
Be Scottismen wes of his awin kyn,
Traistand thairfoir reward at him to wyn,
On the north syde, as my author did sa,
Of Erne that nycht vpoun ane plane he la.
The erle of Mar vpoun the tother syde,
With his greit oist neirhand Duplyne did byde,
But ony dreid all nicht thair out of dout,
Haiffand na watchis him till walk about,
For-quhy with him he had sic multitude.
The Inglismen than as he wnderstude,
So few thai wer into that tyme but taill,
For all the warld tha durst him nocht assaill;
He dred erar that nycht that tha suld fle,
No him persew with ony villanye;
And for that caus in sport and pla rycht lang,
All the foir nycht tha dansit and tha sang,
Quhill neir midnicht, syne passit all to sleip,
Without spyis or watchis thame to keip.
This Edward Ballioll on the tother syde,
Richt litill sleip he tuik into that tyde;
Full circumspect his fais he gart spy,
Without watchis how tha ȝeid to ly,
And how of him tha stude na dreid nor aw.
This ilk Edward quhen he sic thing did knaw,

52,180

Lib. 15, f. 235 b. Col. 1.

52,185

52,190

52,195

52,200

52,205

52,210

His men all nicht without dreid or affray,
Vpoun thair feit he gart stand in array;
Quhen opportune he knew his tyme that was,
In gude ordour toward his fa did pas,
Richt quyetlie wnder scilence of nycht,
Waill secreitlie wnwist of ony wycht.
The darfast way, for feiring of thair fo,
Tha tuke the gait without rangat till go.
The water of Erne that wes baith deip and wyde,
Without furd other to waid or ryde,
Except ane furd that wes nocht eith to ken,
Quhilk wes wnknawin to the Inglismen.
Ȝit neuirtheles ane Scottis tratour was,
That set, in signes quhair tha sould ouir pas,
Staikis of tre, quhairof tha had ane feill
Without perrell tha mycht pas ouir richt weill.
And so tha did alss fast as tha micht frak;
Syne quietlie behind the Scottis bak,
Without watchis, haifand of thame no dreid,
Amang thair tentis enterit in gude speid,
Richt quietlie or ony Scot than wist,
Quhill that tha come at greit lasar and list
Into the tent quhair gude erle Donald la;
Aboue his heid syne smot the cordis in tua
Aboue his bed, quhill that the tent fell doun.
This nobill erle, that wes of sic renoun,
Without mercie tha slew into his bed;
Syne with ane cry richt bissalie thame sped
Amang the laif, sleipand quhair at tha la.
Weill ma ȝe wit that wes na barnis pla,
Quhen that sic doggis all in armour bricht,
On sleipand men wnder scilence of nycht,
Without armour for to resist thair strax,
With swordis scharp and mony awfull ax,
Wilfull and wode, with greit crudelitie,
Of thair injuris for to revengit be,

Semblit richt sone with mony schout and cry, Col. 2.
Of naikit men sleipand quhair tha did ly,
The quhilk richt litill of thair cuming knew.
Innumerabill sleipand that tyme tha slew
Into thair bed, or tha of sic thing wist,
And all the laif that micht thame nocht resist,
Out of thair sleip quhen that tha walknit than,
Without ordour or armour euerilk man,
At thair defence siclike as it micht be,
Becaus tha saw no tyme wes than to fle,
Fechtand in feild without ony reskew,
With litill feir the maist fect all tha slew.
The laif quhilk knew nother mercie nor grace,
No ȝit defence prevaillit in that place,
Evin as tha rais naikit out of thair bed,
Richt suddantlie out of the feild tha fled.
The Inglismen full of crudelitie,
Of Scottis blude quhilk mich[t] not satiat be,
Quhair euir ane Scot micht be with thame ouirtane,
Without mercie tha slew thame all ilk ane.
Of this murthure quhat sall I to ȝow sa?
Thrie thousand nobillis deit thair that da,
Into thair tymes that barnis war full bald;
Of other men out of nummer vntald.
The names now of all tha nobill men
Heir sall I schaw, alss far as that I ken:
Gude erle Donald, of quhome I maid sic ruse;
The erle of Carrik gude Robert the Bruce;
Alexander Frasar, ane richt nobill knycht;
And Williame Hay of Erroll wys[1] and wycht,
And of his surname ma na I can tell,
That samin da thair deit with himsell.
So far tha war distroyit in that feild,
War nocht his wyfe, that tyme that wes with cheild,

[1] In MS. *wes.*

Buir him ane sone quhilk did to him succeid,
That surname all had faillit than but dreid.
Als Robert Keith the Merschell of Scotland,
And David Lyndesay als to wnderstand,
Lord of Glenask, quhilk wes ane nobill man,
Deit that da and auchty of his clan.
Robert Strauchane, Alexander Betoun,
George of Dundas, Thomas Haliburtoun,
And Johnne Scrymgeour quhilk wes ane manlie knycht,
And mony vther that war bald and wicht,
Deit that da withoutin ony weir,
Of quhome thair names I can nocht tell ȝow heir:
Bot weill I wait, withoutin ony stryfe,
Tha ar all writtin in the buik of lyfe.
The erle of Fyffe without feiris alane,
That samin tyme into the feild wes tane.
The Inglismen knawand thameself so few,
Dreidand the Scottis sould thame sone persew,
And tha baid langar [1] into that desert,
Thairfoir richt sone into the toun of Perth
Tha passit all, and set thair tentis doun,
Syne set ane seig richt sone on to the toun.
The quhilk micht nocht resist thair violence,
For-quhy the men that sould haif maid defence,
That samin nycht into the feild befoir,
War slane ilkane almaist baith les and moir.
The laif within dreidand thair confusioun,
Opnit the ȝettis and gaif ouir the toun,
And lat thame in without ony demand,
For-quhy tha doucht nocht to mak thame ganestand.
Lib. 15, f. 235, Col. 1. The erle of Marche with mony berne full bald,
Of this mischeif quhen that he hes hard tald,

[1] In MS. *na langar.*

With all the power that tyme he micht be,
To Sanct Johnestoun the narrest way tuk he;
Quhair that he thocht for to revenge the feid
Of all the Scottis in the feild wes deid.
So had he done, as my author did mene,
Richt sone that tyme had nocht ill counsall bene,
Bot quha it wes I can nocht to ȝow tell,
Quhilk leit him[1] nocht with thame to intermell,
That micht haif had thame ilkane at his will,
Had he that tyme bene weill willit thairtill;
For-quhy thair power, as weill wist ilk man,
To his power wes no compair as than.
Ȝit neuirtheles as he sould nocht haif done,
Throw ill counsall [he] left the seig richt sone,
Into greit skaith of Scotland and greit lak,
Quhairfoir of him greit schame wes said and lak
With euerie man, wyuis, and all the laif,
Quhilk in the tyme he seruit weill to haif.
Quhen that this seig, as ȝe haif hard me sa,
Than fra the toun wes skaillit and awa,
And no man schupe this Edward to resist;
In all Scotland wes nane also that wist
Quha that durst preiss to tak sic thing on hand;
Thairfoir that tyme, without ony demand,
Full mony come richt glaidlie with thair hart
To this Edward that tyme and tuke his part.
Richt mony one that war greit men of gude,
Baith ȝoung and ald ane full greit multitude,
The erle of Fyffe quhilk principall wes than,
And Williame Sinclair wes ane nobill man,
Into his tyme of greit auctoritie,
Of Dunkelden the bischop than wes he;
Quhilk maid ane aith all, as my author schew,
To him all tyme ay to be leill and trew.

[1] In MS. *thame.*

How ȝoung Edward Balliole wes crownit King of Scotland, and of the Wynnyng of Sanct Johnistoun, and how the Scottis Lordis rebellit aganis thair new maid King, and of Edward King of Ingland and his Invasioun, and how Johne Randell, Erle of Murray, was send in France, [and] how Archibald Douglas was Governour.

Sone into Scone, as my author did sa,
That samin tyme befoir thame all that da,
With haill consent of all thair ald and ȝing,
Tha crownit him of Scotland to be king,
The ȝeir of God ane thousand and thrie hunder, 52,355
Threttie and tua also to subsume wnder.
That samin ȝeir, as it wes richt weill kend,
King Dauidis freindis into France him send,
Of nyne ȝeir auld with Johanna his wyfe,
Quhilk into France come efterwart belyfe, 52,360
And with king Phillip treittit in all thing
With all plesour pertening to ane king.
Quhen this wes done that I haif said ȝow heir,
Sone efter syne into the secund ȝeir,
The sonis of thame that in the feild wer slane, 52,365
Richt pertlie than, with greit power rycht plane,
Convenit hes togidder ald and ȝing,
And tuke plane part agane the new maid king.
Gude Robert Keith most principall wes than,
And Alexander, wes ane nobill man, 52,370
Of Lyndsay, togidder than that war,
James and Symon also of Frasar.
Thir four in feir without collusioun,
Col. 2. Tha set ane seig sone to Sanct Johnestoun,
And at that seig remanit mair and myn, 52,375
For thre moneth quhill that the toun wes wyn,
Quhair that tha loissit rycht few men or nane.
The erle of Fyfe that in the toun wes tane,

Bund hand and fit, as it wes rycht weill kend,
Onto the castell of Kildrymy send.
Siclike that tratour Andro Tulibard
Wes tane that tyme, and syne for his reward,
Vpoun ane gallous hangit wes full hie
In publict place quhair euerie man micht se.
This beand done, withoutin fictioun,
With men and meit all stuffit syne the toun,
And all sic thing that neidfull wes to haif;
To Johnne Lyndesay in keiping syne tha gaif,
At his awin will to weild thame as he wald,
Ane chiftane wes baith bellicois and bald.
The Scottis knawand of this victorie,
So proude tha war for that same caus and quhy,
Of that triumph quhen that tha haif hard tell,
Agane the Ballioll schupe for to rebell.
Schir Johnne Randell richt plesand and preclair,
To gude erle Thomas that wes sone and air,
Into the tyme that erle of Murra was,
With his colleg gude Archibald of Douglas,
The bruther germane of the nobill knycht
Schir James of Douglas that wes bald and wycht,
Convenit hes thair power les and moir,
With all the laif of quhome I spak befoir.
Thir lordis all togidder quhen tha met,
At thair counsall ane da and place wes set,
Quhair that tha met withoutin tareing,
For to persew this Edward new maid king.
At Annand toun quhair that the feild wes set,
With this Edward in plane battell tha met,
With schalmes schill schouttand on euerie syde,
And mony pynsall of greit pryce and pryde,
And mony standart streikit in the air,
And mony baner [1] browdin ouir full fair,

[1] In MS. *barne*.

Quhair mony on that da loissit the lyfe,
So lang tha stout men stude thair in sic stryfe.
Quhill at the last that neid wes for to be,
This ilk Edward out of the feild to flie
Vpoun ane hors he fand besyde him ydill,
Without saidill, curpall, tre, or brydill,
To Roxburch he tuke the narrest way,
Till that castell quhair lang efter he lay.
Richt mony nobill slane wes in that tyde
Into the feild vpoune the Balliollis syde;
Henrie the Balliole, my author did sa,
Most principale, and James of Murra,
Walter Cuming and Richart of Kirkby,
And mony vther in thair cumpany.
Of Galloway that tyme the erle also,
And of Carrik tane war thir erlis tuo.
At the requeist, as my author did sa,
Of schir Johnne Randell erle wes of Murra,
For his plesour that tyme tha erlis baith
Preseruit war but ony lak or skaith,
For causs befoir schort quhile in ony thing
Tha had obeyit to this new maid king.
Of this triumph the Scottis grew so he,
Sone efter syne of thair auctoritie,
Schir Johnne of Murra that wes wyss and wycht,
Ane man of gude of greit riches and mycht,
In all his tyme that wes of greit honour,
Tha chesit him to be ane governour,
With his collig the erle of Merche also.
Syne with ane armie furneist him till go,
For to remane vpoun the bordour syde,
The incuming of Inglismen to byde.
Lib. 15, f. 236b. Col. 1. Full weill tha wist, withoutin ony faill,
That king Edward richt sone suld thame assaill.
Schir Alexander of Seytoun also,
That samin tyme to Beruik maid till go,

With mony stout man stalwart wes and strang,
To keip the toun that it sould tak no wrang.
Schir Johnne of Murra, with ane grit gaddering,
Wes maid to wait vpoun the new maid king,
Edward the Ballioll, and his friendis baith,
Into Scotland that tha suld do no skaith:
To Roxburch syne [tha] tuke the reddie way,
In that castell quhair Edward Ballioll lay.
Neir be the brig ane passage is ouir Tueid:
That samin tyme in storie as I reid,
This ilk Edward, with mony speir and scheild,
In that ilk place gaif Johne of Murra feild,
And tynt the feild withoutin ony dreid,
Out ouir the brig than fled with all his speid.
Schir John of Murra seand that he wes past,
With few feiris followit him so fast
Attouir the brig that narrow wes and lang,
Quhair few with eis micht other ryde or gang,[1]
And of his feiris followit him richt few.
This Edward Balliole sic thing quhen he knew,
Richt mony berne that wes bayth bald and big
Gart turne agane for to defend the brig,
That nane sould follow forder on the chace.
Schir Johnne Murra, throw sic fortoun and cace,
Betuix the brig and his fais alone
With few feiris, that samin tyme wes tone.
That samin ȝeir it hapnit als but faill,
Ane nobill man, schir Williame Liddisdaill,
The flour of knychtheid, throw infirmitie
Neirby Annand that samin tyme tane wes he
With Inglismen, quhair he in presoun la
Neirby ane ȝeir, and gude schir John Murra

[1] In MS. *gyde*.

Syne ransonit wes with greit difficultie,
With gold and siluer in greit quantitie.
This beand done, richt mony war in dout
Quhome to that tyme tha sould obey or lout;
Full mony men that wantit gude and geir,
Desirit ay to se trubill and weir,
Becaus thair thrift wes ay so bair and thin,
In that beleif that tha suld riches win,
With Edward Ballioll glaidlie with thair hart,
Ay quhen tha durst, tha tuke with him plane part.
And vther gud men thinkand it wes best
To leif in peax, tranquillitie and rest,
And knew quhat skaith and wanting wes in weir,
Of gold and riches, and all other geir,
With greit distructione and mortalitie
Of man and beist in greit miseritie,
Thir folk all tyme, as it wes richt weill kend,
King Dauidis part tha tuke ay to defend,
The quhilk befoir at thair awin libertie,
Had maid to him aith of fidelitie.
This ilk Edward of Ingland that wes king,
Quhen that he hard perfitlie of sic thing,
He thocht richt weill that tyme amang the laif,
Or all wes done, that he his part suld haif,
For weill he wist, and he wald[1] mak him ford,
Amang thame self and tha war sic discord,
And he war wyss, withoutin ony faill
That he wald get the best part of the daill.
For that same causs syne, schortlie to conclude,
Contractit hes ane waill grit multitude
Of Inglismen, and of Normanis also,
Of Andigawe and mony landis mo,
And of Scotland that with the Ballioun
Quhilk his part tuke aganis thair awin croun.

[1] In MS. *will.*

Syne fenzeit hes, as it wes richt weill kend,
His motiue wes the Balliole to defend ; Col. 2.
It wes nocht sua, he leid loud fra his hart,
He thocht thairof he suld haif litill part.
The Scottis lordis quhen tha kend and knew
This ilk Edward richt sone wald thame persew,
With him quhilk hed sic strenth and multitude,
Seand thame self in sic danger tha stude
Of thair fais in ilk syde round about,
Thinkand thame self in grit perrell and dout,
Gude Johnne of Randell, erle wes of Murra,
In France tha send, as my author did sa,
To king Dauid, gif that sic thing micht be,
To caus king Phillip to send thame supple.
Of that message quhen that king Edward knew,
Richt suddantlie he set him till persew,
With all the power that he doucht to be,
Beruik, that toun that standis on the se ;
With gun and ganze and with bowis bent,
With sowis, slungis, and all instrument
That neidfull war in ony seig to haif,
Tha had aneuch, tha neidit nocht to craif.
The Scottismen that war within the toun,
Out ouir the wall sa mony stane kest doun,
And mony arrow that ouir the wall than glydis,
Amang the seigaris maid richt soirand sydis ;
Quhilk causit thame richt oft, baith ane and all,
To pas abak and cum nocht neir the wall.
The Scottis alss, that wes baith bald and wycht,
Richt mony syis thai[1] ischit on the nycht,
Quhylis to the se and quhylis to the land,
And mony schip that la vpoun the sand
Oftymes brynt, and mony men alss slew,
Passand agane without litill persew.

[1] In MS. *the*.

Ane nobill man, Williame Seytoun that hecht,
So bald he wes ane nycht into the fecht,
Quhen he had put his fais to the war,
Richt wnwyslie he follouit in ouir far
Amang his fais, withoutin feir alane,
Without reskew that same tyme he wes tane.
Ane bastard bruther of his on ane nycht,
Amang the schippis withoutin ony lycht
Makand ane fray, and set of thame in fyre,
Fechtand so lang quhill he did irk and tyre,
In the returning hame as he did found,
In falt of licht into the flude wes dround.
That seig it lestit still continually,
Quhill four moneth war passit and gone by,
Within the toun that tha inlaikit far
Of neidfull thing, dreidand efter for war,
Ane oratour to king Edward tha send,
All thair desir the quhilk maid till him kend,
With protestatione, sayand with his leif,
Gif plesis him ane surance for to geif,
And leif his seiging, on to the thrid da
Of the calendis of August, gif tha ma
Within that tyme reskewit for to be
Be Scottismen or thair auctoritie,
And be tha nocht, without collisioun,
To him that tyme tha suld gif ouir the toun.
Of that desyre richt weill content wes he.
Thomas Seytoun for moir securitie,
Of tender age ane plesand child and fair,
To Alexander eldest sone and air,
Efter his tyme to bruke his heretage,
To king Edward his father gaif in plege,
Lib.15,f.236b. Col. 1. For to obserue, withoutin fraude or gyle,
All[1] the promit wes maid in that mene quhile.

[1] In MS. *At.*

The Scottis lordis knawand that da wes set,
In conventioun togidder all tha met,
And chesit hes to be ane governour
Archibald of Douglas, of richt greit honour,
Into the absence of Andro Murray,
Quhilk presoner that tyme in Ingland lay,
The toun of Beruik that tyme to reskew.
This gude Douglas richt weill the da he knew
That the captane to king Edward hed set,
Thairfoir he thocht that he sould do his dett
Thame to releif with all power he micht.
Sone efterwart, in helme and birny brycht,
He gart convene ane richt greit multitude ;
Syne tuke purpois, schortlie to conclude,
In Ingland pas the pepill [till] ouirthraw,
In that beleif king Edward for to draw
Than fra the toun, and lat the seig be,
Onto his awin to mak help and supple.
Off this purpois quhen that king Edward kend,
Onto the captane suddantlie he send,
Commanding him with bost and greit rebous,
Richt haistelie for to gif ouir the hous ;
And wald he nocht that tyme to be so mangit,
Befoir his face richt sone he sould se hangit
His awin deir sone, that eldest wes and air,
Of hyde and hew baith plesand wes and fair.
Ane other als, quhilk wes ane prattie cheild,
He had of his, wes tane into the feild,
Thir tua sonis richt sone sould lat him se
Befoir his face baith on ane gallous die.
Quhairof the captane that tyme wes wnfane,
And to that seruand ansuer maid agane:
" Say thow till him that I sall do my dett
" At tyme and tryist betuix ws that wes set,
" And quhill that tyme be ressoun can nocht craif
" No moir be law than that he aucht to haif,

" Quhilk is richt far agane the commoun law,
" For to ask mair nor he of ressoun aw.
" And quhair he sais my sonis he will hang,
" And he do so he is far in the wrang,
" And gif so be, as I trow weill be trew,
" With new seiging that he will ws persew,
" The quhilk of ressone he ma nocht alledge,
" Send me my sone that I gaif him in pledge,
" The quhilk to do he may nocht weill deny,
" Syne do his best, cum on, I him defy."
Of this ansuer quhen maid wes sic rehers,
Ilk word be word as I haif put in vers,
This king Edward throw cruell ire and tene,
Ane gallous maid and set vpone the grene
Befoir the ȝettis that tyme of the toun,
To schaw the captane his confusioun,
Quhairon his sonis bayth sould be sene schent,
To his command and he wald nocht consent.
This ilk captane vpoun the wall that stude,
Richt sorie wes and murnit in his mude,
Quhen he beheld that gallous grit and hie,
Quhairon that tyme his sonis baith sould die.
As naturale is the father ouir the laif,
Compatiens and pitie of the sone for to haif,
Quhen tha thame se in dolour and distres,
In wo, in wander, or in havines;
Siclike this captane quhen he stude to se
That awfull gallous that wes maid of tre,
Col. 2. For verra dreddour trymlit and he schuke,
Sic aw he stude on that gallous to luke.
His wyffe that tyme quhilk moir curage hed,
Suppois richt soir siclike that thing scho dred,
ȝit neuirtheles scho dred into ane part
That it sould synk ouir far into his hart
And causs him than for to gif ouir the toun,
And bring him self to greit confusioun.

Thairfoir richt sone scho drew him fra the wall,
For aduenture that efterwart micht fall,
That he that gallous sould nocht stand to se,
Quhairon he knew his sonis baith sould de.
With greit wisdome sic wordis to him spak :
" My deir husband, gude confort to ȝow tak,
" And keip this toun that ȝe haif tane on hand ;
" And do ȝe nocht, ȝe ma weill wnderstand,
" That ȝe will tyne[1] for euirmair ȝour fame,
" And bring ȝour self onto grit lak and schame,
" To falt, and mister, and penuritie,
" And euirmoir ane tratour callit be,
" And as ane oule haldin with euerie wycht,
" Quhilk is nocht sene bot ay vpoun the nicht.
" Sua will ȝe be I wait, do ȝe nocht so,
" With euerie man haldin thair mortall fo.
" Thairfoir," scho said, "thocht thi sonis to the
" Be deir alway, thi fame sould derar be
" To the all tyme no other barne or wyfe,
" And derar als befar nor thi awin lyfe.
" For-quhy thi fame will lest perpetuall,
" Thy barne, thi wyfe, thi self are all mortall.
" Sen immortall, as previs weill in deid,
" All mortall thing of pryis dois far exceid,
" Quhairfoir," scho said, " my counsall is for me,
" To keip thi fame and lat thi sonis be,
" And tak sic chance this tyme as tha will get,
" Sen neidfull is to thame to pay thair det.
" And quhen or quhair sic thing is wnknawin to the,
" Quhair, or quhat place, or quhen sic thing suld be,
" Thairfoir," scho said, " alss far as I haif feill,
" Thow suld be blyth sen for the commoun weill
" Thy sonis baith this tyme ar brocht in beir,
" Sen gratius God his ane sone wes so deir,

[1] In MS. *tyme*.

" For mannis ransoun for to mak remeid,
" Vpoun the croce he offerit to the deid.
" Siclike sould thow now hald the ballance evin,
" And tak exempill at the father of hevin,
" Gif that thow list the richtest way to gang;
" Quha followis him of na way can ga wrang."
This Alexander that of wyn wes will,
Throw [sic] counsall that his wyfe gaif him till,
He thoillit thame to lat his sonis die,
To keip the toun alss lang as it mycht be:
Syne secreitlie into ane quiet place,
He held him thair onto ane weill lang space
Far out of sicht, quhair that he micht nocht se
His tua sonis so vyle ane deid to die.
That cruell tirrane, that serpent vennemous,
That awfull edder, vglie and odius,
That cokatrice full of crudelitie,
That dreidfull dragone quhilk than maid to de
Thir innocentis with so greit lak and schame,
So vyle ane deid withoutin causs or blame,
Be king Edward this samin thing I sa,
So cruell wes withoutin causs that da.
Archibald of Douglas that wes governour,
Into his tyme ane man of greit valour,
Quhen that he hard of that crudelitie,
Off thair innimeis for to revengit be,
Quhilk in the tyme that noyit him richt soir,
Changit his purpois that he tuke befoir
To pas in Ingland, for that samin quhy,
And tuke purpois richt sone and suddantly,
Without wisdome as efterwart weill schew,
Other to de or than the toun reskew.
The quhilk wes done richt soir agane the will
Of wyss lordis wald nocht consent thairtill,
Agane ane king of sic power and micht,
In ordenance with bernis bald and wicht,

52,690 52,695 52,700 52,705 52,710 52,715 52,720

Lib. 15, f. 237. Col 1.

For to do sua tha said greit folie war,
In plane battell to temp Fortoun so far.
This gouernour that counsall did misken ;
Throw folie counsall than of ȝoungar men,
He tuke plane purpois battell for to geif,
And of the fauour of dame Fortoun preif.

How the Douglas straik Feild againis Edward, King of Ingland, and tynt the Feild as fallowis.

Quhen this wes done, withoutin ony lie,
Duiydit hes his men in battellis thrie.
The erle of Ross, sir Hew callit to name,
And Kenethus ane man of nobill fame,
Erle of Catnes into that tyme wes he,
And thrie other of greit nobillitie,
Symone, James, of Frasar also,
And Johnne of Murra maid war for till go,
Thir fyve in feir withoutin ony feid,
The formest battell in the feild to leid.
And Alexander that tyme of Lyndesay,
And Alexander of Gordoun alsway,
Reginald Grahame and Robert Kennedy,
Thir four in feir that bald war and hardy,
With mony pert men that war of grit pryde,
The secund feild that da tha had to gyde.
The thrid[1] battell him self than tuke in cuir,
Quhair James and Allane Stewartis with him fuir,
Tua men of honour without ony cryme,
Quhilk sonis war to lord Stewart that tyme.
This king Edward arrayit on the plane
In gude ordour the Scottismen forgane,

[1] In MS. *thrid him.*

At the first counter fenzeit for to flie
Behind thair bak on to ane hill rycht hie;
In gude ordour the hill syne did ascend.
Fra thair fleing wes to the Scottis kend,
Waittand full litill quhat wes in thair thocht,
Without ordour, in all the haist tha mocht,
Dispersit far in mony sindrie place,
Richt suddantlie tha followit on the chace.
The Inglismen seand vpoun the hill
In sic ordour the Scottis come thame till,
Quhairof that tyme tha war content and fane,
And suddantlie tha turnit all agane.
Vpoun the Scottis quhair tha stude on raw,
Craigis of quhyn leit tummill doun and faw,
Quhair with that tyme rycht mony Scot tha slew,
Syne suddantlie richt scharplie did persew
The Scottis syne at hand straikis in feild,
Quhair mony knicht vpone his kneis kneild,
And mony berne la braidlingis on his bak,
And mony burdoun vpoun basnot brak;
And rent and revin wes mony targe and scheild,
And berne, wist nother of [no] but no beild,
Col. 2. Into his blude la bulrand on the ground,
And mony wicht man with wyde warkand wound.
The Scottismen richt stranglie in that stour
Ay still tha straik, quhill that thair governour
Out throw the bodie wes borne with ane speir;
Quhairof that tyme tha tuke so greit effeir,
With all the sped into the tyme tha hed,
Out of the feild richt fast awa tha fled.
Into the chace, my author sais so,
Of Scottismen that da war slane far mo,
Quhilk in thair tyme war stalwart bayth and strang,
No in the feild quhair that tha faucht so lang.

Fourtene thousand, as my author did sa,
Of Scottismen deit thair that same da,
With governour and all thair captanis haill,
And nobill, vther nobill out of taill ;
Quhome of thair names I will nocht rehers,
Sen of befoir I put thame all in verss.
At Halidone hill so hapnit for to be
Of Scottismen so greit mortalitie,
And mony nobill in the feild war tane,
Vpoun the morne king Edward euerilkane,
Without reuth of thame or ȝit remeid,
Richt cruellie gart put thame all to deid.
The erle of Marche quhilk into Beruik la,
And lord Seytoun keipand the toun that da,
Quhen this mischance wes knawin with thame and kend,
Wittand richt weill that tha micht nocht defend
The toun langar for inlaik of reskew,
Than to king Edward, as my author schew,
Of that conditioun ouir the toun tha gaif,
To saue thame self that tyme, and all the laif
At thair plesour, to lat thame all pas frie
Quhair euir tha list at thair awin libertie.
Efter this feild of infortunitie,
Scotland wes brocht to sic miseritie,
That neuir ane lord tha wist that da levand,
Agane king Edward durst than mak ganestand.
This king Edward quhen he knew it wes so,
In Ingland hame he dressit him till go,
And left that tyme the Ballioll for to be
Baith lord and syre with haill auctoritie,
With Inglismen richt mony in ane knot,
With thair captane, Richart of Talebote,
Most principall to be of all the laif,
And of the Ballioll haill gyding to haif.

Quhen he wes gone this Edward Ballioun,
Ouir all Scotland he passit vp and doun,
With his power at lasar and grit lenth,
And put he hes that tyme in euerie strenth,
At the counsall of Richart Talebote,
Ane Inglisman, and put out euerie Scot
Without ganestand at his plesour and will;
Full litill [traist] he durst put thame in till.
All the strenthis of Scotland he culd ken
War put in keiping than of Inglismen,
Except Dumbertane standis vpone Clyde,
Quhilk Malcolme Fleming keipit in that tyde;
And Lochmaben that strenthie is and suir,
That Allane Aldbrig than had into cuir;
Kildryme als, the quhilk in Mar that standis,
Gude Cristane Bruce debaittit with hir handis;
And Robert Lauder siclike of the Bas
Keipit Vrquhard, and thairof captane was;
Lib.15, f.237b. Col. 1. And sindrie touris that stude in Lochdone,
So stark tha war tha micht nocht be wyn sone,
The quhilk Makcane, as that my author sais,
In his keiping he hed tha samin dais.
Thir captanis all richt glaidlie with thair hart,
Into that tyme tha tuke king Dauidis part.
Neirby this tyme the nobill king of France,
Callit Phillip, most gudlie till advance,
Ane messinger, gif that I richt presume,
With sair complaynt send to the paip of Rome,
Of Inglismen that war so far misknawin,
Withoutin caus had Scotland sa ouirthrawin,
Vsand ilk da so greit crudelitie,
Beseikand him of his auctoritie,
That he wald caus thame fra sic thing to[1] ceis,
That tha puir pepill micht leve into peice.

[1] In MS. *so.*

The paip of Rome richt oft syis for sic thing
His seruand send in Ingland to the king,
Bot all for nocht, tha war ay disobeyit,
And his command with him richt litill weyit,
Wnsped also of thair erand war fane
Withoutin skaith for to pas hame agane.
Into Sanct Johnestoun, as my author sais,
This Edward Ballioll in tha samin dais,
The Scottis lordis befoir him he gart call
In ane counsall quhair tha convenit all.
In that counsall, as that my author schew,
He gart thame sweir all to be leill and trew
Till him alway in all maner of thing,
And ay to knaw him for thair prince and king.
Also that tyme, as my author recordis,
Richt greit distructione amang sindrie lordis
Richt suddantlie into that tyme thair fell,
And for quhat caus tak tent and I sall tell.
Henrie Quhitlaw, as my author did sa,
The bruther dochter of Alexander Mowbra,
And for that caus that same tyme askit he
Hir fatheris landis in heretage to be
Gevin to him, be ressone of his wyffe,
Quhilk wes hir fatheris quhen he wes on lyfe.
This Alexander on the tother syde,
Askit tha landis for him to provyde,
The quhilk he askit be vertew of talȝe,
For caus his bruther of airis maill did falȝe.
This Edward Balliole, but counsall of the laue,
With Alexander Mowbra sentence gawe.
Lord Talebote and Dauid Cuming,
Incontrar gaif sentence of that thing,
Gevand the richt to Henrie of Quhitlaw,
Be sic ressonis as tha had than to schaw.
The tother part thairof wes nocht content,
And so tha fell at sic het argument,

That neuir ane till vther hes applyit,
That schortlie syne ilkane vther defyit;
With als grit anger that tyme as tha culd,
Tha left the mater war than tha beguld.
The Ballioll with Alexander Mowbra
To Beruik passit, my author did sa;
And Talebot to Ingland passand hame,
Of his repuls he thocht sic lak and schame,
That his counsall the Balliole had refusit
For wilfulnes, and far war counsall vsit,
In Loutheane as he wes passand by,
He wes reveillit that tyme be ane spy,
Quhair he wes tane, to sa the suith in certane,
Syne in the castell keipit of Dumbartane,
Quhair efterwart, as sindrie storeis sais,
In that same place closit his letter dais.
Henrie Quhitlaw that same tyme also,
Col. 2. Onto Dundarg with greit power did go,
Into Buchane ane strang castell of stane,
Quhair he remanit than with mony ane
Of bernis bald, that stalwart war and stout,
And all the land subdewit him about,
To tak his part and at his bandoun be,
Of thame he had sic superioritie.
Erle Dauid Cuming quhen that he hard tell
How he had done, he passit to Athell,
And stuffit hes ilk castell that wes strang
With men and meit, quhair he remanit lang.
Edward the Balliole sic thing quhen he knew,
Chạngit his mynd and gaif a sentence new,
For aduentur that efter micht befaw,
Agane Mowbra with Henrie of Quhitlaw.
And for that caus Alexander Mowbra,
The gouernour, Andro of Murra,
As presoner in Ingland did remane,
He ransonit him and brocht him hame agane,

52,895 52,900 52,905 52,910 52,915 52,920 52,925

For all his tyme that wes ane nobill man,
With king Dauid thir tua tuke part as than.
And erle Dauid, of Athole that wes lord,
Henrie Quhitlaw togidder in concord,
With the Balliole of quhome I schew ȝow heir,
Thai [1] tuke his pairt ȝe neid nocht for to speir.
For-quhy to thame rycht greit reward he gaif,
That causit thame to lufe him ouir the laif.
This gouernour, gude Andro of Murra,
And Alexander also of Mowbra,
Thir tua Dundarg, that strang castell of stone,
Be strenth and force that samin tyme hes tone,
And to the captane, Henrie of Quhitlaw,
Licence tha gaif, as my author did schaw,
Intill Ingland to king Edward but lane,
Than for to pas and neuir to cum agane.
And he also, withoutin ony leis,
To his power all tyme for to mak peice
Betuix king Edward and the Scottis lordis,
Quhairto richt weill that tyme he him accordis.
In this same tyme that I haif schawin ȝow,
The Ballioll he passit till Renfrow,
Of sindrie materis quhair [2] he had to mute;
Syne efter that vnto the Yle of Bute,
Onto the castell also of Rosay,
And changit hes, as my author did say,
All Scottismen in ilk castell that was,
And Inglismen in thair steid to pas.
All officeris siclike than changit he,
War Scottismen that had auctoritie,
Or ony office in the tyme that buir,
To Inglismen syne gaif alhaill thair cuir.
That samin tyme my author did rehers,
The lord Stewart he hes gart seik and serch,

[1] In MS. *That.*

[2] In MS. *thair quhair.*

In ony place and he micht fundin be,
Doutles that tyme he thocht that he sould de.
This ȝoung Stewart quhilk wes of tender age,
Into that tyme of fyiftene ȝeir ane page,
His tender freindis rycht weill that sic thing knew,
To Dumbartane, as my author me schew,
Richt quyetlie awa with him ar gone
In that castell vpoun ane roche of stone,
Quhair Malcome Fleming hes tane him in cuir,
And keipit him out of all perrell suir.
Into Lochlevin rycht far within the flude,
Into ane yle ane strang castell thair stude,
Quhilk ȝit thair standis in that place to ken,
That wes ay keipit fra the Inglismen.
This Edward Balliole efter on ane da,
About that hous ane souer seig gart la,
With all ingyne in ony heid that lyis,
Or mennis wit, culd in that tyme devyss ;
Lib. 15, f. 238. Col. 1. Syne at that seig with haill auctoritie,
Schir Johnne of Stirling in that tyme left he,
With Dauid Wemys and Michaell Hereot,
And Richard Meluill all thre in ane knot;
And he himself, as my author did sa,
Till other partis passit than awa,
For grittar mater that he had till do,
Bot quhair it wes or quhat place he ȝeid to,
I can nocht tell ȝow weill bot gif I lie;
Thairfoir as now sic thing I will lat be.
This schir Johnne Stirling, of quhome befoir I said,
Richt mony salt onto the hous hes laid,
And all his men prevand thair strenth and pith,
Bot litill speid or nane tha come thairwith,
Out of beleif that hous than for to win,
Sic tua captanis tha had the hous within.

Allane Aldbrig and gude James Lamby,
Thir tua captanis that bald war and hardy,
Richt manfullie onto the latter end,
For all thair bost that castell did defend.
This schir Johnne Stirling than and all his gard
Thair ludging maid in the kirk and kirk ȝard,
Quhilk dedicat war in Sanct Serffis name,
Quhair in that tyme thocht nother lak no schame,
In fornicatioun and adulterie
With mennis wyffis nichtlie for to ly,
Makand politioun of that halie place;
And thus tha wroucht continewallie ane lang space
Into the presence of the halie croce,
And of the kirk maid stabill to thair hors,
And fra sic vice for no man wald abstene,
Quhilk efterwart so weill wes on thame sene.
This schir Johnne Stirling, as my author sais,
Quhen that he saw he culd nocht be no wais
Cum to his purpois be mastrie or micht,
In to his mynd consauit hes ane slicht
That hous to wyn with litill sturt or noy,
And neuir ane man to loiss or ȝit ane boy.
This wes the slycht that he consauit than,
Out of the loch quhair that the water ran,
To dam that place and gar the water grow,
So that the flude in abundance sould flow,
And ryis so heich of spait, water and flude,
To droun the castell that tyme quhair it stude.
And so tha did with diligence and cuir
Richt mekle erd and stonis till it buir,
And maid ane wall that wes bayth thik and hie,
Of stone and erd the starkest that micht be,
And stok and rute out of the erd tha raif,
Quhilk leit the water out passage to haif.

Syne all the burnis that tyme mair and myn,
Wes neirhand by, into the loch gart ryn,
In that beleif to gar the watter grow,
So that the flude attouir the hous sould flow.
Schir Johnne Stirling thair captane than that was,
To Drumfermling than hapnit for to pas,
Quhat wes the caus myself culd neuir ken,
And tuke with him the maist part of his men,
Quhair he remanit in the toun all nycht,
And left the laif that worthie war and wycht
Still at the seig quhill that he come agane.
Within the hous quhen this wes knawin plane,
That samin nycht gude Allane Auldbrig
He thocht no tyme into his bed to lig,
Bot quyetlie about the mirkand nycht,
In thrie boittis quhairof no man gart sycht,
Richt quyetlie on to the wall he staw,
And leit the water at ane hoill out thraw,
Quhilk with ane speir into the tyme he maid,
That efterwart grew so wyde and braid,
Continewallie and lestit on so lang,
Col. 2. Quhill that the flude, with so greit force and thrang,
It maid the wall to fall all to the ground ;
Syne with sic force the flude richt far did found
Attouir the wall quhair that the greit ost la,
In thair tentis quhair richt mony or da
War dround that nycht without ony reskew.
Sir James Lamby, that wes baith traist and trew,
With mony berne all into armour bricht
Out of the hous with him he brocht that nycht,
Wes neirhand by quhen that sic thing wes done,
That suddantlie he semblit with thame sone,
And of tha bernis that wes big and bald,
He tuke and slew alss mony as he wald.

Ouir all the land it wes said vp and doun,
At that wes bot Sanct Serffis malesoune
On thame that tyme that sic miracle wes kyd,
For the dishonour in his kirk tha dyd.
Schir Johnne Stirling that tyme in Drumfermling,
Quhen he gat wit how done wes all that thing,
Out of his mynd lyke ane wod man he fuir,
And in that tyme richt oft syis said and swoir,
And he micht leve oucht lang and bruik his lyfe,
All in that hous baith barne, man and wyfe,
Without remeid that mony man micht se,
All vpoun gallous suld be hangit hie.
For to fulfill that he had tane on hand,
With mony salt, that ȝe sall wnderstand,
That samin hous richt oft hes gart assaill,
Bot all for nocht, ȝit he culd nocht prevaill;
Syne fra the hous rycht schamfullie staw he
Vpoun the nycht quhen na man sould him se.
Quhen this wes done as I haif said ȝow heir,
Sone efter syne into the secund ȝeir,
This king Edward, of quhome befoir I spak,
For weir that tyme gart greit prouisioun mak
To cum in Scotland; as commandit he,
Ane greit naving wes first put to the se,
Threscoir of schippis contenit and ten,
In quhome that tyme war mony nobill men,
With mony captanis that war men of gude.
The wynd wes fair, and tha went ouir the flude
Befoir the wynd, be ane burd on the north,
Quhill that tha come richt far vp into Forth,
And kest thair ankeris all aboue Inchkeith,
In [to] ane raid that lyis foirnent Leith.
That samin tyme so hapnit for to be
So greit ane wynd and storme vpone the se,

Tha schippis all war drevin to the north land,
And sum on craig, and vther sum on sand,
War brokin all, and neuir ane saif nor sound,
And all the men for the maist part war dround.
Sic aduenture thus hapnit be the se,
As plesit God and so all thing man be.
King Edward als that wes bayth bald and wycht,
With sextie thousand all in armour brycht,
That samin tyme he come into Scotland,
Syne with the Ballioll baith intill ane band,
To Glasgow ȝeid togidder on ane da.
Sone efter syne, as my author did sa,
This king Edward perfitlie quhen he knew
Into Scotland fais he had richt few,
That mycht him sturt as he did wnderstand,
And all the strenthis war in his awin hand
With Inglismen war occupyit alhaill,
For the maist part that war of ony vaill,
Quhairfoir he thocht na langar to remane,
Bot in Ingland for to pas hame agane.
And or he ȝeid, that same tyme ordand he
David Cuming to haif auctoritie,
Lib. 15, f.238b. Col. 1. The erle of Athoill in the tyme that was,
With his power ouir all Scotland to pas,
And puneis all that maid him pleid or pley,
And all vther that wald him nocht obey;
Syne passit hame, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
And tuke with him the Ballioll in Ingland.
Quhen of his help he knew thair wes no neid,
And of his purpois narrest had cum speid,
His mynd wes ay, withoutin ony leis,
Quhen euir he saw that he micht bruke in peice
The croun of Scotland to him self to hald,
That wes the caus richt oft and mony fald

That he sic travell maid into that thing,
To mak him self and nocht the Balliole king.
Efter his passage that tyme in Ingland,
The erle of Athoill, as he tuke on hand,
In sindrie partis passit vp and doun,
And held the pepill at subjectioun,
With soir punitioun that maid ony pley ;
Wes nane so bald that durst him disobey.
Sum he gart hing and vther sum he gart heid,
And vther sum thair landis but remeid
On to him self confiscat alss hes he,
And maid thame self all exul for to be.
That samin tyme all the lord Stewartis landis,
And Buchane als, he held in his awin handis,
And occupyit as thai had bene his awin,
So far with him that tyme tha war ouirthrawin.
The lord Stewart that same tyme as I reid,
In Dumbartane that fled befoir for dreid
Of Edward Ballioll, befoir as I schew,
Quhen that he hard of all tha tydenis new,
Richt quietlie, as my author did tell,
Ane seruand to Dongallus Campbell,
Expert he wes in mony sindrie art,
Requyrand him gif he wald tak his part
Of tha injuris to revengit be ;
Quhome to that tyme richt sone consentit he.
Syne with thair power baith togidder in ane,
Seigit ane castell strang of lyme and stane,
Callit Dunhowne, with litill sturt as than
Richt worthelie that ilk castell tha wan.
The Inglismen that castell had to keip,
So sound that tyme tha laid thame all to sleip,
Quhairof thair freindis micht be nothing fane,
That ȝit sensyne tha rais nocht vp agane.
The men of Arrane also and of Bute,
Of this mater quhen that tha haif hard mute,

So blyth tha war than of that victorie
Thair lord had wyn, for that same caus and quhy
Tha gatherit all togidder in ane band
Convenit hes, syne come on hand for hand,
All in ane will without ony discord,
To the lord Stewart wes thair natiue lord.
Allan Lyle that schiref wes of Kyle
And of Carrik into that samin quhile,
And Johnne Gilbert, as my author did say,
Tha thocht till stop thir same men of the way,
Quhome of befoir I did to ȝow record,
That passand wes to the Stewart thair lord.
It hapnit so of aduenture tha mett
Quhair lang befoir ane carne of stane wes sett,
The quhilk that tyme wes greit help and refute
To all the men of Arrane and of Bute.
With tha stanis thir stalwart carlis strang
Ane bikker maid, the quhilk lestit so lang,
Col. 2. Quhill at the last the schiref tha haif slane,
The laif rycht sone syne fled with all thair mane,
And Johne Gilbert in handis he wes tane;
Thus[1] of thir tua that tyme thair chaipit nane.
Quhen thai[2] carlis had so thair purpois sped,
The schireffis heid vnto thair lord tha hed;
The tother als that tha had tane in handis,
Tha presentit him thair fast bund into bandis,
Syne for thair travell askit to reward
That euery man, als frie as ony lard,
In his awin steid suld duell at hame but faill,
And bot his seruice fra no vther maill,
For all thair tyme how lang that euir it be;
Quhairtill that tyme richt glaidlie grantit he,
And mekill mair of priuilege thame gaif,
No tha desyrit in the tyme to haif.

[1] In MS. *This.* | [2] In MS. *thair.*

Ouir all Scotland quhen that this cace wes knawin,
As suddantlie sic thing will sone be schawin,
Richt mony Scottis, as my author schew,
In that beleif agane for to reskew
Thair libertie out of thair fais hand,
Convenit hes togidder in ane band.
That samin tyme, as my author did sa,
Schir Johne of Randell that erle wes of Murra,
In all his tyme rycht vailȝeant till advance,
Fra king Dauid he come hame out of France,
Into ane schip vpoun the se sailland,
Onto Dumbartane quhair that he tuke land.
The lord Stewart that tyme did him ressaue
With all honor that sic ane lord suld haue,
And schew till him of all thing ill and gude,
And of the chance of Scotland how it stude,
In sic beleif as tha war of the new
Thair libertie agane for till reskew,
Traistand richt weill had tha ony supple,
That all sic thing wes richt abill to be.
This erle of Murra quhen he wnderstude
The strenth, the power, and the fortitude,
With the lord Stewart in that tyme he saw,
Bad him be glaid and stand no dreid nor aw.
Sayand to him he wnderstude and knew
Rich[t] eith it wes agane for till reskew
Thair libertie out of thair fais hand,
Alss far that tyme as he culd wnderstand ;
Beseikand him to tak auctoritie
In that mater and afald ay till be.
And so he did sone efter ane schort quhile,
All Cliddisdaill with Cunninghame and Kyle,
And all Renfrow, rycht glaidlie with thair hart,
He causit thame to tak king Dauidis part;
Part on force he maid thame till obey,
And part on fauour that maid him no pley.

Schir Johnne Randell the gude erle of Murra,
That samin tyme, as my author did sa
With greit power passit till Abirdene,
To serch and se gif ony thair had bene
Of Scottis or Inglis, other ald or ȝing,
That dissobeyit gude Dauid the king.
Than secreitlie thair to him it wes schawin
Of Dauid Cuming, be freindis of his awin,
Richt solitar in ane place quhair he la ;
This Johnne Randell, as my author did sa,
With all his power passit him till persew.
This erle Dauid quhen he his cuming knew,
Into the tyme richt weill he wnderstude
He wes no partie to his multitude ;
Also the hous that tyme that he wes in,
Without defence and richt eith for to wyn ;
Lib. 15, f. 239. Col. 1. And for that caus he tuke purpois to flie
Onto ane place quhair he micht saiffer be.
The erle of Murray efter him fast foundis,
Quhill he him baneist out of all tha boundis
Onto Lochquhaber or euir he durst byde,
Quhair he wes fane him quyetlie till hyde
Into ane forrest without cumpany,
But meit or drink, or claithis into ly,
Quhair force it wes be content gif he wald
Eit herbis grene and drink the water cald ;
Syne for his bed, wnder ane buss or thorne,
Amang the girss sleip all nycht quhill the morne.
In sic distres ane quhile he leuit thair,
Quhill force it wes he micht do so na mair ;
And quhen he saw that na better micht be,
Onto erle Johne that samin tyme come he,
And pitieouslie doun of his kneis fell,
Beseikand him, for his saik hereit hell,
To haif petie and rew on him that tyme,
For he full soir forthocht his gilt and cryme.

This nobill erle that full of pitie was,
Out of that place or he wald forder pas,
Ressaiuit him onto the kingis grace,
And gart him sweir into that samin place
To king Dauid for all his tyme be trew,
For oucht micht happin efter on the new;
Syne leit him pas as he wes wont als frie,
Quhair that he wald at his awin libertie.
As I haif said, quhen all this thing wes done,
To lord Stewart passit this erle Johnne,
And schew to him of all thing mair and les
As he had done, and how the mater wes;
To Edinburch syne, as my author menit,
Tha passit baith quhair all the laif convenit
To king Dauid that tyme wes leill and trew.
In that counsall thir tua lordis of new,
The lord Stewart and the erle of Murra,
Maid governouris war baith that samin da.
That samin tyme gude Williame of Douglas,
Quhilk of befoir lang into presoun was,
Out of Ingland redemit wes of new,
That come to thame, as my author me schew;
Quhome of that tyme thir governouris war fane,
Quhen tha him saw baith haill and feir agane.
That samin tyme Alexander Ramsay,
Laurence Prestoun, and Johnne Hering alsway,
And Johnne also of Haliburtoun than,
Thir four knychtis with mony nobill man,
Onto the laif rycht glaidlie with thair hart,
Come than and swoir to tak king Dauidis part,
And for to hald him for thair prince and king.
Quhome tha ressauit with wordis bening,
Promittand thame onto thair lyvis end,
Aganis all deidlie thame for to defend.
Quhen this wes done thir governouris tha set
Ane conventioun in Darsy quhair tha met,

Quhilk wes the caus, als far as I haif feill,
For to devyiss thair for the commoun weill,
And other thingis that tha had till do.
Richt mony nobill come that counsall to:
Patrik Dumbar, Alexander Murra,
Williame Douglas, Alexander Mowbra,
Dauid Cuming of Athoill erle also,
Quhilk in the tyme that brocht with him far mo
Into compair na ony of the laif,
Or to his stait efferit for to haif.
The gouernouris and all the laif thair war,
Col. 2. At him thairfoir commouit wes richt far,
And blamit him quhy that he suld do so;
And for that caus, withoutin ony ho,
Skaillit that counsall than into ane greif,
And na thing done, adred of mair mischeif.
Sone efter syne, into the secund ȝeir
That all wes done as I haif schawin heir,
This ilk Edward of Ingland that wes king,
Quhen that he knew how done wes all this thing,
That in the tyme trew men did till him tell,
How Scotland than agane him did rebell,
With all the power that he doucht to be,
Baith be the land and also be the se,
With Edward Balliole that wes wnder his band,
That samin tyme he come into Scotland.
Ane hundreth schippis and auchtie, to conclude,
That samin tyme he furneist to the flude,
Quhilk into Forth, as my author did sa,
Arryuit all besyde Emonia,
Sanct Colmis Insche is callit now to name.
That halie place quhilk wes ay of greit fame,
And of religioun haldin ay the rois,
As the charbokill of all stonis the chois,
Thir pagane pepill without fidelitie,
In thair schippis war liand on the se,

Into that place tha landit on ane da,
And spulȝeit it, as my author did sa,
Of chaleis, crowat, and censuris also,
Corsis, chandillaris, and mony relictis mo,
Of siluer fyne nane better on the mold,
And vestimentis of birneist silk and gold,
And buikis, bellis, and nane better mycht be,
Syne with that spulȝe passit to the se.
Quhat wes the end quha lykis for to speir,
Tak tent to me and I sall tell ȝow heir.
Within schort quhile sone efter on ane da,
As tha war bownand for to pas thair wa,
Ane greit tempest thair hapnit in the se,
Of wynd and wall the fellest that micht be,
Quhilk brocht thame [hes] richt sone into ane blunder;
Sa mony saillis than war revin in schunder,
Throw the abundance of that bitter blast,
Richt mony schip that da faillit the mast.
The schippis all that tyme [baith] mair and myn,
Tha dround ilkane that the spulȝe war in
Into that place, withoutin ony reskew.
And all the laif that wnderstude and knew,
As be ressone sic thing mycht weill be kend,
It wes ane vengance fra the hevin doun send,
At the requeist of this ilk halie man
That aucht the place quhilk tha haid spulzeit than;
And for that caus, or than my author leis,
Devoitlie than ilkane vpoun thair kneis
Onto Sanct Colme that tyme tha vowit all,
Throw his supple, gif efter so did fall,
Out of that perrell that tha war maid fre,
Intill all haist alss sone as it mycht be,
The spulȝe all tha tuke fra him befoir,
The pryces of it tha sould agane rest

And thryis alss mekle thair with als, but leis ;
Incontinent with that the stour did ceis
Be this wes said that I haif said to ȝow,
And tha siclike completit syne thair vow.
In this same tyme, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
This king Edward he come into Scotland,
Lib.15, f.239b. Col. 1. And Edward Balliole in his cumpany,
With fiftie thousand bald men and hardie,
Onto Sanct Johnestoun onto the water of Tay ;
At his plesour lang efter quhair he lay,
With dalie forra sendand on euerie hand,
Quhilk spulȝeit hes about thame all the land
Of corne and cattell, and of insicht geir,
Like revaris erar no like men of weir,
For couetusnes that come sic thing to tak,
And nocht lyke weirmen conqueis for to mak.

How the Duke of Gilder come throw Ingland with Supple to King Edward, and how the Lord Stewart and Johnne Erle of Murra gaif him Feild, and wan the Feild, and tuke him self.

The duke of Gilder in that samin quhile,
Be land throw Ingland come richt mony myle
To king Edward with greit help and supple.
That samin tyme, bot gif my author lie,
The lord Stewart and Johnne erle of Murray,
Neirby the bordour met him be the way
With greit power that tyme, and gaif him feild,
Quhair all his men for the maist part war keild.
Him self alss fled with all his speid in hy
Onto ane castell that wes neirhand by,
Quhair that he wes ressauit all that nycht ;
Syne on the morne quhen that the da wes lycht
Thir tua lordis with litill sturt as than,
That ilk castell richt suddanelie tha wan,

And tuke this duke that tha fand thair intill,
As force it wes than to be in thair will.
Syne quhen tha ȝeid for to spulȝie the feild,
Tha fand liand thair deid wnder ane scheild
Ane man that tyme of richt greit quantitie,
On till ane gyand most liklie till be,
To say the suith, withoutin ony dreid.
And quhen he wes spulȝeit of all his weid,
Amang thame all as it wes weill kend than,
It wes ane woman suithlie, and no man,
In that battell, as mony men did knaw,
Formest in feild with ane hecht Richard Schaw
Hand for hand togidder that tha met,
And sic ane straik vpoun him sone scho set,
Quhill that scho feld him platlingis on that plane,
And ȝit sensyne he rais nocht vp agane.
So wounderfullie with hir handis scho wrocht,
That da hir deid richt mony deirlie bocht.
Thir governouris to purpois than tuke
Richt freindfullie to deliuer this duke
To his fredome, but ony vther chance,
For luif of Phillip that wes king of France;
Becaus tha knew that wont wes for to be
Betuix thame sic familiaritie.
And for that caus tha gart this ilk duke sweir,
In tyme to cum he suld do no moir deir
To Scottismen, quhair euir that he thame fand,
Syne gaif him licence to pas into Ingland.
Sir Johnne Randell, the governour also,
Him to convey that tyme did with him go,
Into his gait that he sould tak na skaith,
With few folk that wes betuix thame bayth.
His ennimeis, that did his cuming ken,
Conglobit war togidder in ane glen,

Seand [him] thair thai did him sone persew,
And tuke him than withoutin ony reskew,
Col. 2. Or ȝit supple of ony vther man,
And him deliuerit to king Edward than.
Erle Dauid Cuming, bellicois and bald,
Of his takking quhen that he hed hard tald,
Into his mynd that tyme he dred full soir,
As it did than, so sould it euirmoir
The victorie to king Edward inclyne;
And for that causs richt sone he passit syne
To king Edward sone efter on ane da,
At[1] Sanct Johnestoun with his armie that la,
And swoir agane thair laitlie of the new,
Euirmoir to him he sould be traist and trew,
And neuir agane, for vther weill or wa
That micht happin, suld his mynd him fra.
Than king Edward maid him lieutennand,
In his absence to governe all Scotland,
With haill consent of Edward Balliole als,
In tyme to cum sua he wald nocht be fals.
This beand done, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
And king Edward wes passit in Ingland,
Dauid Cuming with mekle bost and schoir,
New schot new bod quhair that he left befoir,
Begouth agane the Scottis till oppres,
Quhome of richt mony put in grit distres,
Into that tyme as weill in deid it schew,
Richt mony flemit and richt mony slew.
And mony als of his auctoritie,
Withoutin caus dishereist than hes he,
Into that tyme that tuke king Dauidis part;
Quhilk greuit hes richt mony at thair hart.
The erle of Marche, gude Patrik of Dunbar,
At him that tyme commouit wes richt far,

53,445 53,450 53,455 53,460 53,465 53,470 53,475

[1] In MS. *To.*

And send to him ane seruand haistelie,
Bad him think on of thingis wes gone by.
Sayand that tyme he had faillit far moir,
Na that he did quhen erle Randell befoir
Held him richt scharpe withoutin ony meit,
Quhair he wes fane the grene herbis to eit,
In steid of wyne syne drank the water cald.
Sayand to him without richt sone he wald
Ceis of sic thing, and lat oppressioun be,
And deill no moir with sic auctoritie,
And wald he nocht, he promeist him rycht plane
Within schort quhile he suld gart him be fane,
Thocht he war laith so greit ane lak to thole,
To hyde his heid in les nor ane mous hoill.
This erle Dauid thairat dirisioun maid,
For all his bost continewallie but baid
Ilk da be da the Scottis moir opprest,
And erast thame louit king Dauid best.
That samin tyme he laid ane seig for-thi
Onto ane castell callit Kildrymy,
Quhilk for that caus he did scharplie persew.
The erle of Merche quhen of that thing [he] knew,
With his colleg Alexander Murray,
And Williame Douglas, my author did say,
With all the power that tha doucht to be,
Tha come rycht sone to mak that hous supple,
And with battell the Cuming did persew.
Thocht tha of nummer that tyme war bot few,
Thair fais than of so greit multitude,
Ȝit neuirtheles thair curage wes so gude,
So laith tha war that tyme to be ouirthrawin,
Tha pat na dout bot all sould be thair awin.
Thir parteis baith, that stalwart wes and strang,
But victorie that tyme tha faucht rycht lang,
For-quhy the Cuming hed sic multitude,
The tother syde thair curage wes so gude,

Lib.15,f.240. Col. 1.

That tha thocht better all that da to die,
Out of the feild ane fitt or tha wald flie.
Richt lang in dout sua stude the victory,
Quhill the captain than of Kildrymmy,
Callit Johnne Craig, come with thrie hundreth men,
Agane the Cuming that wes eith to ken,
To erle Patrik he come in his reskew ;
Quhilk suddantlie the battell did renew,
And causit mony that war stout and strang,
Into that feild that fochtin had so lang,
Quhen that tha saw that na better micht be,
Richt suddantlie out of the feild to flie.
Dauid Cuming seand it wes so,
Or he that tyme suld be tane with his fo,
And in thair hand wnderly thair feid,
He chesit erar for to fecht to deid.
And so he did, as my author did sa,
Be the handis of ane nobill that da,
Quhilk callit wes Alexander Gordoun,
Ane man he wes of honour and renoun.
Into that feild wes slane that da also,
With Dauid Cuming vther nobillis tuo,
Walter Bryde and Robert Cuming als,
And mony mo, traist weill that is nocht fals.
Sir Thomas Cuming, ane hardy knycht of ane,
That samin da into the feild wes tane,
Quhilk efterwart till him it wes weill salt,
That on the morne wes heidit for his falt.
Robert Menzeis out of the feild he fled
To ane castell of his awin that he hed ;
Tha gouernouris, as that my author said,
Onto that hous richt suyth ane seig tha laid,
The quhilk tha wan with litill noy[1] or dyn.
Ane quhy thair wes so mony men thairin

53,515 53,520 53,525 53,530 53,535 53,540 53,545

[1] In MS. *nor.*

Without victuall war fled out of the feild,
Na vther wane into the tyme na beild,
And of tha tua wes neidful for to be,
Gif ouir the hous or than of hungar de. 53,550
This Robert Menzeis seand it wes so,
Gaif ouir the hous and piteouslie also,
Vpoun his kneis that tyme reuerently,
At tha lordis did grace and mercie cry.
The quhilk richt sone tha grantit than him till, 53,555
Quhen that tha had him so far in thair will;
Syne gart him sweir, for ald feid or for new,
To king Dauid that he sould ay be trew.
All beand done as ȝe haif hard me sa,
This nobill lord gude Andro of Murra, 53,560
Ane governour wes chosin in that cace,
To occupy the erle of Murrais place,
In Ingland than quhilk wes [ane] presoneir
Schort quhile befoir, as I haif said ȝow heir.
Gude Alexander that tyme of Murra 53,565
Departit wes, as my author did sa,
At Dumbartane throw greit infirmitie,
As plesit God and sua I think sould be.
This governour with mony nobill man,
Ane seig he laid to Couper castell than, 53,570
With all ingyne quhair of that thair wes neid,
ȝit neuirtheles he come but hulie speid.
Syne quhair he lay ane come till him and schew,
How all the Cumingis laitlie of the new
Convenit war togidder in ane band, 53,575
And had perturbit alhaill the north land.
Quhen that he hard thir tydenis of the new,
With all the nobillis that war till him trew,
Rycht sone that tyme in haist he sped him hidder,
Syne he and tha hes ȝokkit sone togidder 53,580 Col. 2.
In plane battell, and sone he wan the feild,
Quhair of his fais mony ane war keild.

Robert Cuming than he wes one of tho,
Williame Cuming, Thomas Calder also,
Thir thre thair deit that war men of gude,
And mony hundreth of that multitude.
Sone efter syne, throw that greit victory,
The north of Scotland but reclame or cry,
To king David assistit les and moir,
With als gude peace as euir tha had befoir.
This beand done the governour is gone
Onto Dundarg, that strang castell of stone,
Within litill travell syne the hous did wyn.
Henrie Quhitlaw that tyme that wes thairin,
To king Dauid wes ennimy and fo,
That samin tyme tha leuit him till go
In Ingland, thair still for to remane,
And neuir in Scotland for to cum agane.
The Inglismen ilkane, baith mair and myn,
Tha slew thame all that castell wes within.
To Lochindork ane strang castell of stane,
The narrest way syne efter is he gane,
Quhair that the wyfe of Dauid Cuming la,
And all his barnis at that samin da.
About that hous ane seig richt sone he sett,
Trowand he hed thame all into the net;
It wes nocht so, that hous it wes so strang,
That gart him ly about the hous rycht lang.
This ilk countes, that captane wes as than,
Richt quietlie ane secreit subtill man
Into Ingland to king Edward scho send,
And all hir cair scho hes maid to him kend;
How scho wes put to sic wander and wo,
Hir lord wes slane, hir self seigit also,
And gat scho nocht richt sone help and supple,
Without dout it wes force than to be
Scho and hir barnis that tyme but remeid,
Within that hous of hungar suffer deid,

Or than on force cum in hir fais will,
Quhilk and scho did it wald be twyss as ill.
King Edward than quhilk did this ladie rew,
Heirand that tyme the soir complaint tha schew,
For puir pitie of hir in poynt to spill,
And greit requeist the Balliole maid him till,
With greit power thair bayth be land and se,
Richt suddantlie in Scotland than come he,
To Lochindrak, with power mair and les,
For to releiss that ladie of distres.
This governour gude Andro of Murra,
About the hous that samin tyme that la,
Quhen that he knew perfitlie than and wist
This multitude he micht nocht weill resist,
With all his feiris far he fled awa,
Quhill efterwart that he micht se ane da,
Quhen euir it wes, gif that it stude in neid,
Of his purpois he micht cum better speid.
That is ane kynd alsueill of fortitude,
To flie in tyme, and men haif grace to dude,
As for to byde and tak thair aduenture,
Haiffand apperance for to wyn honour.
So [did] this lord, gude Andro of Murra,
Quhill efterwart he saw ane better da,
Quhilk wes wisdome and gritlie till allow.
No moir of this heir at this tyme as now.
King Edward than that houss quhen he come till, Lib. 15, f. 240 b. Col. 1.
This ilk ladie at hir plesour and will
He leit hir pas quhair lykit hir till go,
Syne stuffit hes that strang castell also
With men and meit, with armour gude and fyne,
With breid and beif, with gude aill and with wyne.
This beand done, syne into all Murra
He left no gude that micht be brocht awa;

And all the laif into greit tene and ire,
That biggit war, gart birne all in ane fyre.
Of men and wemen also sparit nane;
ȝoung or auld quhair tha micht be ouirtane,
Richt cruellie, without ony remeid,
Like doggis all tha put thame to the deid.
Richt so in Mar ouir all partis hes done,
To Abirdene syne passit hes richt sone,
Baith men and wemen put thame all to deid,
Burnand the toun and left nocht in that steid
Standand ane stane befoir thame thair wes fund,
Syne all the laif kest doun to the cald ground.
His navin als that enterit be the se,
Siclike vsit alss greit crudelitie
Baith vp and doun ouir all the partis of Fyfe,
With greit slauchter of men, barnis, and wyfe;
With fyre and blude, but stop or ȝit ganestand,
At thair plesour passit ouir all the land.
Sanct Colmis kirk within the se that stude
Into ane yle richt far within the flude,
Ane Inglis schip come to that ile ane da,
And spulȝeit all that plesand fair abba,
And all the spulȝe, quhilk that wes richt large,
That tyme tha tursit and pat in thair barge.
Withoutin grace tha war all immemoir
Of the vengeance wes send on thame befoir,
For siclike deid done to that halie place.
Tak tent and heir how hapnit syne the cace.
Be that this schip wes passit fra the yle
Within les space nor thre or four of myle,
Quhen that the wedder plesand wes and fair,
Without tempest or trubill in the air,
The se also richt plesand soft and sound,
That samin tyme the schip sank to the ground.
This king Edward, bot gif my author lie,
With all his power than till Perth come he

Quhilk in the tyme sic statutis maid and lawis,
Of that ilk toun to big agane new wawis ; 53,690
At ilkane port ane fair tour for to big,
Siclike also at the end of the brig.
And gaif command for to compleit it sone,
Of sax abbais expensis till be done,
Abirbrothok, Couper, and Drumfermling, 53,695
And Sanct Androis war deput to that thing,
Balmerinoch and Lundoris also.
Thir sax abbais withoutin ony mo,
Of thair awin cost, thocht tha war nothing fane,
Tha new wallis he gart big vp agane ; 53,700
And all the castellis cassin doun befoir,
Gart big agane ilkane baith les and moir.
Of Sanct Androis the castell on ane plane,
Wes cassin doun, he gart big vp agane,
And captane thairof maid Henrie Quhitlaw, 53,705
In Ingland flemit as ȝe hard me schaw,
Quhilk tratourlie agane his aith and band,
With king Edward that tyme come in Scotland.
And Lochris castell siclike biggit than,
And Henrie Farar ane borne Inglisman 53,710
Capitane he maid, as that my author schew ; Col. 2.
And of Stirling ane Williame Montacew,
Ane Norman wes, of Roxburch als than
Williame Feltoun quhilk wes ane Inglisman,
Quhilk knichtis all [wer] of greit power and pryde. 53,715
Schir Johnne Urquhard in the samin tyde,
Ane Inglis lord of landis lang and braid,
Of Sanct Johnestoun the greit captane he maid.
In this same tyme my storie tellis thus,
King Edwardis bruther, callit Heltamis, 53,720
Cumand his bruther Edward to supple,
And in the west of Scotland enterit he,

Quhair that he sparit nother ill no gude,
Scottis or Ingliss baith with fyre and blude.
In Carrik, Kyle, and Cuninghame also,
In Galloway and mony landis mo,
That cruell tirrane, in his tene and ire,
Distroyit all with slauchter and with fyre.
All febill folk that had infirmitie,
Quhilk for refuge onto the kirk did flie,
Of him that tyme gart no moir grace no girth,
No tha that[1] furth in prophane feild and firth.
This cruell tirrane that tyme on ane da,
In Lesmahago, as my author did sa,
Ane thousand pepill quhilk that soir him dred,
Quhilk to the kirk for girth that tyme that fled,
This cruell tirrane, in his tene and ire,
Richt suddantlie gart set the kirk in fyre.
With armit men syne set it round about,
And neuir ane that tyme he leit cum out
Within that kirk of ill and gude that was;
Quhilk kirk and men and all war brint in as.
Quhat wes the end quha lykis for to knaw,
Tak tent to me and I sall to ȝow schaw.
This Hiltamis, of all vertu disert,
Come to his bruther quhair he wes in Pert,
Trowand with him to be ressauit weill.
This king Edward, the quilk that had ane feill
How he had done and of his tirranye,
He fand him than at thair meitting rycht drye,
The quhilk wes in the tempill of Sanct Johne,
Quhairin the tyme this king Edward rycht sone
Repreuit him of his crudelitie
To Crissin men without humanitie;
Nocht that he had sic compatiens of tho,
Bot that he sparit nother freind nor fo.

[1] In MS. *thair*.

This tirrane than, to vnhap ay wes abill,
Him ansuer maid that wes intollerabill;
Quhairfoir the king ane dager sone he drew,
Quhairwith this tirrane in the kirk he slew
At the hie altar, askand God na leif;
Sic girth he gat as he wes wont to geif.
King Edward syne sone efter on ane da,
With Edward Ballioll passit hame awa
Into Ingland, as plesit him than best,
Efter lang travell to tak eis and rest.
That samin tyme, as my author did schaw,
That mensworne tratour Henrie Quhitlaw,
Agane the aith that he had maid befoir,
With all injuris that tyme les and moir,
Invaidit hes, as my author did mene,
All that wes in the battell of Kilblene,
Quhair erle Dauid Cuming than wes slane,
With grit oppressioun euerie da and pane;
And all thair freindis for thair saik also,
In sindrie landis flemit hes till go.
The gouernour, gude Andro of Murra,
Quhen that he knew, as my author did sa,
That king Edward wes passit in Ingland,
Richt scantlie than, without ony ganestand, Lib.15,f.241. Col. 1.
He tuke the feild for to defend his richt,
With bernis bald that worthie war and wicht.
Suppois of nummer than tha war bot few,
Ilkone to vther that tyme wes so trew,
And to thair captane had thame for to gyde,
With hie curage so full of pomp and pryde,
Richt dangerus wes with sic men to deill,
Amang thameself that wes so trew and leill.
Syne to Kinclevin he tuke the narrest way,
That strang castell that standis upone Tay,
With litill sturt that same castell he wan;
Syne to the erd he kest it all doun than.

Quhen that wes done into the Mernis did pas,
On to Kilnyf ane fair castell that wes ;
That hous he wan and kest doun to the ground,
Syne to Dunnotter in the tyme did found,
And wan the hous evin at his awin desyre ;
Quhen he had done syne set the house in fyre.
That samin tyme, as my author did sa,
The Mernis, Angus, and all Gowria,
The Stormont als, fra the eist to the west,
With baith the parteis rycht soir war opprest ;
Sum for the tone and sum als for the tother,
Wes neuir ane that sparit than ane vther.
Quhill at the last, as that my author schew,
The Scottismen to sic power tha grew,
With thair captane, gude Andro of Murra,
Sone efter that at Panmur on ane da,
Thair with the Sutheroun in ane feld tha met ;
I can nocht tell gif thair the feild wes set,
Bot weill I wait the Scottis wan the feild,
Quhair mony Sutheroun in the tyme wes keild,
With thair captane sir Harie of Starkhill,
New out of Ingland that wes cume thame till,
And foure thousand als of thair multitude
Deit that da with mony men of gude.
This gouernour, gude Andro of Murra,
Quhen this wes done sone efter on ane da,
For to exerce the victorie he wan,
In Fyfe he come with mony nobill man ;
And all the strenthis that wes Fyffe within,
That samin tyme with litill force did wyn,
Syne to the erd he kest thame doun ilkone,
Except Couper that strang castell of stone.
Quhen to king Edward all this thing wes kend,
Into Scotland tua greit oistis he send,

In sindrie partis ordand thame till go;
Williame Talebote gydit ane of tho.
In his cuming gude Williame Keith him met,
In plane battell ilkone on vther bett;
The Scottismen so bald war and hardy,
That force it wes the Inglismen to flie,
Sa mony of thame in that feild war slane;
Thairfoir the laif no langar wald remane,
Bot fled richt fast agane in thair awin landis,
And left thair captane in his fais handis,
That in the tyme wist nother of but no beild,
Quhill he on force wes tane in to that feild.
The tother ost that mekill wes of pryde,
Sir Richart Starkhill had that tyme to gyde,
Quhome with siclike gude Laurence of Prestoun,
With his collig sir Robert of Gordoun,
In plane battell hes met vpoun ane mure.
Thir stalwart Scottis that war stout and sture,
Into that stour thair straikis wer so strang,
So dourlie als vpoun thair fais dang,
Quhill that thair captane in the feild wes slane;
And all the laif that did with him remane,
For to debait him in that stalwart stryfe,
Richt few away than chaipit with thair lyfe.
That samin tyme the erle of Arondale
And Salusbery withoutin ony fail,
With greit power come out of Ingland far,
And seigit hes the castell of Dumbar,
And at that seig, as my author did sa,
With greit prouisioun half ane ȝeir tha la.
The countes als, Blak Anneis hecht to name,
Ane trew ladie without blek or blame
Ay to hir prince, but ony falt or cryme,
Into that hous wes captane all that tyme.
Richt manfullie, as it wes rycht weill kend,
Agane thame all the hous scho did defend.

53,830 53,835 53,840 53,845 53,850 53,855 53,860

Col. 2.

Quhen with ane sow that did assaill the wall,
Out at ane wyndo loud than did scho call,
" Quhat do ȝe now? I se ȝe do bot daf.
" For that same sow I haif ordand sic draf,
" Thocht scho be neuir of sic price and pryde,
" Sall gar hir ferrie sone at the midsyde."
Than pik and tar, talloun and brynt stane,
In ane veschell wes moltin all in ane,
Vpoun that sow richt suddantlie leit fall,
Quhilk enterit in betuix hir and the wall,
And scaldit hes richt mony than to deid
Within the sow; and syne aboue hir heid,
Vpoun that sow greit stonis leit doun fall,
That brak hir sone all into pecis small,
And slew thame all within hir that wes than,
Quhairin thair wes[1] full mony nobill man,
Quhilk of befoir maid mony vowis hie,
With that same sow to wyn the hous or die.
The countas than that stude vpoun the wall,
Vpoun tha captanis loud than did [scho] call,
" Tak in this sow, gude erle of Salusbery,
" Befoir hir tyme ouir lang hes gart ferry;
" Tak thow the grysis to thi self and eit,
" Tha will nocht gane for Scottis mennis meit,
" So delicat all tyme ar of thair mow,
" Tha luif na grysis of ane Inglis sow."
With sic confusioun, my author did sa,
Tha left the hous and passit hame thair wa.
The governour, efter that tha war gone,
Tua castellis stude on tua cragis [of] stone,
Edinburch and Striuiling that war strang,
Thir tua castellis he seigit hes richt lang;
Bot all for nocht; he come no speid as than,
Within [thair] war sa mony nobill man.

[1] In MS. *wes wes.*

And quhen he saw that he culd nocht prevaill,
He left the hous and leit the seiging faill.
Syne efter this into the nixt ȝeir,
That this wes done as I haif said ȝow heir,
Ouir all Scotland thair hapnit for to be
Sic darth, sic hungar, sic penuritie,
Of meit and drink, that mony, but remeid,
That tyme of hungar sufferit hes the deid.
For-quhy the landis throw the weir befoir
Wnoccupeit war all baith les and moir,
Distroyit war all bowis, flokis and fie,
Quhilk wes the caus of that penuritie.
Now harkin and heir quhat aduenture befell:
The Inglismen, as my author did tell,
Hed Couper castell in keiping that da,
In falt of victuall on the nycht awa,
Richt quyetlie out of the houss tha stall,
That samin nycht on to ane ferry all,
Quhilk Denybrissis callit than that wes,
In that purpois attouir Forth than to pas. Lib.15, f.241b. Col. 1.
To that same ferry syne quhen tha come till,
The ferriar, in magir of his will,
Out of his bed at midnycht gart him ryis.
The ferrear, that subtill wes and wyiss,
Quhen that he saw that na better micht be,
With thame richt sone he passit to the se.
In mid water at thame he askit fraucht;
Said ane, "ȝow[1] sall haif all that euir we aucht;"
And with his fist vpoun the face him sinet.
And he agane, "Gramercy, gentill met!
"Haif ȝe na fraucht vther to gif me?
Gif it be so, the laif sall all be fre."
ȝit neuirtheles he thocht rycht sone to haif
Ane trew mendis for him and all the laif.

[1] In MS. *of ȝow.*

And so it wes, as ȝe sall efter heir,
Of that ferrie the fraucht wes than ouir deir.
On the south syde, ane grit space fra the land,
Thair lyis thair ane mekle bed of sand,
At the law water wil be hard and dry,
On euerie syde lattand the flude go by;
Syne at the flowing of the sand richt hie,
The watter growis to ane deip mane se.
The se that tyme begynnand wes to flow;
This ferriar, quhilk did baith saill and row
With all his speid quhill he come to that sand,
Syne said to thame that that wes the mane land:
Out of the boit quhair tha passit ilkone.
The ferriar, quhen he saw tha war gone,
Turnit his cours and left thame on the sand;
Syne in all haist come hame to the north land.
Syne efter that tha sleipit all wnsound,
Lang or da licht thair war tha ilkane dround.
That samin tyme, or richt sone efterwart,
Ane man of gude that callit wes Robert,
With Inglismen that tyme haldin wes he
Within the castell in captiuitie,
Of Edinburch, quhilk dalie wrocht rycht soir
At the stane barrow quhill he mycht no moir.
So soir laubour becaus that he forsuik,
The captane than vpoun the heid him tuik
With ane greit club vpoun the richt of his croun,
Quhill that the blude on to his heillis ran doun.
This ilk Robert, quhilk wes ane man of gude,
Commouit wes quhen that he saw his blude,
And contempnit as he had bene ane knaif,
Thinkand thairof ane mendis for to haif,
Quhen euir it wes that he his tyme mycht se.
Ȝit neuirtheles richt sober than wes he,
Without murmure as he war nocht to mene,
And wrocht all da as he had hyrit bene.

Richt sone efter this captane maid him boun
Vpoun ane da and passit to the toun;
This ilk Robert for that same caus and quhy,
Sone efter him he followit quietly.
The toun that tyme, as it wes eith to ken,
Inhabit wes all ouir with Inglismen,
And biggit wes about all in the tyme
With stark wallis war maid with stane and lyme.
This ilk Robert, of quhome befoir I spak,
Richt quietlie behind the captanis bak,
On the hie gait into the thikkest thrang,
Ane knyfe he drew that wes bayth scharp and lang,
Wnwittand than, withoutin ony reskew,
Quha it suld be, this ilk captane he slew;
Syne doun throw the gait outthrow the thrang he ȝeid,
Out of the toun syne passit with gude speid
To Williame Douglas, quhair he wes neir hand,
And all this mater leit him wnderstand, Col. 2.
Schawand to him, ilk word be word in plane,
How the captane of the castell wes slane;
The Inglismen als in the toun that la,
Sic gluttony tha vsit nicht and da,
Sic carting, dysing, hurdome, and harlatrie,
Nychtlie but watche ȝeid to thair bed to ly.
Quhairfoir he said, and he wald mak him boun,
He micht richt sone get entrie in the toun
With litill sturt, it wes of so small strenth.
This gude Douglas, quhen he hard at lenth
As he had said, than schortlie to conclude,
That samin nycht with ane greit multitude
Onto the toun richt haistilie him sped,
And enterit in quhen all man wes in bed,
Except the watchis quhilk that war rycht few.
Tha watchis all that samin tyme he slew,

Syne on the gait, "fyre! fyre!" he gart cry;
The Inglismen into thair bed did ly,
Trowand that tyme the toun had bene in fyre,
Richt haistelie, withoutin ony hyre,
Vp that tha raiss quhair tha la in thair bed,
With all thair speid on to the gait tha sped.
The Douglas men that stude vpoun the gait,
With bricht brandis reddie to mak debait,
At cloiss heidis, withoutin ony reskew,
As tha come furth richt mony man tha slew.
And so tha wrocht ane lang part of the nycht,
With greit slauchter quhill it wes neir da lycht,
Syne at the last the commoun bell than rang.
The Douglas than, that tareit hed so lang,
Out of the toun than haistilie him sped
But ony skaith, with the honour he hed.
Sone efter this schir Andro of Murra
Departit hes, as my author did sa,
In the northland throw seiknes suddanly;
Syne grauit wes that tyme in Rosmarky,
The ȝeir of God ane thousand and thretty,
Thre hundreth ȝeir and aucht than war gone by.
Than with consent of lordis and all the laif,
Alhaill the cuir to lord Stewart tha gaif;
The quhilk he vsit in king Dauidis name,
Continewallie ay quhile he come hame.
Thocht he wes ȝoung, his tyme he did weill steir;
He and the Douglas in that samin ȝeir,
The Inglismen that tyme tha baneist haill,
With grit slauchter, out of all Nethisdaill,
Of Tiuidaill, and out of Tueddall als;
Neuir ane tha left thairin that tha fand fals.
Ane callit Barcla wes ane Inglisman,
With grit power, as my author said, than
Cumand that tyme the Scottis till resist;
This lord Stewart, thairof that nothing wist,

54,005 54,010 54,015 54,020 54,025 54,030 54,035

With few feiris of aduenture him met
Into ane place quhair that no tryst wes set,
Quhair he wes chaist without[1] ony reskew,
And all his men for the most part tha slew,
Except richt few, into that samin place:
Him self chaipit throw aduenture of cace.
Sone efter syne that done wes all this thing,
Ane Inglisman, hecht Johne of Striuiling,
With the lord Stewart straik ane litill feild,
Quhair he wes chaist and mony of his keild.
The lord Stewart, as my author did sa,
Grit honour wan of that carmusche that da,
And mekle mair within ane litill space.
Sone efter that it hapnit him of cace
With small power rydand furth the way,
This[2] Striuiling, of quhome ȝe hard me say,
With far ma power hes him vmbeset
Into ane place togidder quhair tha met.
The lord Stewart seand him so arrayit,
Into his hart sum thing he wes affrayit;
No farlie wes at sick thing for to be,
Bot ȝit for that he thocht nocht for to fle,
Bot gaif thame feild suppois he wes bot few,
And in that feild threttie of thame he slew,
And tuke fourtie that tyme levand in hand.
Thair captane fled and durst no langar stand
To mak debait, bot tuke the flicht in hy,
And quhair awa that can nocht weill tell I.
Williame Douglas, of strenth and high curage,
The strang castell callit the Armetage,
In Liddisdaill, richt manfullie he wan,
Excludand thair fra mony Inglisman.
That samin tyme or than neirhand by,
This Williame Douglas, warnit be ane spy,

54,040 54,045 54,050 54,055 54,060 54,065 54,070

Lib. 15, f. 242. Col 1.

[1] In MS. *with.* [2] In MS. *Thir.*

Richt mony cart and hors of cariage,
With victuall all and mony to pay wage,
War cumand than, as my author did sa,
On till ane oist neirby Melross that la;
This ilk Douglas without payment for nocht,
That same cariage all into Scotland brocht.
And that same day as he did cum hame by,
With ane callit Williame Abirnethy
Fyve tymes faucht, and four of thame he tynt;
The fyft he wan, quhair[in] he had hynt
This Abirnethy, syne with greit honour
He presentit him wnto the governour,
Quhilk that he send, or he gat ony sleip,
To Dumbartane to that castell to keip.
This ilk Douglas sic fortoun hed and chance,
The gouernour that same tyme send in France
To king Dauid, greit mater for to speid,
Bot quhat it wes I can nocht schaw in deid.
Sone efter syne this nobill governour,
With mony lord that wes of greit honour,
To San[c]t Johnestoun tha tuke the narrest way,
To seig that toun the quhilk that stude on Tay.
In four partis diuydit syne hes he
All that greit oist be his auctoritie:
Till ane Home, thocht most worthie for to haif,
The erle of Merche ane of tha feildis gaif,
To keip his men that nane of thame suld lois.
The nixt he gaif syne to the erle of Ross;
The erle of Murray hed the thrid to gyde;
With him awin self the fourt ordand to byde.
About that toun lang at that seig tha la
But ony hoip, as my author did sa;
The Inglismen in the toun that wes,
Maid sic defence and ouir the wall leit pas
Richt mony arrow and richt mony stone,
Causand the Scottis fra the wall till gone,

With sic defence ay quhen it stude in neid,
Quhairfoir the Scottis come richt hulie speid.
That samin tyme, throw fortoun and gude chance,
This Williame Douglas he come out of France
Fra king Dauid with mony bow and speir,
With greit prouision maid for men of weir,
Harnes and hors, and waponis als at will,
Wantand nothing that neidfull wes thairtill;
Gold and siluer and wyne in abundance,
In thair defence send fra the king of France.
The Scottismen, as I find in my buik,
Of his cuming so greit confort tha tuke,
At Sanct Johnestoun quhilk at the seig than la,
Befoir in purpois for till cum awa,
Syne quhen tha hard of his cuming agane,
Changit thair mynd and still thair did remane.
This Williame Douglas of sic nobill fame,
Incontinent efter that he come hame Col. 2.
Couper castell with litill sturt he wan;
Quhairin thair wes bot verrie few as than,
For-quhy the laif for hunger les and moir,
Had left the hous as I schew ȝow befoir;
And syne to Ingland as tha all did found,
On ane sand bed within the se wes dround.
Williame Bullok, that wes ane Inglisman,
Quhilk of that hous wes capitane as than,
And als befoir had keipit it richt lang,
This Williame Douglas levit him till gang,
And all his gude, withoutin hurt or skaith,
Into Ingland with wyfe and barnis bayth.
The Scottismen that tuke this Bullokis part,
Quhen this wes done tha come sone efterwart
To that Douglas, and swoir thame of the new
Till king Dauid agane euir till be trew.
This beand done, quhilk wes of sic valour,
He passit syne onto the governour,

Incontinent sone efter on ane da,
To Sanct Johnestoun quhair at the seig he la.
Of his cuming that tyme tha war so blyth,
On to the toun ane salt tha set richt swyth,
And sic ane bikker at the wallis maid,
With gun and ganȝe, and with arrowis braid,
And all ingyne that neidfull war thairtill;
And tha within also with egir will
Had maid defence, quhill that on euerie syde,
Rycht mony man buir werkand woundis wyde.
The Scottismen so worthie than that was,
Sa mony arrow ouir the wall luit pas,
Within the toun sa mony hurt and slew,
The captane seand that he had na reskew,
Thomas Uter, the quhilk to name that hecht,
Seand his men so fulȝeit in that fecht,
And of that conditioun ouir the toun he gaif,
To saue him self richt so and all the laif,
With wyfe and barnis and thair gude also,
Frelie in Ingland for to lat thame go.
All thair desyre, with hartlie mynd and will,
The governour content wes to fulfill,
And lat thame pas withoutin ony sturt
Quhair euir tha list, but ony harme or hurt.
This beand done as ȝe haif hard me say,
To Stirling toun he tuke the narrest way;
This governour, of quhome befoir I said,
To that castell richt sone ane seig he laid.
Thomas Fultre thairof that captane wes,
Gaif ouir the hous to gif him leif to pas
Into Ingland sone with his gude awa.
Efter the seig vpoun the auchtane da,
Off Edinburch into that samin quhile,
The castell wan with ane richt subtill wyle.
Gude Williame Douglas that wes bald and wicht,
In all his tyme wes nocht ane better knycht,

So manfullie his tyme that he did steir,
And how it wes tak tent and ȝe sall heir.
Ane nobill man wes callit Walter Touris,
Ane friend all tyme wes of the gouernouris,
And with the Douglas richt speciall wes he,
And alss weill louit as ane man micht be;
This ilk Walter he passit to the fame
With ane fair schip, as he war new cum hame
Out of France with mekle riche wyne,
Straik in the raid,[1] and to Leith passit syne
Into ane boit richt honest weill besene,
Ane riche merchand as he that tyme hed bene.
To Edinburch syne tuke the narrest way, Lib. 15, f. 242b. Col. 1.
Syne to the castell also that same day,
And buir with him tua bostis of gude wyne,
Baith stark and freche, delicious and rycht fyne,
And gaif the capitane of the wyne to preif;
Sayand to him, and he wald gif him leif,
Without trubill for to sell all the laif,
Of that same wyne tua tunis he suld haif
For his gude will, and neuir ane penny pa.
This ilk captane heirand that it wes sua,
Content he wes, for-quhy all that same ȝeir
Baith meit and drink and all thing wes so deir,
In Scotland, Ingland, all thing wes so scant,
That mony one deit for verra want,
And mony als, as that my author sais,
Eit doggis and cattis for falt of meit tha dais.
And for that caus content richt weill wes he,
And also blyth that tyme as he micht be,
For-quhy that tyme of sic thing he had falt,
With mekle mister baith of meill and malt.

[1] In MS. *rand.*

Thairfoir he wes of that proffer rycht fane,
Settand ane tryst quhen he suld cum agane
Vpoun the morne syne be the da wes lycht,
Syne tuke his leif and than bad him gude nycht.
Syne to his schip alss gudlie as he mocht
He sped him sone, and out of hir he brocht
Tua grit tunnis that war baith lang and wyde,
War fillit full of water in the tyde,
On tua cartis on to the castell fuir.
Than with ane wricht that had thame into cuir,
Onto the ȝet tha come richt sone in hy,
And fand the portar at the ȝet reddy,
That of tha portis knew richt weill the gyn,
Opnit the ȝettis and leit [1] the wyne cum in.
As of befoir diuysit wes to be,
The samin wricht that subtill wes and sle,
Of baith the cartis evin into the ȝet,
Syde for syde ilk ane be other set,
The extreis gart brek in pecis small,
And baith the tunnis in the ȝet doun fall,
Quhilk leit the ȝettis that tyme for to clois.
Williame Douglas, of cheualrie the chois,
With mony kene man in his cumpany,
Into that tyme wes buskit neirhand by.
This samin wricht of quhome befoir I spak,
Alss sone as he saw the extreis bayth brak,
Bakwart he ran with mony stop and stend,
Sayand he wald ga get treis to mend
Tha tua cartis for to turs in the wyne,
And to the Douglas sped him sone on syne,
And schew to him how that that thing wes done.
This gude Douglas than sped him on rycht sone
With mony berne that war bayth bald and wycht,
Befoir the ȝettis quhair tha all did licht,

[1] In MS. *the leit.*

Syne suddantlie assailȝeit hes the ȝet.
The portaris all than manfullie thame met
To keip the port, thair wes na other chois,
For-quhy the cartis wald nocht lat the ȝettis clois,
And tha tua tunnis in the cartis that la;
In thair defence thair wer tha slane that da,
The portaris all richt sone and suddantly.
The laif within heirand sic noyis and cry,
Tha knew full weill that sum tressoun wes wrocht,
Bot how it wes rycht weill than wist tha nocht,
Quhill that tha saw richt mony armit man
Within the ȝet, richt weill tha wist all than
That all wes wrang, and fled fra hous till hous,
As fra ane cat dois ane chaissit mous;
Syne tuke the hicht on touris to defend, Col. 2.
Bot all in vane, it micht thame nocht amend.
The Scottismen so hardie war and bald,
Tha slew of thame als mony as tha wald;
Syne all the laif gart loup attouir the wall,
And brek thair banis into pecis small.
Quhen this wes done as I haif said ȝow heir,
Ouir all Scotland than other far or neir,
Thair wes nocht left that ony wist of than,
Than ill or gude levand ane Inglisman,
Or ȝit ane Scot, that durst mak ony pley,
Bot to king Dauid ilkone did obey.
The governour for that same caus and quhy,
Ane generall counsall in the tyme gart cry,
Quhair all the lordis convenit togidder.
Amang thame all quhen tha war cumin hidder
Proponit hes, quhairof tha war content,
For king Dauid richt sone incontinent
To send in France, and bring him hame agane,
Quhairof that tyme war all content and fane.

How King Dauid come in Scotland out of France, and landit at Innerbervy with his Quene that fair ladie.

Syne sone in France ane ambaxat wes send,
And quha that wes it is nocht to me kend.
Quhilk ambaxat, as my author did sa,
In France tuik land sone efter on ane da.
Syne to king Dauid come that tyme and schew
Thair haill credens ; than quhen he hard and knew
How Scotland wes in sic tranquillitie,
Als blyth he wes as ony man micht be,
And of the message also that tha brocht,
Oft thankand thame als gudlie as he mocht,
And gratius God that had send him sic chance.
So did Phillop the nobill king of France,
Ressauit thame with mony riche reward ;
Gold nor siluer with thame wes nocht spaird,
The leist ane man as efferit to haif,
Rewardit wes than be the werst ane knaif.
Syne king Dauid with greit nobillitie,
And of king Phillop with greit help and supple,
And triumph [als], is passit to the fame ;
Sone efter syne into Scotland come hame,
At Innerbervie quhair he tuke the land,
Thair with his quene that fair wes and plesand.
The nobillis all of Scotland far and neir,
Of his cuming als sone as tha did heir,
Richt so the pepill that tyme les and mair,
With greit triumph tha come and met him thair,
Welcumand him with all humanitie ;
Als blyth tha war of him as tha micht be,
Traistand be him to leif in peax and rest,
Withoutin trubill quhill his tyme mycht lest.

Weill ma ȝe wit the pepill les and moir,
Hes bene subjectit sa lang of befoir,
Traistand for euir to haif thair libertie,
Tha war alss blyth as neidfull wes to be.
Syne to Sanct Johnestoun with the lordis past,
Thair to remane ane litill and tak rest,
Him to refresche in lang travell had bene,
At his plesour with Johanna his quene.
That samin tyme Alexander Ramsay,
Quhilk callit wes of knychtheid flour that day,
Quhen that he hard king Dauid ouir the fame
Fra France to Scotland saiflie wes cum hame,
Weill ma ȝe wit he wes blyth of that thing;
And for the plesour that tyme of the king, Lib. 15, f. 243. Col. 1.
Into Ingland with greit power raid
Of bernis bald, and waill greit heirschip maid.
Of Salusberrie the nobill erle that tyme,
Thinkand he sould be lampit in the lyme,[1]
And mak rekning for all that he had tane,
Or he past by, be the leist kow ilkane,
This nobill erle vpoun the bordouris la,
With greit power, quhilk wardane wes that da,
Hes vmbeset the Ramsay in his gait.
This ilk Ramsay that schupe to mak debait,
His haill armie hes partit into tua;
The half of thame, as my author did sa,
Into ane glen richt clois he gart thame hyde,
Still in that place but ony noy till byde
Onto the tyme that he maid thame ane sing,
And se tha suld tak gude tent to sic thing,
And suddantlie with ane greit schout and crak,
In gude ordour behind thair fais bak
Enter[2] richt sone with mony schout and cry,
And quhill that tyme richt quiet thair to ly.

[1] In MS. *lyne.*

[2] In MS. *Enterit.*

The Inglismen quhen tha the Scottis saw
So few tha war, of thame tha stude na aw,
Quhen thair number wes to thame kend and knawin,
Trowand but straik that all sould be thair awin,
And suddantlie set on thame with ane schout.
The Scottismen, as tha had bene in dout,
Dissimuland as tha richt soir adred,
In gude ordour richt far abak tha fled
Ane weill lang space, quhill that tha passit by
The samin place quhair all the laif did ly;
Syne manfullie the Scottis on that plane,
Turnit thair face to thair fais agane,
And gaif thame feild suppois tha war rycht few.
With that ane Scot ane mekle buggill blew,
Quhilk causit thame that la into the slak,
In gude ordour behind thair fais bak,
Out of the glen that tyme quhair thai[1] did ly,
To enter sone with ane greit schout and cry.
The Inglismen thocht thame self in grit dout,
Seand thair fais closand thame about,
So manfullie with so greit bost and schoir,
Behind thair bak and alss thair face befoir,
Traistand richt weill that tha mycht nocht sustene
Tha aufull Scottis cruell war and kene,
In contrair all the captanis that tha hed,
For that same caus out of the feild tha fled,
Sum heir, sum thair, and als sum to and fro,
Weill quhair awa tha wist nocht for till go.
The Scottis than quhilk closit thame about,
Tha tuke and slew, or tha leit thame wyn out,

[1] In MS. *that.*

Into the tyme als mony as tha wald,
Out of nummer that tyme micht nocht be tald.
Of Salusberrie the worthie erle also,
Wes tane that da and mony nobillis mo:
Of Werk the captane in the feild wes tane,
And of his suldeouris also mony ane.
Thairfoir this Ramsay als fast as he mycht,
Quhen he come hame with all power that nycht,
Ane seig richt sone to Wark castell laid,
And that same nycht, as that my author said,
He wan the hous with litill noy or dyn.
The Inglismen that tyme that wes thairin
For presoneris gart put amang the laif,
Syne stuffit the hous with all thing it suld haif;
Syne interchangit, as my author did say,
For Johnne Randell the gude erle of Murra,
Quhilk in Ingland as ȝe hard me record
Wes presoner, the nobill erle and lord
Of Salusberrie, tytast of ony vther;
The tane that tyme wes chosit for the tother.
All beand done as ȝe haif hard me sa,
This nobill erle, with him the gude Ramsa,
Passit to Perth quhair the king did remane,
Of thair cuming quhilk wes richt blyth and fane;
Sua wes all Scotland, suithlie for to record,
Of the hame-come of gude erle Johnne that lord,
Quhilk of befoir in presoun that lang baid,
And of the jornay that the Ramsay maid,
To Scotland wes honour and proffit baith,
To Ingland als greit lak with schame and skaith.
Thairfoir king Dauid schiref than him maid
Of Tiuidaill that wes baith lang and braid,
Of Roxburgh maid him captane also,
And gaif him alss rewardis mony mo.
I rew full soir that he wes than so nyiss,
This gude Ramsay befoir that wes so wyiss,

54,375 54,380 54,385 54,390 54,395 54,400 54,405

Col. 2.

I mervell mekle quhat that he suld mene,
So greit ane nobill for to circumvene,
And tak his rowme with sic hicht ouir his heid,
Gude Williame Douglas that aucht him na feid,
Bot louit him alss tender fra the splene,
As he his bruther or his son had bene.
Thairfoir I knaw, as eith is for to se,
Ouir greit desyre of ambitiositie
Causis richt mony ressoun for to tyne,
To appetyte ouir far syne to inclyne,
And subject than to sensualitie,
Quhilk bringis thame to sic miseritie
Sone efterwart, and in sic mortall feid,
That all his tyme dow nocht to mak remeid.
So wes the caice, as my author did sa,
That samin tyme of [this] ilk gude[1] Ramsa.

How Williame Douglas tuke it havie in his Hart that King Dauid sould haif preferrit Ramsay aboue him, and tane tha Landis quhilk was Williame Douglas and gevin to Ramsay, he beand to him so nobill and trew all his tyme.

Williame Douglas of quhome befoir I schew,
In all his tyme so nobill wes and trew,
This Tiuidaill the quhilk befoir that wan
Fra Inglismen and it in cuir had than,
Intill his mynd full havie that he buir,
That he befoir sic travell tuke and cuir,
Puttand him self sa oft into greit perrell,
Of king Dauid for to defend the querrell,
So lichtlie than had set him all to nocht,
The king befoir the quhilk so deir he boucht,

[1] In MS. *of gude ilk.*

So fremmitlie fro him that tyme he tuke,
And gaif ane lakar for till joy and bruke.
O king Dauid quhair wes thi wisdome than,
And thi kyndnes to sic ane nobill man
So oft for the stude into mony stryfe,
To lichtlie him for ony leid on lyfe,
Withoutin caus quhen that thow neidit nocht?
To tyne the tane the tother thow hes bocht;
Quhilk is most folie that is this warld within,
To tyne ane freind ane vther for to wyn,
Quhen thow vnbocht ma haif thi freindis bayth
With small reward, and do thi self na skayth.
So mycht king Dauid and he had bene wyiss,
Pleis thame baith [weill] than with ane rycht small pryis. Lib. 15, f. 243b. Col. 1.
I will no moir in this mater remane,
Bot to my storie turne I will agane.
Williame Douglas, of quhome befoir I spak,
In Hawik kirk sone efter he did tak
This gude Ramsay, for that same caus and quhy,
As he wes warnit tha[t] tyme be ane spy,
Syne in the castell of the Armetage,
In strang presoun, but ransoun or frelag,
This nobill man quhilk wes the moir pitie,
Withoutin reuth of hunger maid to die.
To king [Dauid] this wes ane havie cace,
So greit ane man without mercie or grace,
So nobill wes, so vyle ane deid till die,
In contemptioun of his auctoritie.
The tother als committit had the cryme,
So nobill wes and worthie all his tyme,
And for this king oft stude in mony stour,
In his defence and wan so greit honour,
Wisdome and reuth, gentres and kyndnes bayth,
Micht nocht suffer him to tak ony skaith.

Thocht justice said and als auctoritie,
This ilk Douglas hes seruit for to die,
Ȝit neuirtheles this Dauid that wes king,
Richt wyslie than considerit all that thing,
Sen so it was that he ane freind had lost,
He thocht than syne, and he agane had lost
Ane grittar freind for to revenge his deid,
Greit folie war for to seik sic remeid,
Consideerand of freindis in the dais
He had sic mister, as my author sais.
And for that caus, within ane litill space,
Ressauit hes the Douglas in his grace,
With all fredome and all auctoritie,
Siclike befoir as he wes wont till be,
At the requeist than of the governour,
Robert lord Stewart wes of greit honour,
And mony vther nobill wes and fyne,
Sayand greit harme the Douglas wes to tyne.
All beand done as I haif said ȝow heir,
King Dauid than befoir him gart compeir
His lordis all most circumspect and wyiss
Into the tyme befoir him till devyss,
First at quhat end war best for to begyn
Of his liegis the hartis all to wyn.
And first of all to thair freindis war slane
In Duplene battell, as I schew ȝow plane,
Richt greit reward and land in heretage,
Perpetuallie to thame and thair lynnage ;
To thair freindis at Halidone wes slane also,
Into that tyme with mony vther mo,
Gaif greit reward, spairand for na expens,
Of quhome the freindis deit in his defens.
And mony vther levand war siclike
Defendit had his croun and his kinrik,
Richt grit rewardis in that tyme thame gaif,
Ilkman as he had seruit for to haif.

King Dauid syne sone efter on ane da
All this wes done as ȝe haif hard me sa,
The erle of Murra that wes wyss and wycht,
With mony bald man all in armour brycht,
In Ingland send as ȝe sall wnderstand,
Quhilk hereit hes neir all Northumberland;
To birne and sla also tha spairit nocht,
Syne all the spulȝe hame in Scotland brocht.
Sone efter that without ony delay,
The king him self, as my author did say,
In Ingland passit richt far in ouir Tueid.
The Inglismen haifand of him sic dreid,
So greit power with him that tyme he hed, Col. 2.
Baith men and gude to strenthis all than fled,
And with sic power that tyme as tha micht
Dalie tha held thame in the Scottis sicht,
Keipand thair gude, nane suld be tane awa,
With greit defence, as my author did sa.
Fyve ȝoung knichtis king Dauid had new maid,
Vpoun ane nycht tha bownit to the raid,
In that beleif sum honour for to wyn,
And at thair names heir I will begin.
Stewart the first, the secund Eglingtoun,
Cragy and Boyd, the fyft hecht Fullartoun.
Thir fyve knichtis that wicht and hardie war,
Vpoun thair fais than followand ouir far,
Or euir tha wist, war circulit round about,
And tane all fyve thocht tha war neuir so stout:
Quhome king Dauid as weill to him it semit,
With greit ransoun that same tyme hes redemit.
And quhen he saw that he culd cum na speid,
The Inglismen of him that had sic dreid,
In strenthis la and maid so greit defence,
That he to thame micht do no violence,
No langar thair that tyme he wald remane,
Bot hame ouir Tueid he sped him sone agane.

All this that tyme of policie wes done,
In that intent to turne agane richt sone,
Quhen that his fais sould wnaduerteist be,
And skaillit war, richt sone and sua suld[1] he
With greit power sone enter[2] in agane.
So efter that thair wes so mekle rane
Continuallie, as my author did tell,
That sic ane tempest fra the hevin doun fell,
That force it wes, suppois he wes nocht fane
Thairof, richt sone for to cum hame agane.

How King Phillipe of France send for Supple to King Dauid to pas in Ingland, sua that King Edward sould leif the Seig of Caleis and defend his awin.

In this same tyme now that ȝe heir me sa,
The king of Ingland at Caleis he la,
Seigand that toun with mony nobill man;
The quhilk Phillip, that king of France wes than
Had into cuir and in his governing,
Ambassadouris send to Dauid the king,
Beseikand him his part that he wald tak,
With all supple that he micht to him mak,
Agane king Edward that wes ay his fo,
Desyrand him in Ingland for till go
With all the power that he doucht to be;
In that beleif king Edward said that he
Suld leif the seig and na forder pretend,
And syne pas hame his kinrik to defend.
Siclike that tyme as that my author schew,
Fra king Edward wes send than of the new
Ane seruand sone to king Dauid for peace,
Beseikand him fra all weiris to ceis,

[1] In MS. *did.*
[2] In MS. *enterit.*

And he agane suld gif Beruik him till,
And Edward Balliole als at his awin will,
Quhilk for his caus, as it mycht weill be prute,
The weiris all betuix thame tua wes mute.
Than king Dauid his lordis hes gart call,
Beseikand thame than of thair counsall all,
In sic ane dout quhat best is to be done ;
Than sum of thame hes ansuer maid rycht sone,
That wysast was and richt weill wnderstude
The ill in weir did far exceid the gude,
Said it wes best to lat all weiris be,
And leif in peax and greit tranquillitie ;
For proffert peax wes nocht for to refuss, Lib. 15, f. 244. Col. 1.
Quhilk with sic honour he that tyme micht vse.
Siclike also till him tha same men schew
His liegis war that tyme to thin and few,
And loissit had so mony nobill man
In tha weiris sen that tha first began,
That his power wald nocht extend thairtill.
Quhairfoir tha said, gif that it wes his will
To leve in peax and [in] tranquillitie,
Quhill efterwart quhen euir hapnit to be,
That ȝoung childer to age and stature grew,
And all thair strenthis did agane renew,
With polic[i]e and planesing ouir all,
With greit abundance baith in bour and hall.
For than thair wes so greit penuritie
Of gold and siluer, corne, cattell and fie,
Of houshald geir and of all vther thing,
Sic counsall than gaif wys men to the king.
Quhome to agane king Dauid him awin sell
Sic ansuer maid as my author did tell.
Sayand he war ouir far into the wrang
To gude Phillop that ludgit him so lang,
With all plesour that neidfull war to haif,
He wantit nocht quhat euir he list to craif,

Gif he till him than sould mak no supple,
Quhen it stude him in sic necessitie.
" Than micht he sa that I war richt wnkynd,
" And had forȝet all quyte out of my mynd,
" And all war tynt ilkane, baith les and moir,
" The gratituidis war done to me befoir."
Also he said, be vertu of the band
Betuix thair faderis that wes maid till [1] stand
For euirmoir without ony recry,
Quhairfoir, he said, he micht nocht weill deny
All his desyre and satisfie his mynd,
Without he war bayth fals and richt wnkynd.
To the legat of Ingland than belyve
Richt soune tha gaif ane ansuer negatyve;
Syne to the herald of king Phillip gaif
Deliuerance all his desyre till haif.
This beand done, king Dauid of his name
Ouir all Scotland richt planelie gart proclame,
That euerie man within ane certane da,
Suld reddie be on the best wyis tha ma;
And so thai war within ane lytill space
Convenit all at set da and at place.
That samin tyme thair hapnit for till be
Ane greit mischance and soir calamitie;
The erle of Ros, callit Dauid to name,
The Lord of Ylis, of greit honour and fame,
Vpoun ane nycht into his bed he slew,
For feid betuix thame, quhither ald or new
I can nocht tell quhilk of thame wes than,
And sevin greit nobillis of that lordis clan.
Syne on the morne, dreidand full soir for blame,
With all his hird to Ros he passit hame.
King Dauid than, for na trubill of that,
Of his veyage wald nother stop nor lat,

[1] In MS. *till.*

And he did so he thocht it war greit schame,
Defarrand all wnto his cuming hame,
Quhill efterwart that he his tyme micht se,
Of tha injuris for to revengit be.
And Williame Douglas, as my author sais,
Worthie and wyss that wes in all his dais,
Quhill of that ilk king Dauid hes him maid,
Gevand to him richt mony landis braid,
In Ingland syne, as my author did sa,
With all his power enterit on ane da,
Greit heirschip maid without ony demand
In all the partis of Northumberland. Col. 2.
It wes said than as I sall schaw ȝow heir,
Into the nycht Sanct Cuthbert did appeir
To king Dauid, be ane visioun in sleip,
Commandand him that he sould tak gude keip
Within his boundis for to do no ill;
And gif he did, promittand plane him till,
That he of him sic mendis suld gar tak,
Quhilk suld be till him baith greit skaith and lak.
Out of his sleip syne efter quhen he woik,
To that visioun richt litill tent he tuik,
Trowand that tyme it wes ane phantasie.
Vpoun the morne for that same caus and quhy,
Richt crabitlie, full of crudelitie,
That horribill wes other till heir or se,
Ouir all the boundis that wes lang and braid
Of Sanct Cuthbert richt greit distructioun maid,
With fyre and blude, that aufull wes till heir,
And sparit nother that tyme kirk no queir,
Preist or clerk, monk nor religious man,
So cruellie tha weiris he began.
Fra king Edward, as my author did sa,
Come furth of France that same tyme quhair he la,
Ane greit armie the quhilk wes fra him send,
With captanis his kinrik to defend.

Also with thame thair come ane messingeir
To king Dauid, the quhilk did him requeir
Out of his boundis haistelie to speid,
And wald he nocht on his awin perrell beid.
Promittand him sone efter he suld se
The hand of God for his crudelitie
He vsit had on mony gude kirkman,
And sacriledge quhilk he committit than,
Smyte him so soir as ressoun wald and richt,
Quhilk to resist passit his strenth and micht.
That samin tyme as ȝe sall wnderstand,
The lieutennand, erle of Northumberland,
Of Ingland wes, with mony cruell knycht,
And mony barroun intill armour brycht,
And commoun pepill that war out of nummer,
That samin tyme wes cumand than ouir Humber,
Neirby the place quhair that king Dauid la.
King Dauid than, as my author did sa,
His greit armie in thre partis diuydit.
The formest part he gaif for to be gydit
To the lord Stewart, his sister sone wes than,
And his colleg quhilk wes ane nobill man,
The erle of Marche, wnder thair gyde till go.
The secund part to vther erlis tuo,
Murra and Douglas, that traist men war all tyde;
Him self the thrid oist tuke that tyme to gyde.
Syne on the morne or ony come in sycht,
The erle of Douglas that wes wyse and wicht,
With mony kene man in his cumpany,
Past fra the oist ane greit space for to spy
Gif ony Sutheroun apperit in his sicht,
Or euir he wist, with mony cruell knycht,
Wes vmbeset and circulit so about,
Scant with lis lyfe he doucht for to wyn out;

And fiftie feiris of his thair war slane,
Him self als chasit to the oist agane.
Quhilk wes ane taikin of na gude that da ;
For oft befoir I haif hard wyvis sa,
Gif it be suith I can nocht say on deid,
That airlie spurning causis[1] rycht lait speid.
Be that the Sutheroun war all cuming in sycht,
With helmis cleir and mony basnet brycht,
And mony baner broderit weill about,
And mony schalme the quhilk rycht schill did schout.
King Dauid alss vpoun the tother syde, Lib.15.f.244b. Col. 1.
With standartis waiffand in the wynd full wyde,
Aboue thair heid that haldin wes on hicht,
Wes browdin all with birneist gold so bricht,
And mony trumpet into sindrie tune.
The Inglis archearis tuke the feild richt sone,
With big bowis into thair handis bent,
Thair scharpe schutting richt mony Scottis schent.
Ane nobill man that callit wes to name,
My author sais, that samin tyme Dauid Grahame,
On stalwart hors that wes baith swift and wicht[2]
He tuke with him all into armour brycht,
Syne in the feild enterit and maid ane fray,
The Inglis archearis to put out of array.
The Inglismen for that same caus and quhy,
That tyme on horss wes neirhand huifand by,
In the mid feild richt manlie hes him met,
And gaif him feild quhair he wes so hard set,
Scant with his lyfe past to the laif agane,
And of his men richt mony than war slane.
That wes ane taikin siclike of lytill gude,
So said thai all that tyme that thairby stude.

[1] In MS. *causit.*

[2] In MS. *wist.*

The Maner, Ordour, and Junyng of the Feild as hereafter followis.

Soon efter syne the greit battell did joyne,
Quhair mony saidill temit wes full sone,
And mony speris all in spaillis flaw,
And mony berne wes laid to lig full law,
And mony stalwart that wes strang and stout,
On force that tyme wes maid full law to lout.
Quha had bene thair for till haif sene that da,
Wald sone haif said it wes na barnis pla,
Quhen mony berne wes bald as ony boir,
Buir woundis wyde with sydis sowand soir.
Full mony heid wes hewin into schunder,
And all the bowellis buschit out wes wnder,
Quhilk for to se greit pitie wes and harme;
Sum but ane leg, and sum als but ane arme,
Sum but ane fit, and sum als but ane hand,
Liggand tha la sa law vpoun the land.
The lord Stewart and Patrik of Dumbar,
Thir tua lordis in the vangard that war,
Tha fauch[t] richt lang withoutin victorie
Of ony syde, and for that samin quhy
Tha tuik purpois erar in tyme to flie,
No byde ouir lang and vincust for to be.
And for that caus ane trumpet sone gart blaw,
Quhilk causit hes thair men togidder draw;
In gude ordour out of the feild syne fled
On till ane strenth with all the men tha hed.
The Inglismen that faucht that feild forgane,
Quhen tha war past with all thair power plane,
Tha enterit sone with mony speir and scheild,
Agane king Dauid quhair he faucht in feild.
The Scottismen, persaueand weill sic thing,
Rycht mony fled, quhill gude Dauid thair king,

Throw his requeist and gude langage but lane,
Hes causit thame all for to turne agane
And suddantlie the feild tha did renew;
With hardiment on helmis syne did hew,
Quhill heid and halss and all war hewin schunder,
On euerie syde to se quhilk wes ane wonder.
The Scottismen the quhilk that fled befoir
Out of the feild ilkane baith les and moir,
And all the laif with all the speid tha hed,
Out of the feild richt fast that tyme tha fled,
And left the king into the feild allane,
Quhair force it wes till him for to be tane
With ane Gascone quhilk wes ane man of gude, Col. 2.
Hecht Johnne Cowpland, ane knycht of nobill blude.
This king Dauid with him or he wes tane,
In his handis quhilk waponis had thane nane,
Soe manfullie into the feild befoir
Fechtand, he brak thame ilkane les and moir:
Quhen Cowpland said, "Schir, ȝe man ȝoldin be;"
Said he agane, "That will I nocht to the."
And with his neif syne tuke him sic ane blaw
Vpoun the moutht, quhill in his throt thair flaw
Tua fordert teith lowsit out of his heid:
Sensyne with thame he eit bot litill breid.
Gude king Dauid, that wes bayth stark and stuir,
Tua arrow heidis into his bodie buir,
Ane in his leg the kne sumthing abone,
Quhilk ane leiche tuke out and ha[i]llit sone.
Ane vther wes also in his foirheid,
Quhometo no leichis culd get no remeid,
Quhill efterwart he come in Scotland hame
Ontill ane Sanct, Monanus hecht to name,
Far eist in Fyfe, richt law doun be the se,
His sepulture is ȝit thair, quhair he
Of all his sairis gat richt sone remeid.
Out at his noiss thair fell this arrow heid,

At his deuotioun befoir the sepultuir
Of this ilk sanct sleipit be aduenture ;
Out of his sleip quhen that he walknit syne,
Throucht micht and power of greit God devyne,
And intercessioun of that halie sanct,
Quhilk plesit him his petitioun to grant,
The arrow heid that noyit him sa sair
Vpoun his stuill he fand befoir him thair.
Syne in the honour of that halie man,
Ane fair college he foundit and began,
And biggit als ane greit steipill and queir,
Quhair now a dais duellis ane blak freir ;
Betuix Ardros and Pettinweme of pryde,
Standis that place law doun be the se syde.
With reuerence of my author and leue,
Protestand als no man now for to greve,
My author here misgone hes in sumthing,
Of this miracle that gaif the haill loving
To Sanct Niniane, as I befoir did schaw,
For-quhy thairof the contrair weill I knaw,
The quhilk sa oft in Sanct Monanis hes bene,
And in his legend red also and sene
The same storie befoir to ȝow I schew,
Thairfoir I traist the erar to be trew.
I will nocht sa my author hes gone mis
In this mater, sen sum tyme kyndlie is
Ane man to faill in his spelling or writ,
Quhairof the author hes bot litill wyse,
Suppois the writar did his craft abuse ;
And be this way my author I excuiss.
To my purpois agane now will I pas,
Of all the laue to tell ȝow how it was.
The secund wyng the quhilk thir erlis tua,
Randell and Douglas, had to gyde that da,
Fechtand in feild sa lang tha did remane,
Quhill gude erle Randell in the feild wes slane,

With him also richt mony men of gude,
Lordis war all and of richt nobill blude,
Of quhome the names heir reckin I sall;
Hay of Erroll, and Keith the lord merschall,
Strathquhy[r]n, Lindesay, Caroun and Fraser,
Gordoin, Vans, the quhilk that nobill war,
Scot, Myretoun, Gudetoun, and Bothwell,
Leslie also, and Dongall of Campbell,
And mony ma na I can tell ȝow heir,
For-quhy thair names as [I] haif nocht perqueir; Lib.15, f.245. Col. 1.
Thairfoir as now I lat sic thing allane.
The erle of Douglas in that feild wes tane,
And four erlis, richt nobill and conding,
Wes tane in feild that same da with the king.
Fyffe, Wigtoun, Menteith and Sutherland,
Thir four erlis that da war tane in hand.
This battell wes, gif that I richt record,
Into the ȝeir quhilk than wes of oure Lord
Ane thousand aucht, thre hundreth and fourtie,
That samin tyme completit wes gone by.
The Inglismen efter this feild wes wyn,
At Galloway tha did agane begyn,
And tuke all agane at thair awin hand,
With Nethisdaill and vallis of Annand,
The Mers, Tueiddaill and Tiuidaill also,
But ony stop quhair plesit thame till go,
Ouir all tha landis that war lang and braid,
At Sowtra ege thair merchis than tha maid.
Sone efter syne into the nixt ȝeir
That this wes done as I haif schawin heir,
Edward Ballioll, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
With him the erle als of Northumberland,
In Loutheane and als in Clyddisdaill,
Baith brynt and slew ouir all tha boundis haill,
At thair lyking than baith on lenth and breid;
Syne but ganestand of ony men tha ȝeid

With greit spulȝe in Galloway agane,
Quhair the Balliole at that tyme did remane.
The Scottis lordis quhen tha knew sic thing,
That tyme being withoutin prince or king,
Or governour thame[1] for to gyde and leid,
Without in tyme that tha fand sum remeid,
Richt suddantlie, and of the soner cost,
Thair libertie and landis wald bene lost.
The lord Stewart that wes of sic honour,
That samin tyme tha haif[2] maid governour
With haill consent, as that my author schew,
And swoir to him all to be leill and trew.
This governour that same tyme creat he,
Of Edinburch the captane for to be,
Dauid Lyndesay, meittast of ony vther,
To Dauid Lyndesay quhilk wes germane bruther,
Deit at Durhame, as ȝe hard of chance.
In this same tyme come hame agane fra France
Williame Douglas the sone of Archibald,
Quhilk bruther wes, as I befoir heir tald,
To gude schir James as ȝe hard that buir
King Robertis hart into the sepultuir
Of Christ Jesu, syne turnand hame agane
Into Spanȝe with Saraȝenis wes slane.
This ilk Williame, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
In Dowglasdaill befoir him than he fand
The Inglismen at thair plesure and will
Weildand that ward, quhairat he lykit ill.
Than with sic power that tyme he micht be,
On force richt sone he maid thame all to fle;
Of thame richt mony also he hes slane,
The laif no langar efter durst remane.
Sone efter that this Williame of Douglas
With greit power in Tueddaill than did pas,

[1] In MS. *than.*

[2] In MS. *haid.*

Quhilk he reskewit baldlie with ane brand
Fra Inglismen, and all the forrest land.
Johnne Cowpland than, as that my author schew,
Incontrair him he come for till reskew
The Inglismen, and gaif him battell than,
Quhair that he loissit mony nobill man.
Himself also, at all his speid in haist,
To Roxburch that samin tyme wes chaist;
And of his men that efter did remane,
Mony war tane, and mony als war slane.
Sone efter this, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
Sic pestilence rang ouir all Scotland,
Richt venemous, quhilk smyttit hes so smart,
Of the pepill deuorit the thrid part.
The secund ȝeir, as my author did tell,
Richt greit discord amang the Douglass fell,
And for quhat caus quho[1] lykis for to speir,
Tak tent to me and I sall tell ȝow heir.
Williame Douglas ane man of hie curage,
Of nobill blude and of richt hie lynnage,
Quhilk presoneir that tyme in Ingland la,
At Durhame tane, befoir as ȝe hard sa,
This ilk Williame that same tyme causit he
Ane Johnne Santmicht, be his auctoritie,
To sla ane knycht of greit honour and fame,
Quhilk Dauid Barcla callit wes to name.
Syne efterwart, quhen this Williame Douglas
Payit his ransoun and redemit was,
Ane other hecht Williame Douglas also,
For that same caus and vther causis mo,
Vpoun ane da, as my author me shew,
This Williame Douglas with tressone he slew;
Quhilk causit hes the Douglas all anone
Deuydit be amang thame self ilkone,

[1] In MS. *quhy*.

And efterwart till armour all drew syne,
With dalie stryfe and battell intestyne.
In that same tyme king Johnne, king of France,
Phillipis sone, with mony speir and lance,
With gun, ganȝe, and all ganand geir,
Artalȝerie affeirand for the weir,
With gold and siluer in greit quantitie,
That samin tyme in Scotland send hes he
Ane man of gude, hecht Elben Gerentire,
With fourtie nobillis als of his impyre,
That wysast war and circumspect in weir,
And at no vther neidit for to leir,
Into the help of Scotland and supple;
Quhilk raisit hes the Scottis hartis so he,
Incontinent, withoutin ony baid,
With greit power in Ingland efter raid,
The erle of Marche callit Patrik Dunbar,
And erle of Douglas, thir tua lordis war
Most principall and gydaris of the laif,
As wortheast auctoritie till haif;
Quhilk richt greit heirschip in Ingland syne maid,
Birnand tha boundis that war lang and braid,
And left richt nocht that tha micht turs awa.
That samin tyme so hapnit on ane da,
Alexandar of Ramsay to his name,
Laird of Dalhoussy quhen[1] he wes at hame,
Out fra the ost vpone ane da he raid,
Ontill ane place quhair greit spulȝe he maid.
In his returne syne agane that day,
The Inglismen than met him be the way,
And suddantlie that same tyme gaif him feild,
Quhair mony Sutheroun sone that da war keild,
And all the laif sone efter maid to fle.
Than of the Scottis thair that da did die

[1] In MS. *quhair*.

James Trumbill and Johne Haliburtoun,
With few other that come with him of toun;
Of Inglismen thre nobillis thair war tane,
Schir Thomas Gray, of greit gude, he wes ane,
His sone Thomas the secund alss wes he,
And Johnne Darras of greit nobillitie,
And mony ma no I will reckin heir,
For-quhy thair names I haif nocht perqueir.
The Frenche men with thame thair in the feild, Lib. 15. f. 245 b. Col. 1.
Thir presoneris quhen tha saw and beheild
Of gold and siluer that tyme rakkit nocht,
Of presoneris richt mony quhill tha boucht,
Syne secreitlie out of the Scottis sicht,
Bezond ane hill till deid hes thame all dicht
Richt cruellie, for to revengit be
Of thair freindis siclike wes maid till de
Befoir in France quhen tha war at the weir,
That tha agane sould do thame no moir deir.
Marche and Douglas of that victorie
So blyth tha war, for that same caus and quhy,
To Beruik efter tuke the reddie way;
Syne on ane nicht, as my author did say,
In gudlie haist, quhilk wes no barnis gam,
Attouir the wall richt mony Scot thair clam
On lang ledderis that ordand war thairtill,
And or tha gat all thair desyre and will,
Tha previt pertlie vther on the plane,
On euerie syde quhair men of gude war slane.
Of Scottismen thair deit of that gard,
Gude Andro Scot, of Balwerie wes laird,
Thomas Vauss, and gude Johnne of Gordoun,
Williame Sinclair and Thomas of Prestoun,
Robert Bothwell, Alexander Mowbra,
Knichtis war all, deit that samin da.
Thair deit als vpoun the tothir syde
Alexander Ogill, captane wes that tyde,

And Thomas Peirsie, bruther wes germane
To Lord Peirsie, in that same tyme wes slane,
And Edward Gra that captane wes also
Of the castell, and mony vther mo.
The Scottismen quhen tha had wyn the toun,
About the castell set thair tentis doun,
Assailȝeand it but respett da and nycht,
With all ingyne and power that tha micht.
Of that seiging quhen that king Edward knew,
Richt suddantlie that castell till reskew,
With greit power he come thame to resist
Neirhand the toun, or euir the Scottis wist.
Of his cuming quhen that the Scottis hard tell,
No langar thair tha wald remane or dwell,
Becaus that tyme the wallis of the toun
Distroyit war ilkane, and cassin doun;
Also thairwith thair power wes so small,
Consumit wes siclyke thair victuallis all,
The castell als into thair fais hand.
Quhairfoir that tyme, without ony ganestand,
Tha brynt the toun in poulder and in as,
Syne with greit spulȝe hame agane did pas.
King Edward syne quhen he come to the toun,
Seand the wallis all war cassin doun,
And all the laif siclike within distroyit,
Commovit wes richt greitlie and anoyit.
Syne craftismen richt sone he hes gart call,
For to reforme and big agane the wall;
To Roxburch syne, quhair the tryst wes set,
Passit that tyme the Balliole quhair he met;
Quhair the Ballioll all richtis did resigne,
That he had than of Scotland to this king
Edward of Ingland, callit Wyndesoir,
With this conditioun preceidand befoir,
Of Scottismen he sould his harme revenge,
Out of his kinrik so that did him clenge.

This beand done as I haif said befoir,
This king Edward, withoutin ony moir,
Throw Lowtheane he tuke the narrest way,
Baith brynt and slew, as my author did say,
All in his gait befoir him that he fand,
To Haddingtoun withoutin ony ganestand,
And sparit hes than nother ald nor ȝing, Col. 2.
With fyre and blude distroyit euery thing.
His naving als, vpoun the se that la,
Neir the Quhite Kirk tuke land vpon a da,
As hapnit thame be aduenture and cace,
Syne spulȝeit hes that halie diuote place
Of buke and chalice, and vestiment also,
Crowat, chandillar, and vther relictis mo.
In that same tyme, as my author did tell,
Ane aduenture of wonder[1] farlie fell;
Ane ymage wes thair of oure Lady brycht,
With mony jowellis arrayit wes at rycht,
Be pilgremaris thair war offerit of befoir.
Ane Inglisman tha jowellis les and moir
Tuke of that image; schortlie to conclude,
Ane crucifix aboue hir heid that stude,
As he wes reddie for to pas his wa,
Doun that it fell, as my author did sa,
And hit this man evin richt vpone the heid
Quhair that he stude into the samin steid,
Quhilk brokin hes the harnepan all in schunder
Quhill that the harnes ruschit out wes wnder,
And he him self, withoutin ony remeid,
Befoir thame all thair on the fluir la deid.
At this deid quhome on tha all did luke,
ȝit no exempill in the tyme tha tuke,
Bot with the spulze tha had into thair grippis,
Tha passit all agane[2] into thair schippis;

[1] In MS. *wodder.* | [2] In MS. *agane agane.*

And how it hapnit efter vpoun cace
Tak tent and heir; within ane litill space
Sone efter this, as my author did tell,
So greit ane storme into the se thair fell,
Throw violence than of the wynd and wall,
Thair drownit war tha schippis ane and all.
This ilk Edward, of Ingland that wes king,
Richt furebound quhen that he hard that thing,
How all his schippis dround war in the se,
Of tha injuris for to revengit be,
Aganis God as he that tyme wald strywe,
The kirkis all in Loutheane belywe,
Out of that land or he wald forder pas,
Spulȝeit thame all and brynt thame all in ass;
In contemptioun and furiositie,
As he of God than suld revengit be,
Fra Forth all south, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
Baith brint and slew ouir all part in that land.
The ȝeir of God ane thousand and fiftie,
Thre[1] hundreth ȝeir and fyve also gone by,
In the feist hecht Purificatioun
Of oure Ladie, but variatioun,
Done wes this thing be providence diuyne,
Brunt Candilmes quhilk callit is sensyne.
Sone efter syne, quhen done wes all this thing,
This ilk Edward, of Ingland that wes king,
Na langar [than] in Scotland wald remane,
Bot hame in Ingland passit sone agane
With all his armie suddantlie anone.
Williame Douglas efter he wes gone,
All Galloway he did agane reskew
To king Dauid for to be leill and trew,
All Inglismen expelland far thairfro.
Gude Kirkpatrik siclike that tyme did so;

[1] In MS. *The.*

All Nethisdaill richt manfullie he wan,
Quhair that he slew richt mony Inglismen.
Of Dalswyntoun, that castell that wes strang,
And Carlauerok, with small housis amang,
He wan thame all, sic wes his chance and werd,
Syne kest thame doun ilkane to the cald erd.

How the Prince of Waillis, King Edwardis sone and air, tuke King Johnne, King of France, in plane battell and send him to his Father in Ingland, and how the Erle of Douglas was tane, and chaipit but ransoun be his seruand Ramsay.

Lib. 15. f. 246. Col. 1.

In this same tyme now that ȝe heir me tell,
Sic aduenture in France that tyme befell.
The prince of Waillis, king Edwardis sone and air,
Callit Richard, ane plesand man and fair,
In plane battell, throw aduenture and chance,
He tuke king Johnne that tyme wes king of France,
Syne to his father in Ingland him send;
Quhairof richt greitlie he did him commend,
Ressaueand him richt blyth[lie] and benyng,
With all honour pertenyng to ane king,
And keipit him in his subjectioun,
Onto the tyme of his redemptioun.
Into the feild quhair this king Johne wes tane,
The Scottismen he hed with him ilkane,
Quhairof richt mony did with him remane,
For the most part war other tane or slane.
Four Scottis knychtis deid thair that da,
Greit nobillis war, as my author did sa,
Andro Stewart and Robert of Gordoun,
Andro Vaus and Andro Haliburtoun;
And Archibald Douglas, that wes sone and air
To gude schir James, potent and preclair,

Quhilk buir the hart, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
Of gude king Robert in the Halie Land,
Into that feild wes tane and led away,
And his seruand hecht Williame Ramsay.
The quhilk Ramsay that gudlie wes besene,
As he the maister of Douglas had bene
Fenȝeit that tyme, richt subtillie and sle,
And gart thame trow that his seruand wes he;
For mair apperance sic thing sould be trew,
Makand him seruice, as my author schew,
Richt mony syis the Douglas he wald blame;
Quhairof the Douglas fenȝeit to think schame,
As he of hym that tyme had stand sic aw,
Quhen that the Ramsay gaif him mony blaw.
The Inglismen that all this thing hes sene,
Traistit richt weill his seruand he had bene,
And for that caus, withoutin ony baid,
For fourtie schilling his ransoun wes maid.
Componit wes with this Ramsay also,
And byde in pledge, and Douglas hame till go,
And baith thair ransonis till pa at ane da;
And so wes done, as my author did sa.
The erle of Douglas so than chaipit he,
With sic wyllis for small ransone maid fre.
This king Edward rejosand of all thingis,
That captiue hed tua sic potent kingis
Of all Europ, for that same caus thairfoir
Extollit wes richt far into vane gloir,
Quhair that he sat into his stait royall,
Vpoun ane tyme at ȝuill into his hall,
Haiffand ane king sittand on euerie syde,
In all Europe of most honour and pryde,
Quhilk causit him that samin tyme to be
As Lucifer into his mynd alss hie;
Col. 2. Thinkand sic honour thairthrow that he wan,
Suld lest in erd quhill ony levand man

Mycht haif in mynd or in rememberance,
His laud, his honour, and his happie chance.
Sone efter syne that done wes all this thing,
This ilk Dauid, of Scotland that wes king,
Pledgis hes laid in Ingland to remane
For him that tyme, quhill that he come agane
Out of Scotland, quhairin passit wes he
With his lordis for to devyiss and se
For his ransoun, gif that I richt remord;
Bot in the tyme tha culd nocht weill accord,
Of king Edward so hie wes the desyr,
In the prejudice of the Scottis impyre.
The Scottis lordis all into ane will
Alhaillalie disassentit thairtill,
And for that caus, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
This king Dauid passit in Ingland,
For his ransoun thair still to remane,
And send the pledgis ilkone hame agane.
Ane James Lyndesay in tha samin dais,
Rodger Kirkpatrik, as my author sais,
Into his tyme wes baith manlie and wycht,
This ilk Lyndesay ressauit on ane nycht,
Into his hous as he his freind had bene;
That samin nycht, as my author did mene,
This gude Rodger into his bed he slew,
Syne lang or da, as that my author schew,
He fled awa fra hyne ane rycht far space,
As he that nycht had nocht bene in that place;
Traistand thairfoir vnsuspectit to be,
Quhilk causit him so far away to fle.
The governour lord Robert Stewart than,
Quhen that he hard the murthure of this man,
Efter the Lyndsay in all haist he send
Weill armit men, the quhilk perfitlie kend
The samin place quhair Lyndesay did remane,
Quhilk hes him tane, syne brocht him bund agane

Onto the law, withoutin ony remeid
Thair for his falt tha gart him want the heid.
Sone efter syne, as that my author ment,
Of baith the kinrikis with the haill consent,
This king Dauid fred wes than till go
Hame to his kinrik quhair that he come fro,
Efter his talking in the levint ȝeir,
Payand sic ransone as I sall schaw ȝow heir.
Into the first, gif I richt wnderstude,
Fiftie thousand of stirling mony gude
To pay in hand, withoutin moir beleif,
And alsmekle syne efterwart to geif
At sindrie tymes as tha did alledge;
And for that payment laid wes than in pledge
Mony ȝoung lord, in Ingland to remane,
Quhilk deit thair and come neuir hame agane.
So of his ransoun payit wes the laif;
Be thair deceiss tha micht nocht ellis craif.
King Dauid syne, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
Sone efter syne he come hame in Scotland,
In that beleif for to revengit be
Of his lordis out of the feild did fle.
Stewart and Marche as I schew ȝow befoir,
Of his tynsall the haill causs les and moir,
And all the laif thair fleing, hed the wyte,
Quhairfoir as than he thocht he suld thame quyte.
And at the grittest first he did begyn;
The lord Stewart, quhilk wes his sister sone,
Quhilk be king Robert levand in his dais
Declarit wes, as that my author sais,
Lib. 15, f. 246 b. Col. 1. Efter king Dauid till him suld succeid,
Into that cace gif hapnit sua in deid,
That he no child had lauchfull of his awin,
As efterwart that cace wes richt weill knawin.
With haill consent of all thame that thair war,
Than all his richt king Dauid gart transfer

That samin tyme, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
To Alexander callit Sutherland,
The dochter sone, and of the latter wyfe
To king Robert, quhen that he wes on lyfe,
Quhilk germane sister wes to Dauid than.
This lord Stewart, quhilk wes ane humbill man,
The dochter sone of king Robertis first wyfe,
Into that tyme maid no ganestand nor stryfe,
Quhen all this thing wes done to[1] wnderstand,
To the father of this ȝoung Sutherland,
For joyfulnes his airis and ofspring
In heretage of Scotland sould be king,
Of his landis the best part than he gaif
To his freindis, quhair plesit thame till haif,
As Anȝe,[2] and Boyen, and Kincardin also,
To Hay, Sinclair, Gordoun and vtheris mo,
Traistand that Fortoun so had on him smylit.
Sone efterwart he wes richt sone begylit,
As mony men ar far into sic thing,
For-quhy his sone richt lang befoir the king
Departit hes out of this present lyfe,
And wald no moir for sic stait than mak stryfe.
Quhairfoir the king transferrit hes agane,
In parliament befoir the lordis plane,
To lord Stewart the rycht he had beforne,
Syne causit hes the lordis all be sworne
To this lord Stewart to be leill and trew.
Also that tyme, as that my author schew,
The erle of Marche and all with him he had,
Out of the feild befoir fra him that fled,
He puneist thame all efter thair degre,
Fra sum tuke land, fra sum greit quantitie
Of gold and siluer, and of other geir,
Till all vther efter in tyme of weir,

[1] In MS. *so.*

[2] In MS. *Ayen.*

In tyme to cum it sould exempill be,
To leif thair prince out of the feild and fle.
That samin tyme, as my author me schew,
Confermit wes with the paip of the new,
Be ane legat wes send in Scotland than,
With haill consent that tyme of ilk kirkman,
That king Dauid the tent penny suld haif,
Quhilk blythlie tha of all the fructis him gaif,
Allowand all richt weill that it wes sua,
Supportand him his ransoun for to pa.
In that same tyme the nobill king of France,
Throw misgyding of aduenture and chance,
Oppressit wes with greit calamitie
Be Inglismen and thair auctoritie.
The king of Ingland at his plesour and will
Weildit all France, for none maid stop thairtill,
For-quhy king Johnne without his libertie,
In Ingland wes in his captiuitie.
His tua sonis than, as my author said,
For him that tyme in pledgis baith war laid,
With king Edward in Ingland to remane,
And leit king Johne of France pas hame[1] agane.
In Pareis syne into plane parliament,
Befoir his lordis that war all present,
Deplorit hes the greit miseritie
Of his mischance and infortunitie,
Col. 2. So lamentabill makand ane pitieous mane;
Sayand in France few Rollandis war or nane,
Or ȝit Gawynis that war of sic valour,
That wes the caus he tynt sa grit honour.
Ane greit nobill of hie curage and mynd
Sic ansuer maid into this samin kynd
To him agane, as that my author sais,
" Had France ane Charlis as it had in tha dais,

[1] In MS. *hane.*

" Doutles," he said, " and I be for to trow,
" That men mycht fynd als mony Rollandis now
" As euir tha did into king Charlis dais."
The quhilk ansuer, as that my author sais,
Into his mynd moir gritlie him offendit
Nor men wald trow, and in his hart ascendit.
Throw sic contentioun that tha fell in than,
Tha left the mater war than tha began,
But expeditioun intill ony thing
In the redeming of thair prince and king.
And for that caus, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
Sone [efter] syne he passit into Ingland,
And send his sonis hame in France agane.
In Lundoun toun syne quhair he did remane,
Schort efter that, for displesour and wo,
Passit the way that euerie man sall go.
In this same tyme, as my author did mene,
The lordis all of Scotland did convene,
For to gif ansuer that tyme of ane thing
Proponit wes to thame thair be thair king.
This wes the thing, as ȝe sall wnderstand ;
This king Dauid quhen he wes in Ingland,
To king Edward ane promit than maid he,
Withoutin cheild and he hapnit till die,
To his sone Richard withoutin ony dreid
The croun of Scotland sould till him succeid.
This ilk promit he maid of his fre will,
Sua that the lordis wald consent thairtill.
The lordis all quhen tha hard him rehers
Thir samin wordis that I haif put in vers,
At his desyr commouit wes richt far,
With greit apperance sone for to bene war.
All in ane voce to him baith said and swoir,
Quhill ane of thame mycht travell and induir
Till weir armour, traist weill in thair intent,
To that desyre tha sould neuir consent.

In that counsall [than], schortlie to conclude,
This wes the ansuer of the men of gude,
Quhilk causit thame to skaill thair counsall than,
And left it war than quhen tha first began;
Quhilk causit hes, as my author did tell,
Agane the king sindrie for to rebell,
And richt greit trubill maid into the land,
Quhill[1] efterwart, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
This king Dauid thairof he did repent
That he had said and gevin thairto consent.
Quhilk causit hes the laif to tak his part
Of the lordis richt glaidlie with thair hart,
That efterwart, withoutin ony pley,
All tha rebellaris causit till obey;
The king also, within ane litill space,
Thame till ressaue agane all till his grace.
That samin tyme, as my author did mene,
King Dauidis wyfe, Johanna the gude quene,
In all hir tyme bayth plesand and benyng,
In Ingland passit to visie the king,
Edward hir bruther, as kyndlie wes to be;
That samin tyme throw greit infirmitie,
Intill Ingland, as that my author sais,
Withoutin child cloisit hir latter dais.
Lib. 15, f. 247b. Col. 1. Efter hir deith, king Dauid with ane ring
Weddit ane virgin plesand and benyng,
Ane knichtis dochter of honour and fame,
Schir Johnne Logy wes callit to his name.
Margaret to name this ilk virgin wes callit,
With all his fairnes fulfillit wes and wallit,
Of pulchritude and of fairnes but feir,
Of plesance als without compair or peir.

[1] In MS. *Quhilk.*

Quhilk wes the caus, as my author did mene,
This king Dauid chesit hir to be quene,
For lust and plesure, and na vther thing ;
Quhairfoir of hir that tyme come na ofspring,
Quhilk causit him with hir diuortioun mak,
And fro his bed expellit her abak.
Of diuortioun quhen gevin wes the dome,
This ilk Margaret apeillit hes to Rome,
Quhilk micht nocht weill so greit labour sustene
In hir travell, as my author did mene,
Passand to Rome, as plesit God than best,
Scho tuke hir leif and passit to hir rest.
This king Dauid syne efter all his dais
In policie, as that my author sais,
Wes occupyit, and all thing les and moir
Reformit hes distroyit wes befoir,
Baith toun and tour, and castell mony one.
Of Edinburch the strang castell of stone
Biggit all new, of plesand werk and hie,
Ane fair greit tour remanis ȝit to se,
Quhilk efter him callit wes Dauidis tour,
That same name it hecht [is] at this ilk hour.
In that ilk hous, quhen it completit was,
He tuke his leif out of this lyfe to pas ;
With all honour that ony prince mycht haif,
In Halieruidhous graitht wes in his graif,
Than of his regnne, quha lykis for till heir,
Wes fourtene than[1] and also threttie ȝeir,
And of his age fourtie ȝeir and sevin ;
Als of oure Lord ane thousand and alevin,
Thre hundreth ȝeir sextie, but ony les,
War than completit, gif I haif ony ges.
The saxtene ȝeir of this king Dauidis ring,
In Albione baith with ald and ȝing,

[1] In MS. *Ane thousand nyne.*

Withoutin dreid as my author did mene,
That samin tyme war mony farleis sene.
In middis of wynter baitht in frost and snaw,
Baith ravin and ruik, with corbie, ka and craw,
Biggit nestis and eggis laid thairto,
And birdis clekkit as tha war wont till do,
In symmer syne, quhen plesand wes the feild,
No nestis maid bot all that tyme war ȝeild.
No scheip also, nother in feild nor firth,
In Albione that ȝeir buir ony birth.
That samin ȝeir, and that me thocht mair nyss,
Ouir Albione aboundit so the myss,
Ouir all the feild in mony hoill and dyke,
And in the houssis als at hame siclyik,
To euerie man with so greit sturt and noy,
That be no way tha culd thame weill distroy.
Als of his regnne the sevin and tuentie ȝeir,
Ouir Albione sic water wes on steir,
Of greit fluidis with spatis so ascendit,
Col. 2. And dalie rane that fra the hevin discendit,
With sic abundance still lestand so lang,
Quhill all the fluidis wox that tyme so strang,
Without mesour in quantitie did grow,
And ouir the feild also sa far did flow;
Quhilk gritt malie the besti[a]ll hes noyit,
And mony toun and mony tour distroyit.
Forrow tha dais bot within schort quhillis,
Ane greit doctour callit *Scotus subtilis*,
In storeis oft autentik as we reid,
In till his tyme all vther did exceid
In science, prattik and speculatywe,
Or ȝit all vther sensyne vpone lywe.
Of the ingyne and greit subtilitie,
Scotus subtilis for-thi callit is he.
Loving to God, sould haif the haill commend,
This fyftene buke in this place makis end.

How the Scottis Lordis convenit efter the Deith of King Dauid to cheis ane King, and how the Erle of Douglas acclamit Richt thairto, and how Robert Stewart was crovnit King of Scotland.

Sone efter syne, as my author did sa,
The lordis all in Lynlythgw on ane da
Convenit hes thairfoir to cheis ane king.
The erle of Douglas heirand of that thing,
With greit power of squyar and of knycht
Come thair that tyme, alledgand he had rycht
For to be king, and to ressaue the croun
Wes gevin him be Edward Balȝeoun,
And Dauid Cuming quhilk baith had richt thairtill,
But his asking grantit of thair fre will.
And had nocht bene the gude lord of Dumbar,
And vther lordis with him thair than war,
As Lyndesay, Hay, and gude Erskin also,
Quhilk tuke his part with mony vther mo,
So indignat than war at his desyre,
Commouit als hetter nor ony fyre,
And in the tyme that maid him sic ganestand,
Or doutles ellis that he had tane on hand
For to persew the croun be way of deid,
Gif he be fauour than culd cum na speid.
Syne quhen he saw his power wes so small
In the respect than of thair poweris all,
Changit his mynd sone, as my author schew,
And wald na mair sic thing attemp na persew.
Quhen this counsall wes endit so and done,
The lordis all tha passit on till Scone,
And Robert Stewart, humbill and benyng,
With haill consent thair haif tha crovnit king.
Quhen fiftie ȝeir thairto also and fyve
Completit wes that same tyme of his lyve,

His wyfe Elbyn, gif that I richt indors,
Quhilk dochter wes than of the erle of Ros,
Sone efter that, as my author did mene,
Siclike wes crownit of Scotland the quene;
Quhilk till him buir tua sonis and no mo,
Walter, Dauid, and ane dochter also,
Callit Ewfame, most plesand and preclair:
To James of Douglas, that wes sone and air
To his father the erle of Douglas than,
In mariage he gaif this ilk woman.
This ilk Robert in his ȝouthheid befoir,
Ane fair virgin rycht plesand and decoir,
Elizabeth, intill hir fatheris cuir,
That dochter wes [on]till schir Adame Mure,
Of hir fairnes and speciositie,
This ilk Robert sic plesance than had he,
That quietlie, as I heir sum man said,
Betuix thame selffis *sponsalia* tha maid,
Syne in his place ressauit hir as wyfe,
Lib.16, f. 247b. Col. 1. And louit hir alss tender as his lyfe.
Quhilk buir to him thre childer men all war,
Johnne and Robert, and alss Alexander,
And tua dochteris, nane fairrar in thair dais;
The tane of thame, as that my author sais,
Johnne of Dumbar, the erle of Marchis bruther,
But leif that tyme of fader or ȝit mother,
Within hir awin leif, thinkand no schame na lak,
Defoullit hir and syne efter did mak
Than mariage and tuke hir in his cuir,
That scho sould nocht be haldin for ane huir.
The secund alss sic aduenture befell,
Quhen tyme cumis [as] I sall efter tell;
I haif na tyme to tell now how it wes,
Bot to my purpois forder will I pas.
In Perth efter, as my author did mene,
Quhair that the king and lordis did convene

In ane counsall for to provyde ilk deill,
For mony thingis of the commoun weill,
First of the kirk and spiritualitie,
Siclike also of temporalitie;
In that counsall, be menis of Douglas,
Johnne of Dumbar for tressoun callit was,
The kingis dochter becaus he had defamit,
Quhair-throw his hous and all the laif war schamit.
The erle of Douglas causs wes of this thing,
For-quhy, quhen he desyrit to be king,
The erle of Marche, befoir as I ȝow schew,
Stoppit him than that purpois till persew.
The quhilk erle stude, comperit than, and spak
For his bruther, for him defence till mak,
Alledgand thair that he had done na wrang,
For-quhy that ladie hame did with him gang
Glaidlie, wnforcit, of hir awin fre will,
Without desyre or entretit thairtill.
And secundlie he maid sic ansuering,
Sayand that tyme hir fader wes nocht king
Quhen that wes done, bot lord Stewart wes he;
Quhairfoir, he said, the kingis majestie
Wes nothing hurt, quhilk preif rycht weill he can,
Ane kingis dochter becauss scho wes nocht than.
This king Robert of his meiknes and grace
Rycht curtas wes, and knew full weill the cace
That all wes done for malice and invye,
As I haif schawin for the samin quhy;
Als in his mynd haiffand remembering,
Quhen that the Douglas thocht to haif bene king,
So stiff erle George than stude at his defence,
Thairfoir he thocht he wald him recompence.
To his bruther, the quhilk that tyme wes cled
With his dochter than till his wyfe he hed,

The greit erldome of Murra he him gaif,
With all landis that it wes wont till haif.
Except Lochquhaber and Badȝenoch also,
Pettie, Braklie, without ony mo,
Quhilk proceidit bot to the secund air
Of that surname, as efter did declair
My author heir, the quhilk that wald nocht lie,
Quhairfoir thairof ȝe get na mair for me.
James Lyndesay, as that my author sais,
Lord of Glenesk quhilk wes into tha dais,
This king Robert erle of Crawfurd than maid,
And gaif to him tha landis lang and braid,
The quhilk hed greit familiaritie
Ay with the king and greit auctoritie.
In the thrid ȝeir of this king Robertis ring,
Ewfame his quene, that meik wes and bening,
Col. 2. Departit hes and bad thame all gude nycht,
Syne passit hes the way till hevin full richt.
Efter scho wes departit of this lyfe,
King Robert than hes weddit till his wyfe
That samin tyme, and my author be trew,
Elizabeth of quhome befoir I schew,
That first of all he had intill his cuir,
Quhilk thre sonis and tua dochteris him buir.
The quhilk wedding wes lauchfull probatioun
Of his barnis legitimatioun,
And maid thame lauchfull [than] but ony faill
Of lauchtfull barnis befoir war out of taill.
That samin ȝeir to his sonis he gaif
Lordschip and land as tha war worth to haif:
The plesand erldome of Carrik and fair
He gaif to Johnne that eldest wes and air;
To Robert syne the erldome of Fyfe,
The secund sone borne of that samin wyfe,
And of Menteith the erle also maid he;
Alexander wes ȝoungest of the thre

Gaif Badȝenoch, and thairof maid him lord.
That samin tyme, gif that I richt record,
To Dauid als siclike as to the laif,
The eldest sone of Ewfame, than he gaif
The riche erldome of Stratherne alhaill,
And to Walter the erldome of Athale.
Syne ordand hes with his lordis conding,
Of his successioun efter to his ring.
This wes the ordour that he maid but leis;
His eldest sone efter his deceis,
Callit wes Johne, to his place suld succeid
As lauchtfull air withoutin ony dreid;
And gif of him the airis maill did falȝe,
Robert his bruther the narrest of the tailȝe.
And gif Robert, to him that suld succeid,
No sonis had, the croun sould than proceid
To Alexander; siclike as to the laif,
Gif nane of thame sonis hapnit to haif,
Onto the narrest of the kingis blude
It sould succeid, so did tha all conclude:
The lordis als war sworne befoir the king,
Ilkone that tyme for to obserue sic thing.
Lang efter this in peax tha led thair lyfe,
The Scottismen with Inglismen but stryfe;
Syne fals Fortoun, so is hir kynd till be,
To haif invy ay at prosperitie,
Thir tua kingis the quhilk accordit weill,
Or euir tha wist scho turnit on thame hir quheill;
Quhair tha befoir war in tranquillitie,
Scho causit thame in sic haitrent till be
Ilkane at vther, as my author sais,
Tha stanchit nocht lang efter mony dais
Fra fyre and blude, continewand ȝeir be ȝeir;
And how it hapnit I sall schaw ȝow heir.

Houshald men to erle George of Dumbar,
With Inglismen in Roxburch than war,
Vpoun ane tyme, I can nocht tell ȝow quhy,
Bot gif it wes for malice and invy,
This erlis men, as my author me schew,
Withoutin causs ilkone that tyme tha slew.
Of that slauchter erle George of Dumbar
Thair maister wes commouit than rycht far;
To Harie Persie erle of Northumberland
Ane seruand send as ȝe sall wnderstand;
This ilk Persie, as that my author sais,
Wardane he wes of Ingland in tha dais:
Lib. 16, f. 248. Col. 1. At him desyrand that tyme for till haif
The deid doaris, siclike of all the laif
To mak redres als far as tha had faillit.
Richt oft the Persie so he hes assaillit,
Askand redres of all wes done beforne,
And he agane gat na ansuer bot scorne,
With greit derisioun ilk da moir and moir.
This erle George dissimulit thairfoir,
Quhill efterwart that he his tyme mycht se
Of thir[1] injuris for to revengit be.
Syne efterwart, into the secund ȝeir
That this wes done that I haif said ȝow heir,
Of Roxburgh it hapnit for till be
The mercat day solempnit wes and hie,
Quhair Inglismen with pretius clayth of pryce,
Come thair that da, and vther merchandyce
In greit abundance that tyme fra all quhair,
As vse is ay to mercat and to fair.
The erle of Marche, than seing wes his tyme
To be revengit of that cruell cryme,
Collectit hes of his freindis togidder
Ane greit power, quhairto tha war not lidder;

[1] In MS. *that.*

With his bruther, the gude erle of Murray,
To Roxburch syne tuke the reddie way.
Syne at the ȝettis set thair tentis doun
Or euir tha wist, syne round about the toun
He set ane assalt with mony nobill man,
Richt manfullie the toun syne efter wan.
Syne in that toun, as that my author tald,
Except wemen left nother ȝoung no ald
Levand on lyfe that tyme that mankynd was,
Spulȝeit the toun and brynt it syne in as.
The riches all that wes into that toun,
And merchandice worth mony thousand croun,
Withoutin stop of ony, or ganestand,
Tha brocht it all with thame into Scotland.
The Inglismen this greit injure and wrang,
That leit it nocht deferrit be rycht lang,
With greit power, withoutin ony delay,
Into the Mers come efter on ane day,
And spulȝeit hes, without stop or ganestand,
Schir Johnne of Gordonis heretage and land;
Quhair that tha sparit nother man no wyfe,
ȝoung or ald of mankynd that buir lyfe;
Like wod wolfis in furiositie,
Bayth brynt and slew with greit crudelitie,
Syne all the spulȝe tuke with thame awa.
This schir Johnne Gordoun efter on ane da,
And his freindis quhilk that war till him suir,
With greit power siclike in Ingland fuir,
Distroyand all, without ony ganestand,
With fyre and blude into Northumberland.
So boldin war tha bernis that war bald,
That same thai sparit nother ȝoung nor ald,
Man or wyfe other in feild or firth;
Wes nane that tyme that gat mercie or girth.
With greit spulȝe as tha war cumand hame,
Ane man callit schir Johnne Liburne to name

Hes vmbeset thame that tyme be the way,
With tuyss alss mony as tha war that day
And gaif thame feild with haltand wordis hie.
The Scottismen, that thocht nocht for till fle,
Rycht manfullie hes met thame with greit mane;
At that semblie richt mony man wes slane.
Rycht lang tha faucht thir hardie men of hand,
The victorie sa oft wes varieand,
Quhile to the tane and quhylis to the vther,
Fyve tymes sua ay on fra one till vther,
Col. 2. Quhill at the last schir Johnne Liburne wes slane.
The laif refusit langar to remane,
Quhen that tha saw that thair captane wes keild,
And mony mo la deid into the feild,
Thair captanis als in handis sone war tane,
In all Ingland that da compair had nane,
Of policie and prattik into weir,
At nane vther he neidit nocht to leir.
Schir Johnne Gordoun with greit honour and gloir,
And all the spulȝe also les and moir,
Without [in] stop of ony or demand,
Quhen that wes done come hame into Scotland.
Henrie Persie erle of Northumberland,
Quhen all this thing wes done him wnderstand,
With sevin thousand of nobill men and wycht,
He come till Duns and thair he baid all nycht.
The Scottis hirdis all that nycht but baid,
Of scrymplit ledder mony closbow maid,
Round as ane ball, of mony barkit skin,
Apoun stobbis, syne fillit thame within
With round stanis that tha brocht fra the se,
Syne festnit thame ilkane vpone ane tre;
And passit syne richt lang befoir the da
Onto the place quhair Harie Persie la,

Tha instrumentis haiffand into thair hand,
Neirby thair hors quhair tha war bund in band,
And sic ane sound atanis gart thame mak,
As craigis claue and all in schunder brak,
Lyke on thunder with ane hiddeous reird,
That schawis schuik and trymlit all the erd;
Quhairof thair horss so far than wes agast,
Thair wes no festnyng that micht hald thame fast,
No ȝit no man durst with thame intermell,
So wode tha war and as feyndis as fell,
And brak all lous ilkane out of his band,
Syne vp and doun tha ran ouir all the land.
The Inglismen all nycht stude on thair feit,
Withoutin sleip walkand vpoun the streit
In gude ordour with mony bow and brand,
Traistand thair fais war richt neir cumand.
The costis hirdis that tyme war nocht lidder
Tha Inglis horss to gather all togidder,
Sone be the flouris in the dew did fleit,
And leit the Persie pas hame on his feit,
For all his bost, with mekle lak and schame,
And far les honour na he come fra hame.
That samin morning, as my author did say,
Ane Inglisman, callit Thomas Musgray,
Captane of Beruik in that tyme wes he,
Passand thairtill than with ane greit armye,
Sa hapnit him onwittand be the streit
With schir Johnne Gordoun suddantlie to meit,
And gaif him battell or he passit by,
Quhair mony berne vpoun his bak did ly.
The Inglismen war haillelie slane doun,
The laif war chasit all fra toun to toun;
And Thomas Musgra in handis he wes tane
Into the feild efter the laif war gane.
This gude Gordoun that faucht sa weill that da,
With him he brocht this Thomas of Musgra,

And all the laif that he had tane befoir,
Into Scotland with greit honour and gloir.
This beand done at so gude reule and ordour,
Schir Johnne of Johnestoun als at the west bordour,
Lib.16, f.248. Col. 1. Richt oft in Ingland with greit power raid,
Baith brynt and slew and waill grit spulȝe maid,
Without resist of ony Inglismen;
Richt greit honour in all that tyme he wan,
The Inglismen than at the bordouris baith,
For thair falsheid gat baith the lak and skaith.
Quhen this wes done as I haif said ȝow heir,
Of Sanct Andro the greit kirk that same ȝeir,
And my author thairof be for till trow,
Wes brynt ilk stik, I can nocht tell ȝow how;
And sum man said, as I can trow that best,
With ane fyre brand ane ka buir till hir nest
That kirk wes brynt, alss far as tha had feill.
Gif that wes trew I can nocht tell ȝow weill.
That samin ȝeir this ilk schir Johnne Gordoun,
With sax feiris, betrasit Beruik toun:
Vpoun the nycht with ledderis ouir the waw,
Outwittand of ony, quietlie tha staw;
Bot it wes nocht thairof to mak ane sang,
For-quhy I trow tha keipit it nocht lang.
The castell men siclike vpoun ane nycht,
Of that same way dissauit thame with ane slycht,
And put thame out, but ony noy or dyn,
The same wayis befoir as tha come in.
In that same tyme, or neir about I ges,
With tuentie thousand the gude erle of Douglas
In Ingland raid, syne in his teyne and yre
The toun of Perot brynt all in ane fyre,
And the landis round about that la;
With richt greit spulȝe syne come hame his wa

Quhen he had done, and wald no langar byde,
Without slauchter that tyme in ony syde.
The Inglismen, as my author did sa,
Sone efter him followit ouir Sulwa,
And greit heirschip ouir all that land tha maid;
Syne with the spulȝe hamewart as tha raid,
Quhair that the grund wes baith strenthie and strang
Till ony of other [for] till ryde or gang,
The Scottismen thair manlie hes tham[e] met,
With sic ane sembla syne vpoun thame set,
Quhill that tha left the spulȝe all behynd,
And gart thame all be fane thair feit to fynd.
Quhair that fyve hundreth of the best wes tane;
Alss in the fleing dround wes mony ane
In the quik sand, as I can rycht weill trow,
Amang the craigis quhen the se wes fow,
For-quhy my self rycht oft thair haif I bene,
And of sic danger sindrie syis hes sene;
Richt weill I knaw that gait is dangerus
In sindrie partis, and richt perrellus.
And all the laif out of the feild did fle,
Becauss that tyme that it wes neir full se,
Thair wes no furde of Esk into the tyde,
That ony man durst aduenture till ryde,
Except ane certane that schup ouir till found,
In thair folie quhair tha war ilkane dround.
The laif all fled far vp in the waist land,
To sindrie woddis rycht neir at thair hand,
And in tha woddis hid thame all the da,
Syne in the nycht staw hame agane thair wa.
Off Scottisman quhen that the nobill name
Of thair deidis, the honour and the fame,
Wes schawin in France to gude Charlis the king,
Saxt of that name quhilk in that tyme did ring, Col. 2.

Ane oratour in[to] Scotland he send
To king Robert with hartlie recommend,
Beseikand him that tyme rycht freindfullie,
For till exerce and vse his victorie,
Till all the warld that he mycht mak it kend
The greit triumph that God had till him send,
Of Inglismen quhilk wes thair commoun fa.
Promittand [him], sua that he wald do sua,
Of gold and siluer riches infinyte,
Sua that he wald, as my author did wryte,
Be his weiris or ony vther chance,
The king of Ingland, quhilk wes than in France,
Quhair that he schup ȝit langer to remane,
Throw sic weiris to draw him hame agane:
With king Robert renewit than the band
Wes maid befoir betuix thame and Scotland.
On the tane part quhen that this thing wes done,
Ane legaty wes send in France rycht sone
To king Charlis, as I haif said to ȝow,
Walter Wardlaw the bischop of Glasgow,
With king Charlis the quhilk that did renew
The band agane, as that my author schew.
Heir in this place ane quhile now will I dwell,
As my promit befoir wes, for to tell
Of ane dochter gude Elizabeth Mure
To king Robert into hir tyme scho buir.
As my promit wes in that place to tell
How that ladie disponit of hir sell,
Now sen it is into my heid perqueir,
How that it wes now sall I schaw ȝow heir.
Ane fair ȝoung man richt humbill and bening,
Plesand but peir, and weill gevin in all thing;
Lustie and large, plesand of hyde and hew,
Mansweit and meik, rycht secreit als and trew;
Full of vertu, withoutin ony vice,
Bayth digest [als], rycht circumspect and wyss;

Aboue all vther in his tyme, I reid,
Of pulchritude and fairnes did exceid.
For that same caus as trow rycht weill I can,
Rycht tenderlie him louit mony man;
Wes none him treittit so in deid and word,
As James Lyndesay [that] erle wes of Craufurd.
This erle him louit than aboue all thing,
Quhilk maid his quentance efter with the king.
The king him louit also ouir the laue,
And gaif him oucht that he plesit to haif,
For his vertu and for his fairnes als,
So trew he wes that he wes neuir fund fals,
Expert he wes to dyte and wryte rycht fair,
Thairfoir the king maid him his secretair,
And of his signet gaif him all the cuir,
With other office of him that he buir.
Quhat wes his name gif ȝe wald speir at me,
I can nocht tell without that I wald lie,
For-quhy na man ȝit schew sic thing me till,
Bot sum man said tha callit him Johne Myll,
And nocht my author sic thing to me schew,
I can nocht tell thairfoir gif it wes trew.
The kingis dochter, of quhome befoir I spak,
Sic lust and plesour of this man did tak
Into hir mynd with sic heit and desyre,
That in his lufe scho brynt as ony fyre;
Quhilk appetite put hir in sic ane fever,
With sic desyr that scho that tyme hed lever
Ane nycht naikit into his armes ly, Lib.16, f.249. Col. 1.
Na all the gold that wes wnder the sky.
Of wemen oft syis so is the conditioun,
The dart of lufe far sarar nor confusioun,
Or ȝit remors in thair conscience of syn,
Vexis thame moir, and als fra tha begyn,
Moir ardent ar quhill that tha get thair will,
No for till clenge thame out of cryme or ill.

And so wes scho of quhome befoir I schew,
Bayth nycht and da this ȝoung [man] did persew,
First with luif blenkis gif he cald persaue
Fair countenance, and also to him gaue
Sweit commonyng and hamely cumpany,
Greit cheresing and leit battell pas by.
And quhen scho saw that he wald nocht persew
To wit hir mynd, than efterwart scho schew
Baith in[to] word and also into deid,
Quhill efterwart than that scho come sic speid,
Than in the girding grittar ay scho growis,
And than till ernist turnit all hir mowis,
That scho forthocht that scho ȝeid by the gait;
So did tha baith, bot than it wes ouir lait.
Than this ȝoung man his secreittis all he schew
To James Lyndesay for maist traist and trew,
The erle of Craufurd baith courtas and fre,
For-quhy all tyme his narrest freind wes he,
And most speciall ay with the kingis grace.
The quhilk efter, within ane litill space,
With sic wisdome that mater hes convoyit,
Of ony man withoutin sturt vnnoyit,
Perswadit hes the kingis grace as than,
In mariage onto this ilk ȝoung man
That ilk lady rycht glaidlie for to geif.
Siclike also haiffand the quenis leif,
For-quhy the quene scho [knew] full weill the cace,
Than for displesure of the kingis grace,
And baith the pairteis sould wnblamit be,
In that mater hes maid rycht grit supple,
Suppois scho wes bot hir stepbarne as than,
And for the weill alss of this ilk ȝoung man,
So thankfullie thairto hir mynd applyis:
Rycht mekle help in ane gude woman lyis.
The king also, gif that I richt record,
That samin tyme of Glammis maid him lord,

And callit him Lyoun to his surname ;
The quhilk famell sensyne of nobill fame
Succeidit hes incressand to thir dais.
This same Lyoun syne, as my author sais,
So greit gyding than of the king hed he,
That all vther that had auctoritie,
Be his menis, as efterwart weill pruifit,
Out of the court rycht far tha war removit.
Than he befoir that luifit wes so weill,
With euerie man wes haittit to the devill ;
The quhilk wes wont so gentill for to be,
Throw greit lordschip and hie auctoritie,
Changit his maneris, and with ilkane man
Haittit richt far, and most speciall as than
With James Lyndesay haittit wes far moir,
No ony vther quhilk wes his freind befoir.
This James Lyndesay efter on ane da,
At Forfair toun, as my author did sa,
This Johnne Lyoun rycht cruellie he slew,
For that same caus, and my author be trew. Col. 2.
Quhairfoir efter, on till ane weill lang space,
He wes maid exul to the kingis grace,
In vther landis lang tyme till remane,
Quhill that he wes restorit syne agane
On till his peax, be menis of tuo lordis,
Marche and Douglas, as my author recordis.
Quhairfoir the king in maner of remissioun,
Fra him that tyme in compositioun,
Of his landis ane greit part he did tak,
And for the saule greit suffrage gart him mak.
In this same tyme as that the cace did fall,
Schir Johne of Gant[1] the erle of Loncastell,
And thre or four als vther men of gude,
Siclike of seruandis with ane multitude,

[1] In MS. *Thomas Cant.*

Fra king Richart that tyme wes send, but leis,
To king Robert for to tak trewis and peice.
And so thai did that tyme for ȝeiris thre,
And no langar, without my author lie,
Syne tuke thair leif as my author did sa.
And as tha war hame passand be the wa,
To thame wes schawin in the tyme also
Of ane captane wes callit Jakis Stro,
Ane carle he wes and cumin of carlis blude,
And of carlis had ane greit multitude,
With sic power in all part far and neir,
That all Ingland that tyme he maid on steir.
In Lundoun toun he did thair as he list,
Wes nane had power him for to resist.
That tyme on force richt mony he offendit,
The nobill blude so far alss vilipendit,
Without that tyme, quhome euir he ouirhyit,
That he menswoir all gentres and denyit
That he euer be come of nobill blude,
He gart him die than, schortlie to conclude.
Quhairfoir thir lordis that tyme war rycht fane
In Scotland bakwart for to turne agane;
In Ingland forder than tha durst nocht go,
Sic feir and dreid than tha had of Jakis Stro;
And with the king of Scotland did remane
Quhill efterwart that Jakis Stro wes slane.
And how that wes pertenis nocht till me
To tell this tyme, thairfoir I lat it be.
Quhen passit wes the tyme of thir thre ȝeir
Trewis war tane, as I haif told ȝow heir,
Archibald of Douglas erle of Gallowa,
Richt grit displesour he had euerie da
Of the discorsioun maid be Inglismen,
Duelt in the castell than of Lochmaben,

In Galloway and mony vther land,
And speciallie [1] in vallis of Annand.
And for that caus richt suddantlie than he,
Of thir tua erlis with help and supple,
Marche and Douglas, and of vther men,
With greit power passit to Lochmaben.
At that castell ane lang tyme thair tha la,
Seigand the hous thre moneth and ane da.
On the last da, bot gif my author lie,
Fra Carlill come, that castell till supple,
Richt greit power of mony berne full bald,
Bot of thair nummer wes nocht to me tald,
And gaif thame battell in that same place.
The Scottismen, throw help of Godis grace,
Tha wan the feild for all thair greit rebous; Lib. 16, f. 249 b. Col. 1.
And tha within also gaif ouir the hous,
Of that promit fre hame till lat thame go.
And sua thai did that samin tyme also,
Withoutin sturt of ony or wnsteird,
Syne all the hous kest doun to the cald erd.
Quhen this wnchance wes to king Richart kend,
Robert Grastok with vther nobillis send,
Haiffand all thing neidfull for men of weir,
With gold and siluer, and with houshald geir,
With riche veschell war all of siluer fyne,
Baith dische and plait, and pecis for the wyne,
And all victuall that neidfull war till haif,
Nothing inlaikit that tha list to craif.
Than for till stuff that strang castell of stone,
To Roxburch the narrest way ar gone,
With all this power for to mak supplie,
In aduenture it suld nocht nucywe be,
Gif that the Scottis wald the hous assay.
The erle of Marche quietlie be the way,

[1] In MS. *speciallis.*

Quhair that he la neirby ane rynnand laik,
He tuke thame all withoutin ony straik,
And all the riches with thame thair tha hed,
Syne to the castell of Dumbar thame led.
That samin nycht sittand at thair suppeir,
With thair awin veschell of fyne siluer cleir,
With basing, lawer, disches and plaittis fyne,
And cowpis pecis full of riche wyne,
Ane burdour than that wes perfit aneuch
Of that same craft, richt loud thairat he leuch;
Sayand he thocht that tha war fuillis all,
Withoutin straik sa mony riche veschall
To lois that tyme with mekle vther gude,
So red tha war for drawing of thair blude.
Tha war wyiss men, he said, withoutin maik,
So mekill riches had wyn but [ane] straik,
And sould alway be chereist with thair king,
Quhair that the tother worthie war till hing.
King Richart than, this cace quhen that he knew,
Ane greit armie he send than of the new
Into Scotland, with mekle boist and schoir,
That semdill sene wes siclike of befoir.
Of Loncastell the worthie erle and lord
Thair captane wes, gif that I richt record,
With this armie of quhome befoir I spak,
Outthrow the Mers his passage than did mak;
Fra fyre and blude that tyme he sparit nocht,
Throw Loutheane to Edinburgh syne socht.
And as tha schupe to set the toun in fyre,
The burges men sone stanchit thair desyre
With gold and siluer, and with greit reward;
Fra fyre that tyme the nobill toun wes spard.
This beand done na langar did remane,
Out-throw the Mers syne passit hame agane.
That samin tyme king Richart also hie
Ane greit naving hes furneist to the se,

Of carvell, craik, with mony bark and barge,
Withoutin [stint] haifing all thing at large.
Syne tuke thair leif and saillit in the north,
Quhill that tha come into the water of Forth,
Vp in the Forth besyde Sanct Colmis yle
Into the raid thair tha tuke rest ane quhile;
Syne with thair boittis into that yle tuke land,
And all the riches thairin that tha fand,
Baith gold and syluer and all vther geir, Col. 2.
Distributit all vnto the men of weir:
This being done, with greit anger and ire,
Except the kirk, brynt all the laif in fyre.
That samin tyme ane sone wes of Sathnes,
And twyss war, gif war mycht be, I ges,
No him awin self Sathan that awfull syre,
The kirk that tyme he set thryis into fyre.
For ony fyre that he culd bring thairtill,
It sloknit ay ilk tyme of the awin will;
And quhen he saw the fyre that it forsuik,
Rycht suddantlie ane grit wodnes he tuke,
Quhill that he raif[1] his awin flesche fra the bone,
Syne at the last kest grit cragis and stone.
So be the vertu of that halie man
Sanct Colme, his kirk fra birning chaipit than.
This being done, without ony ganestand,
The greit naving in Fyffe than tuke the land,
Syne brint and slew in mony sindrie place,
With grit heirschip onto ane weill lang space,
Quhill Thomas Erskin that tyme and his bruther,
Hecht Nicolas, that tyme with mony vther,
As Alexander callit wes Lyndesay,
And Cuninghame of Kilmawris alsway,
In plane battell syne manfullie thame wan,
And slew of thame richt mony gudlie man.

[1] In MS. *raiss.*

Syne all the laif onto thair schippis chaist,
Into that tyme quhen that tha had sic haist,
Quhair tha war nocht ressauit in thair schippis,
Fourtie of thame than festnit hes thair grippis
Vpoun ane tow quhairon the schip than raid,
And clam on it for caus tha durst nocht waid.
The Scottismen that tyme tha war so frak,
Quhilk followit so neir thame at thair bak,
Tha gat na lasar the anker[1] till draw.
The schipmen than, quhen tha sic danger saw,
Cuttit the tow and thocht tha baid ouir lang,
And leit thame all vpone the tow that hang
Fall in the se, syne cheis[it] thame but baid,
Quhilk that tha plesit, other to swome or waid.
Of aduenture sum to the land did found,
And all the laif into the deip wes dround;
And tha also that passit to the land,
With Scottismen thair bydand on the sand,
Neirby aboutin mony sindrie place,
War slane ilkone without mercie or grace.
Sone efter that the gude erle of Douglas,
At the command of king Robert, did pas
Into Tueddaill, with mony worthie wycht,
With greit ordour all into armour brycht.
The Inglismen possessit all that land
Sen Durhame feild, and thairin war duelland,
This erle Williame into the samin dais,
Expellit thame all, as my author sais,
Out of Tueddaill that tyme be the leist ane man;
And all the strenthis thairin als he wan,
And maid agane alss peceable all tha landis,
As euir tha war into the Scottis handis.
Into the castell richt sone of Douglas,
Efter all this he tuke his leif to pas

[1] In MS. *anger*.

Out of this lyfe, thair wes no other chois,
Syne bureit that tyme wes in Melross.
And James of Douglas efter he wes deid,
His sone and air, succeidit in his steid;
Ane man all tyme of alss grit fame and gloir,
And for na les nor his father befoir.
Preissand to cum till als hie ane cast,
To the New Castell in Ingland he past,
And in his gait that tyme fand no resist,
Bayth brint and slew thair als lang as he list;
Fra him tha fled to mony wod and scrog,
As houndit scheip fra ony masteif[1] dog.
Still at his plesure thair he did remane,
Quhilk he wes causit to cum hame agane
Be king Robert that tyme that for him send,
His presence quhilk he wald not vilipend,
And his counsall desyrit for till haif
In conventioun quhair gatherit wes the laif.
Charlis the saxt, of France the nobill king,
Quhen that he hard the same of all this thing,
Tua thousand men that hardie war and wicht
He chosin hes, syne all in armour bricht
Enarmit thame richt gudlie to commend,
With the admirall in Scotland syne thame send,
And with ane vther that wes gude and fyne,
Sir Johnne Vren erle wes of Valentyne,
With fyve hundreth standis of harnes cleir,
And wyne and flour to steid thame for ane ȝeir.
And fiftie thousand crownis of the wecht,
To king Robert befoir that he him hecht.
At thair cuming richt greit triumphe wes maid;
Ane lang quhile still sone efter syne but baid,
Fiftie thousand all into armour bricht,
Of nobill men that worthie war and wicht,

56,160 56,165 56,170 56,175 56,180 56,185 56,190

Lib. 16, f. 250. Col. 1.

[1] In MS. *masteis.*

Befoir the king comperit in that tyde.
And he agane betaucht thame all to gyde
To Robert Stewart, with him for till go,
His secund sone and erle of Fyffe also.
Thair wes no moir, without ony demand,
Tha enterit sone all in Northumberland,
Baith Wark and Furd, and Cornwall stark of stone,
Law to the ground tha kest thame doun ilkone;
And mony mo als on the bordour syde
Distroyit than quhilk places war of pryde;
And brynt and slew rycht lang at thair awin will,
Bayth far and neir and nane durst sa thame ill.
For evill wedder tha mycht nocht lang remane,
Sic dalie storme thair wes of weit and rane,
For-quhy it wes richt lait than of the ȝeir
That this wes done that I haif said ȝow heir;
Becaus the wedder that tyme wes so sair,
Tha sped thame hame and baid na langer thair.
Quhen passit wes the wynter cald but feir,
In the begynnyng syne of the nixt ȝeir,
Thir Frenchmen passit ouir Swlwa sand
With mony Scot, and syne in Cummerland
Thair passage maid, quhair that tha did nocht tyre
Dalie to spulȝe and to rais grit fyre,
Quhill in that land thair wes na mair to get.
To Carlill toun ane strang seig than tha set,
Wantand mekle quhairof that tha had neid,
Quhilk causit thame to cum richt hulie speid.
Syne king Robert sone efter on ane day,
Hes causit thame for till cum than thair way,
To Roxburgh the narrest way syne gang,
To seig that hous that stalwart wes and strang,
And litill farrar in that seig tha fell.
The Frenchmen, as my author did tell,

Desyrit than, gif that the hous wes wyn
Be way of thame throw ony craft or gyn,
And gif the hous war gevin ouir be chance,
Into the name than of the king of France
The hous be thame ressauit sould be than, Col. 2.
With thair wisdome gif that the hous tha wan.
Quhairto the Scottis wald nothing apply,
All thair desyre richt sone tha did deny.
Quhairfoir that tyme, as my author did sa,
Tha left the seig and passit all awa.
The Frenchmen na langar wald remane,
In Scotland all tha passit hame agane;
And syne in France sone efter hame did speid
To thair king Charlis of thame had greit neid.
For-quhy that tyme, as my author did sa,
Continewallie the Inglismen ilk da,
That samin tyme, and efter ane lang space,
Tha vexit France in mony sindrie place.
Efter all this the Scottismen ȝit still
In Ingland baid tua moneth at thair will,
Makand heirschip fra blude and fyre also,
Without resist quhair euir tha list till go;
Ȝoung nor auld that tyme tha sparit nane.
Quhen thair victuall consumit wes and gane,
Tha gat aneuch in mony sindrie strenth,
Quhilk causit thame at moir lasar and lenth
For to remane into that land stand still,
Quhill that tha gat thair haill plesure and will;
Syne with greit riches efter on ane da,
And greit triumph, come hame agane thair wa.
Of this injure quhen king Richart did heir,
He gart convene fra all part far and neir
On fit and hors richt mony man of gude,
Collectit syne ane marvellus multitude
Of wagit men, as my author did wryte,
The quhilk of nummer than war infinyte;

In gude ordour with mony bow and brand,
He enterit syne richt sone into Scotland.
First in the Mers, quhair he wrocht all his will
Without resist of ony maid him till;
In Loutheane siclike evin as he wald,
Quhair that he sparit nother ȝoung no ald;
Preist nor clerk, kirk nor vther place,
Wyfe nor barne gat nother girth nor grace;
Channoun or monk, freir or religious man,
Gat no mercie mair nor ane dog did than;
That Sathanis sone, in his wodnes and yre
Distroyit all thing bayth with sword and fyre.
Off Edinburgh the citineris all fled
To strenthis by with all the guidis tha hed,
And left the toun spulȝeit than richt bair,
Of all tha had tha left richt nocht than thair.
Syne king Richart for oucht that mycht him meis,
He brint the toun sone efter in ane bleis:
Sanct Jelis kirk siclike he sparit nocht,
For ony wayis that tyme that culd be wrocht;
And hed nocht bene the erle of Loncastell
Sic menis maid, as my author did tell,
Halieruid hous, or he wald forder pas,
Siclike that tyme he had brint into as.
Be intercessioun of that nobill man,
That halie place wes suirit with him than
Fra fyre, bot nocht fra spulȝe and fra reif;
In it he left nocht scant worth ane kaill leif.
That samin tyme that wickit awfull syre,
Thre fair abbais he brynt all in ane fyre,
Melros, Dryburch, and Newbottill also:
Sone efter syne in Ingland hame did go.
King Robert Stewart thinkand sic ane wrang
Wnrewardid he sould nocht suffer lang,
His sone Robert, the erle of Fyffe wes than,
Lib. 16, f. 250b. Col. 1. With mony lord and mony vther man,

With greit power sone efter on ane da,
Thair passage maid that tyme in Cumbria,[1]
Quhair tha sparit nother man no wyfe,
ȝoung or ald, or ony that buir lyfe,
Seik man or haill ony that tha fand:
So tha war quyte agane in thair awin hand.
In Cummerland tha left nocht worth ane sow,
Gayt or scheip, hors, ox, or kow,
Gold, siluer, or ony houshald gude;
Syne all the laif, schortlie to conclude,
To turs or carie that wnganand wes,
That samin tyme tha brynt it all in as.
In this same tyme that I haif said ȝow till,
The Scottismen at seiging of Carlill,
Ane Williame Douglas, bellicois and bald,
Quhilk wes the sone of gude erle Archibald
Of Gallowa, baith plesand and preclair;
I can nocht tell gif that he wes his air,
Bot of his deidis tell ȝow weill I can;
In tha weiris so greit honour he wan,
That he wes prysit far aboue the laif,
With greit louing quhilk he wes worth to haif.
Quhen that tha brynt the suburb of the toun,
Rycht mony berne that bald wes than wes boun,
Of Inglismen that on ane brig than wes,
To stop[2] the Scottis tha sould nocht ouir pas,
This ȝoung Douglas, with bot feiris tua,
The passage wan, as my author did sa,
In spyte of thame the passage stude to keip;
Sum he gart loupe and droun into the deip,
And sum gart fle; the laif that did remane,
Richt manfullie with his handis hes slane.

56,300 56,305 56,310 56,315 56,320 56,325

[1] In MS. *Cambria.* [2] In MS. *stoppis.*

Ane vther tyme the citineris war boun,
And with greit power ischit of the toun
Vpoun the Scottis for to mak ane trane,
Bot sone tha war all chaissit hame agane,
And mony slane and mony of thame tane.
This ȝoung Douglas followand him allane
Ouir far that tyme, without[in] ony feir,
In hand[1] wes tane and haldin presoneir,
And of his armour denudit also;
With four men[2] syne wes deput for till go
Onto the toun, but mo in cumpany.
This ilk Douglas than sone and suddantly,
Thir four ilkane out of his grippis flang,
And with his nevis tua of thame he dang
Wnder his feit, and baldlie gart thame bleid;
The tother tua than fled with all thair speid.
Quhairof the Douglas wes nocht richt wnfane,
Syne to his feiris sped him sone agane.
Quhen tha had done so into Cumbria,
Tha sped thame syne vnto Westmauria,
And siclike heirschip baith of steir and corne,
With fyre and slauchter as tha did beforne
In Cumbria, siclike thair haif tha maid.
All Westmurland that wes baith lang and braid,
Tha waistit haill baith into barne and byre,
Syne all the bigging brynt intill ane fyre.
This beand done, without ony demand,
Tha passit all syne in Northumberland,
Ay raisand fyre siclike as of befoir,
Birnand the bigging, syne all the gude and stoir,
Insicht, and vther gold and siluer brycht,
In Scotland brocht with greit riches and mycht,
Col. 2. And all the laif that mycht nocht with thame pas,
Or tha come hame tha brint [it] all in as.

[1] In MS. *haldin.* | [2] In MS. *sum.*

Quhen spulȝeit wes, as ȝe hard, Cummerland,
That samin tyme ane chairter thair tha fand,
Of quhome the tennour quha[1] lykis for to speir, 56,365
Ilk word be word as I sall schaw ȝow heir:
" I king Adilstane gevis to the Laulan, Odan, and Rodam,
" Als gude and alss fair, as euir tha myne wair,
" To bruke and vy withoutin ony stryfe;
" In witnes [quhair] of Mauld now my wyfe." 56,370
This ilk Douglas of quhome befoir I spak,
As that my author did me mentioun mak,
Of his deidis the honour and the fame
Commendit wes so efter he come hame,
Geving to him so greit loving and gloir, 56,375
With euerie man he wes louit thairfoir.
This king Robert than had ane dochter deir,
Ewfamea, of pulchritude but peir
Of ony vther that I hard of tell,
Bot gif it war fair Cresseid hir awin sell. 56,380
Hir plesand prent, hir perfit portrature,
Exceidit far all vther creatuir;
Of hir wes said, as my author me tald,
Wes nane that doucht hir bewtie to behald,
Without that he richt sone with luifis dart 56,385
War woundit soir at the ruitis of his hart.
This ilk lady than saikles of all blame,
Than quhen scho hard of this ilk Douglas fame,
Of him that tyme scho had so grit desyre,
That in hir breist the heit of luifis fyre 56,390
Ay moir and moir bownit with sic ane blast,
With sic desyre that scho micht nocht tak rest.
The king hir father quhilk that knew full weill
All hir desyr, quhairof he had ane feill,

[1] In MS. *quhy*.

Kennand hir mynd wes set to him so far,
Or dreid efter rycht sone it sould be war,
Of siclike dout as efferit to haif,
With this ladie in matrimony he gaif.
This ladie quhilk of fairnes had no peir,
Of pulchritude withoutin ony feir,
As previt weill, as scho had than sic chance,
Be gude Charlis the nobill king of France,
Quhilk that he hard of this ladie the name,
Of greit bewtie, of sic fairnes and fame,
Ane paynter send quhilk wes ane perfite man,
To counterfit als craftie as he can
Of this ladie the prent and pulchritude.
And so he did than, schortlie to conclude,
With sic perfectioun and speciositie,
That wonder wes till ony man to se
Sic mycht be done with manlie governance,
Syne hed it hame onto the king of France,
And schew to him that pictour wes so perfyte.
Quhairof he tuke sic plesour and delyte,
That he had levar had this ladie brycht,
No all the gold, the riches, and the mycht,
Into Ewrope and all landis neist,
The fyre of lufe so brynt into his breist.
Quhairfoir richt sone in Scotland he hes send,
To king Robert his mynd for to mak kend
For this ladie wes of sic tender age,
Desyrand hir as quene in mariage.
And or this send come fra the king of France,
In Scotland come, of aduenture and chance,
As I haif said bot schort quhile than gone by,
The ȝoung Douglas had weddit that lady.
Lib. 16, f. 251. Col. 1. This messinger so frustrat of his pray,
ȝeid hame agane seand that it wes sway.
In this same tyme now that ȝe heir me sa,
Out of Ireland thair come in Gallowa

Richt mony thevis be the se ane nycht,
Syne passit hame lang or the da wes lycht
With part of stouth that nycht that tha had stowin,
Syne drank efter of that that tha had browin;
The quhilk to thame wes coft efter full deir,
And how it wes tak tent and ȝe sall heir.
Williame Douglas, of quhome befoir I spak,
Rycht greit displesure of that thing did tak,
Quhairof he thocht ane mendis for to haif,
In Ireland send redres first for to craif,
And tha come syne agane to him belywe
Than but redres with ansuer negatywe:
And quhen he saw that no better micht be,
The erle of Fyfe besocht hes for supple;
The quhilk he grantit glaidlie him to geif,
Obtenand alss thairto the kingis leif.
Syne send to him all into armour brycht
Rycht grit power with ane baith wyss and wycht,
Thair leidar wes, hecht Robert of Doresdeir,
Richt perfite wes in all prattik of weir.
Syne with the power that him self mycht be,
That samin tyme he passit to the se;
At Carlyngfurd sone efter syne tuke land,
Ane greit wallit toun neir by the se did stand:
Syne to that toun, as that my author said,
With all ingyne ane seig richt sone he laid.
The citineris that war the toun within,
Of men and victuale that tyme wer so thin,
Out of beleif the toun for to defend,
For souerance than to the Douglas tha send;
Beseikand him vnto ane certane da
For souerance, quhilk efter that tha ma
In that mater aduisit for till be,
Hechtand him gold[1] thairfoir in grit plentie;

[1] In MS. *gald.*

Quhair to richt sone he hes gevin consent.
All this tha did with fraude in thair intent,
Wnder cullour efter quhill tha mycht se
Of this Douglas for to revengit be.
Wnder the tyme quhen grantit wer thir trewis,
Rycht quyetlie thir fals and feinȝeit schrewis
Fra vther partis gat richt grit supple,
Syne with the power that thame self mycht be
Within the toun that tyme tha war nocht lidder
Quhill tha throuit baith thair strenth togidder;
Diuydit syne thair haill power in tua.
Robert Durisdeir in landwart than that la
With his power that sparit nocht to tak,
Quhair plesit thame ony spulȝe to mak,
The tane part thăn, with all thair power haill,
Rycht suddantlie this Robert did assaill.
This ilk Robert, the quhilk thair cuming kend,
Refusit nocht bot manlie did defend.
The Scottis faucht with sic curage that da,
The Ireland men, as my author did sa,
For the most part into the feild war slane,
The laif all fled na langar wald remane;
Rycht mony alss war slane into the chace,
Heir and thair in mony sindrie place.
The tother part siclike on the Douglas
In gude ordour rycht pertlie than did pas,
And gaif him battell than withoutin dreid,
And of thair purpois come als lidder speid
As thair feiris that faucht the da befoir.
Wes nane of thame than, other les and moir,
Col. 2. Ontane or slane, as my author did sa,
That chaipit nocht throw rycht grit speid awa.
Quhen this wes done in maner of recompens,
Tha tuke the toun without ony defence,
And enterit in at thair plesour and will,
And all the riches that tha fand thairintill,

Gold, siluer, insicht, and houshald geir,
And riche clething wes ordand for to weir,
All other thing that tha mycht turs away,
Buir to thair schippis efter on ane day.
In poulder small syne brynt vp all the toun
That samin tyme, and kest the wallis doun.
Quhen this wes done na langar thair tha baid,
To schipburd went and syne thair passage maid
Endlang the cost, quhair euir ane hevin tha fand
In thair boittis richt oft passit to land;
And mony townis be the se that stude,
Tha brynt thame all and tuke away the gude,
With mony men into thame that tha fand;
With greit honour come hame syne in Scotland.

How the Inglismen come and la in the Mers within Scotland, quhen King Robert was absent in the Northland, and how and quhat Maner he furneist Tua greit Oistis to pas in Ingland to be revengit.

In this same tyme now that ȝe heir me sa,
The Inglismen within the Mers tha la,
For-quhy king Robert, ȝe sall wnderstand,
Wes haldand law that tyme in the north land.
Of thair cuming quhen he hard tell and mene,
Richt suddantlie he come till Abirdene
With his lordis that tyme that with him was,
Decreittit hes tua greit oistis till pas
Into Ingland with greit crudelitie,
Of tha injuris for to revengit be.
The erle of Fyff his sone wes in that tyde
The tane of thame that tyme he gaif till gyde;
Erle of Menteith and erle of Galloway,
And of Walcop Alexander Lyndesay,

Thir bernis bald that worthie war and wycht,
And fyftene thousand all in armour brycht,
Of nobill men that weill durst stryik and stand,
Passit with him richt sone ouir Sulwa sand.
The secund oist to gyde also gaif he
To tua erlis of thame equall to be,
George of Dumbar the erle of Merche that wes,
And gude James the erle of Douglas,
Quhilk in his tyme had nother maik no peir
Of strenth and manheid quhill he wes levand heir.
With thame thrie lordis grit nobillis that was,
That samin tyme king Robert maid to pass,
The erle of Craufurd James Lyndesay,
Johnne of Dumbar that erle wes of Murray,
And of Arrole the nobill erle and lord,
With fyftene thousand, gif I richt record,
Of bernis bald in battell weill durst byde,
Syne send thame sone attouir the bordour syde.
At the eist part, with mony bow and brand,
Tha enterit sone syne in Northumberland;
To byde thair baid it wes na barnes pla,
Tha left na thing that tha mycht turss awa;
Syne brint thair bigging all into ane fyre,
Bayth hall and chalmer, bakhous, barne and byre,
Lib. 16, f.251b. Col. 1. With corne and hay tha brynt all into ass.
To se the wemen and the barnis pas
Out of thair boundis sa naikit and bair,
Quhill all wes brynt and na gude left thair,
And rurall men withoutin sword or knyfe,
Bairfit and bair leg for to saif thair lyfe,
Fra hill to hill rynnand as tha war hyrit,
In mure and mos so tavert war and tyrit,
That force it wes, withoutin ony ganestand,
In sic distres cum in thair fais hand.
Siclyke the oist at the west bordour la
Come na war speid, as my author did sa,

Ay mufand furth togidder quhill tha met
Intill ane place quhair that the tryst wes set,
Fra the New Castell quhilk wes bot ten myle.
The erle of Douglas in that samin quhile,
Ten thousand men that war baith bald and wycht,
He chosin hes, all into armour bricht,
To the New Castell with him for to pas,
Quhair that the Peirsie thair remanand was
With his tua sonis; gif I richt augur
The eldest sone callit Henrie Hetspur;
Radulfe the sccund callit als wes he,
Ane man efter of greit auctoritie.
To the New Castell quhen that he come syne,
That stark wallit toun that standis vpone Tyne,
On the north part syne of the samin toun
Foirnent Scotland thair set thair tentis doun.
Henrie Hetspur, that wes than lord Persie,
Come to the wall and on Douglas did cry,
Quhilk in his tyme wes ay withoutin maik,
Beseikand him than for his lordis saik,
Than hand for hand and face for face him meit,
First vpoun hors and syne vpoun thair feit.
Quhairof the Douglas wes content richt weill,
Syne suddantlie hes armit him in steill;
Siclike the Persie of the samin sort.
Syne on ane plane that wes befoir the port,
Into the presens thair of mony man,
Thir tua on hors togidder thair tha ran,
With speiris scharp that war bayth greit and lang,
Spurrand thair hors quhill that the blude out sprang.
Thir forcie freikis that tyme face for face,
They ran togidder with ane awfull race.
The Douglas wes rycht sle and culd ryde weill,
The Peirseis speir, that heidit wes with steill,

Vmschewit hes withoutin ony skaith;
With his awin speir that greit and lang wes bayth,
He hitt the Persie so vpoun the syde,
Suppois he wes richt weill leirit to ryde,
For ony fence that tyme that he culd mak,
He laid him braidlingis than vpoun his bak.
Off Inglismen armit ane rycht greit sort,
Send to behald thairout befoir the port,
To the Persie that tyme quhair that he la,
Tha ran richt fast and tuke him sone awa.
The Douglas thocht it wes bot folie than
To follow him quhomewith wes mony man
Him to defend, and he wes him allane;
The narrest way the Douglas than is gane
To Peirseis speir and tuke it in his hand,
Sayand he suld it present in Scotland
To king Robert, with ane loud voce and cleir,
Cryit on hycht that euerie man mycht heir.
Col. 2. This beand done the Douglas maid him boun
To set ane seig that same tyme to the toun,
And first of all the fowseis he gart fill
[With stra and tre that ganand wes thairtill].
The bowmen big that bowis weill culd draw,
Bikkerit at thame that stude vpoun the waw,
That tha durst scantlie stand to cast ane stone,
Quhill that the fowseis fillit war ilkone.
On ledderis syne the wallis did vpsend;
Bot tha within so manfullie did defend,
Tha leit thame nocht enter attouir the wall;
Quhairfoir the Douglas on his men did call,
And causit thame all for to cum abak,
For dreid that tyme of grittar skayth and lak,
And at the seig no langar to remane.
Mony wes hurt and nocht ane man than slane.
The Douglas than onto his men he schew,
Sayand of ledderis for tha had so few,

That wes the caus that tha the toun nocht wan,
Puttand no wyit that tyme till ony man.
Quhairfoir he said that tha suld haif no falt,
Schawand efter to gif the toun ane salt,
Gettand all graith that ganand wes thairtill,
In that intent thair tha remanit still.
That samin tyme ane come to thame and schew,
Of Inglismen greit power of the new
Within tua myle wes cumand ouir ane lie,
Fra ȝork wes send that toun for to supple.
The Douglas than na langar wald remane
To seig the toun, bot passit sone agane
Onto the laif into thair camp that la;
Syne in midway, as my author did sa,
Vpoun ane plane quhairat him plesit best,
Tuke purpois than all that nycht thair to rest.
For-quhy the sone neirhand the erd did creip,
His men also had walkit lang but sleip,
Seigand the toun, that tha mycht walk na mair,
That wes the caus that tha remanit thair.
To the New Castell standand vpone Tyne,
That samin nycht the Inglis oist come syne,
And fand the Scottis passit war away.
Henrie Hetspur, as my author did say,
And his bruther that hardie wes and wycht,
Persewit hes the Douglas that same nycht,
Or euir he wist in his camp quhair he la,
Sum on sleip and vther sum at pla.
Ane man of his that send wes for to spy,
Syne cum agane with ane grit schout and cry
In alss greit haist as he had chasit bene,
And schew to thame that tyme quhat he had sene,
The ȝoung Persie wes cumand at thair hand,
The erlis sone wes of Northumberland,

And his bruther with mony baner brycht,
In cumpany with mony cruell knycht.
The Douglas than and erle of Marche togidder,
And erle of Murra quhilk that wes his bruther,
Richt suddantlie without ony affray,
Put all thair men in ordour and array.
Syne said to thame, as I sall schaw ȝow heir,
Thir wordis all with ane loude voce and cleir:
" Deir freindis all, we ȝow exhort ilkone,
" For to remember of victorie bygone,
" As we haif wyn in mony feild befoir,
" Quhen we war all in danger than far moir
" Nor we ar now for all thair multitude.
Lib. 16, f. 252. Col. 1. " Thairfoir traist weill, now schortlie to conclude,
" Will we be wyiss and hald ws all togidder,
" And euerie man his honour alss considder,
" And think siclike that he sall preve ane man
" As of befoir greit honour quhen he wan,
" ȝond folk fra ws in mony feild that fled,
" Sa oft before oure dyntis also dreid,
" Traist weill this tyme tha sall think no moir schame
" To flie fra ws suppois tha be at hame,
" Nor tha war wont intill ane wncouth land.
" Difficill is to gar ane cowart stand,
" Quhair he fleis straikis or ony swordis schawin,
" So[1] fleyit is to se his awin blude drawin.
" And thocht so be that we ar far fra hame,
" The far mair is oure honour and oure fame,
" Now at this tyme and we haif victorie,
" With so small power of oure ennimye.
" It wilbe knawin in mony sindrie steid,
" Ane hundreth ȝeir efter that we be deid."

[1] In MS. *To*.

This beand said without ony discord,
Than euirilk man thairto his nature lord
Hes maid ane vow that da erar to die,
Out of the feild ane fit or he wald fle.
The Persie als vpoun the tother syde,
With wantoun langage full of hycht and pryde,
In greit contemptioun that tyme of his fo,
In audiens befoir his men said so,
Into ane place quhair that tha mycht all heir,
As I sall schaw ȝow at this tyme perqueir.
" Freindis, traist weill ȝond folk, for all thair feir,
" This tyme till ws tha sall do litill deir:
" So stoutlie now thocht tha stand in ȝond streit,
" All thair defence tha lippin in thair feit,
" And in thair handis na beleif tha haif.
" With subtill slycht tha think thame selfis to saif;
" Thair purpois is for to flie to sum strenth,
" Quhair tha ma ly at grit laser and lenth,
" Quhill that thair staill ma cum to mak reskew.
" Traist weill," he said, " that this be verry trew,
" Weill ma ȝe wit tha ar nocht sa wnwyiss
" Agane sa mony for to be so nyiss,
" And tha sa few and alss so far fra hame,
" To tak the feild for dreid of grittar blame.
" And gif that tha so wnhappie will be
" To gif ws feild, traist weill that tha sall fle,
" Suppois it be of force aganes thair will,
" Or we haif gottin half fechting oure fill.
" Weill ma ȝe wit sa few that we haif sene,
" That rycht schort quhile our strenth tha ma sustene;
" Thairfoir be war quhen that ȝe se thame fle,
" As I traist weill that it sall richt sone be,

" And keip ordour quhen that ȝe mak ane chace,
" And skaill ȝow nocht to mony sindrie place,
" And hald ȝour handis also fra the spulȝe,
" Quhill endit be the chace and alss the tulȝe." 56,735
This beand said the baneris browdin brycht
On euerie syde wes haldin hie on hicht;
The standartis als wer streikit in the air,
With proud pensillis togidder mony pair;
And schalmis schoutit quhill the schawis 56,740
schuke,
The buglis blast reboundit fra the bruke.
Tha fell freikis[1] syne enterit in the feild
With so greit force quhill mony targe and scheild
Raif all in raggis, and speiris greit and lang
Aboue thair heid all into pecis sprang. 56,745
Baith helme and hewmat hewin war in sunder,
Col. 2. Basnet and birny and breistis that wes wnder
Boldin and brist, and bokkit out of blude,
Into that stour so stranglie that tha stude.
On euerie side thir worthie men and wycht 56,750
Ay faucht stand still quhile twynnit thame the
nycht,
Syne drew abak, becaus tha micht nocht se,
On euerie syde in tueyne ane litill we,
In gude ordour than of ane gudlie wyiss,
Bydand baith battell quhen the mone suld 56,755
ryiss;
The quhilk wes passit sumthing ouir the hicht,
Ȝit neuirthe[le]s it schane rycht fair and bricht
Quhen that it rais, quhairof tha war rycht fane,
On baith the sydis than tuke the feild agane,
With als greit curage in the tyme and moir 56,760
Na quhen tha enterit in the feild befoir.

[1] In MS *freikit.*

Greit wounder wes till ony man in erd,
To heir and se sic rusching and sic rerd,
So greit wnrest with mony rudlie rap,
So soir smytting with mony swyng and swap.
Sic mankit men in to the deid thraw la,
Sic bourding then it wes na barnis pla;
Sum but ane arm, and sum als but ane hand,
Sum but ane leg and mycht na langar stand;
Sum be the hals of hewin wes the heid,
Sum wnder scheild la stickit thair stark deid.
Thir freikis fell that stalwart war and stuir,
Into that feild so furiuslie tha fuir,
That wonder wes other to heir or se
Sa stalwart straikis and so mony die;
So mony woundit baith in bak and syde,
So baldlie syne all into bargane byde.
The Inglismen war of sic multitude,
That wes the caus the strangar that tha stude,
The quhilk of nummer that tyme did exceid
The Scottismen *in quadruplum* we reid.
And for that causs tha thocht grit lak and schame,
And tha sa mony and so neirhand hame,
To fle fra Scottis that war all the cummer,
So far fra hame and syne sa few of nummer.
The Scottis als vpoun the tother syde,
Thair hairtis war so full of hicht and pryde
Of victorie that tha had wyn befoir,
Traistand ilk da for to wyn moir and moir,
Rycht laith tha war thair honour suld decres,
Or ȝit thair fame be meneist or maid les;
And for that caus tha thocht erar all die,
Out of that feild ane fit or tha wald fle.
Also with that thair captanis war so gude,
So manlie, wyiss, and so weill wnderstude
All policie and prattik into weir,
Thair self also war litill for to leir,

So oft befoir in mony feild had bene,
Of policie so mekle hard and sene;
Syne to thair captanis so greit kyndnes aucht;
For thir caussis with better will tha faucht,
And culd nocht fynd into thair hart to flie,
And leif thair maister into so mad mellie,
Quhome that tha luifit tender as thair hart;
That causit thame to byde and tak thair part.
Thir bernis bald richt lang in the mone lycht
But victorie tha fauch[t] all ouir that nycht,
Quhilk sindre syis did varie and inclyne,
Quhylis to ane and quhylis to other syne.
To Scottismen, thair curage wes so gude,
Lib.16, f.252b. Col. 1. To Inglismen, tha had sic multitude,
Fra syde to syde it changit oft richt fast.
The Scottismen syne hapnit at the last,
As that my author did me mentioun mak,
Sum thing to sattill and to pas abak,
Bot nocht for-thi that tha thocht for to flie,
It wes of force and micht nocht better be,
Ȝit in the feild tha faucht stane still with pane,
Quhill efterwart tha war reskewit agane.
The Inglismen thair power wes so greit,
And held the Scottis in sic thrang and heit,
That wounder wes tha micht so lang sustene
Sic multitude thocht tha Hectoris had bene.
The Inglismen than with grit strenth and slycht,
The Douglas baner that wes borne on hycht
Persewit hes that tyme gif tha mycht wyn,
To caus his men to sched and skaill in twyn,
Throw sic prattik trowand for till apply
To thair honour alhaill the victory;
As I beleif full weill so had thai done,
War nocht at hand that tha gat help rycht sone.
In that same tyme it hapnit vpoun cace,
Throw aduenture, and mair be Goddis grace,

Patrik Hepburne, as my author did sa,
Come fra the camp quhair that the Scottis la,
With his sone Patrik, ane wicht man but weir,
Of Douglas tydenis come that tyme to speir.
Ane hundreth horsmen in armour weill cled
This ilk Patrik that tyme with him he hed;
And quhen he saw the Scottis in sic thrang,
Weill ma ȝe wit he tareit nocht richt lang.
Sone fra thair hors thai lichtit doun but leis,
And enterit syne into the thikkest preis,
With sic ane schout and sic ane aufull cry,
Quhilk basit hes richt mony berne wes by.
Syne on the Suthroun hes maid sic ane schow,
Greit mervell war till ony man to trow
So cruell counter ony men micht mak,
Quhilk satlit hes the Sutheroun far abak
Bezond the place quhair that tha first began,
And in that counter keillit mony man.
The Douglas than, withoutin ony baid,
So rakleslie amang his fais raid,
Suppois he wes baith stalwart, stark and stuir,
In his bodie thrie braid arrowis he buir,
Ane dedlie wound also into his heid,
The quhilk efter that same tyme wes his deid.
For-quhy his helme, thocht it wes of fyne steill,
On to his craig it closit nocht richt weill,
Quhilk fell fra him and maid him no moir steid,
That wes the causs he wes hurt in the heid.
Quha had bene thair that tyme for to behald
This duchtie Douglas, bellicois and bald,
So manfullie than with ane birneist brand,
Bayth brycht and braid that he buir in his hand,
Agane his fa so ruidlie that he raid,
And round about so greit ane rowme he maid,
Lyke ony scheip tha schudrit all and sched,
Quhair euir tha come befoir his face tha fled.

In sic sporting that space tha did all spend
All the lang nycht that tyme fra end to end;
Syne in the morning as the da sky brak,
The ȝoung Persie, of quhome befoir I spak,
Into the feild almaist left than allane,
Col. 2. That samin tyme with Scottismen wes tane.
The laif all fled and durst na langer byde;
The Scottismen fast followit in the tyde,
Quhair that tha fled fra mony hill to hill,
And tuke and slew at thair plesour and will.
Fyftene hundreth of Inglismen tha slew
That samin nycht, as my author be trew.
The tane men als the takaris did exceid
Richt far in nummer that same tyme we reid.
Schir Harie Persie that nycht and his bruther
In handis war tane with mony nobill vther;
Ogill, Halbert, Liburne and Colwyne,
Wichtlut, Helron, Lowell, feiris fyne,
Thir fyne knichtis potent of power
War tane that nycht with mony vther feir.
Thair deit als vpoun the Scottis syde
Lundy and Hart tua knychtis of grit pryde,
Of Abirdene the gude archidene also,
That Douglas hecht, and mony vther mo.
This gude Douglas quhome[of] befoir I ment,
Efter the feild wes tursit to his tent,
Denudit syne of all his armour bair,
To stem his woundis bleidand war full sair;
Thrie braid arrowis out-throw his armour stuir,
The tane of thame in his schulder he buir,
Ane in his syde, ane vther in his thie,
Als in his heid ane deidlie wond hed he.
Ouir all the oist greit pitie wes till heir
The lamentatione and the bailfull beir
Wes maid for him than bayth with ald and ȝing,
And maist of all than maid wes the murning

Of his awin men, that louit him so weill,
Quhometo all tyme he wes als trew as steill.
The erle of Marche and his bruther also,
With erle of Craufurd and mony lordis mo,
Come to his tent to visie how he did; 56,910
And quhen tha saw him nakit and wnhid,
With bludie woundis so attrie and reid;
Quhen tha beheld the wyde wound in his heid,
Wittand so weill that his lyfe dais wer gone,
Weipit full soir and maid ane piteous mone, 56,915
Into that tyme ilkane of thame till vther,
Quhilk louit him als tender as thair bruther.
And quhen the Douglas hard thame murnand so,
Weipand for him with hartis that war wo,
Ane sing he maid than scilence for to mak, 56,920
With ane waik voce to thame thus syne he spak:
" Leif sic murning and lamentatioun,
" And mak loving with consolatioun
" To God Almycht, of his gudnes and grace
" Sic victorie hes send ȝow in this place. 56,925
" For the same thing grit God hes send ws heir,
" We put ws all in dout [1] and grit dangeir.
" Quhairfoir," he said, " turne all ȝour mad murning
" In ymulis prayer and [in] grit louing.
" Murne nocht for me heir I beseik ȝow now; 56,930
" Gif I haif seruit ony thank of ȝow,
" I ȝow requyre to lat sic murning be,
" And plesit ȝow deuotlie pra for me.
" I ȝow beseik siclike ilkane to vther
" To keip kyndnes as to ȝour carnall bruther; 56,935
" Into concord rycht small thing eikis and growis,
" And in discord rycht mekle wastis and flowis."
This beand said rycht suddantlie in haist, Lib. 16, f. 253. Col. 1.
He bad gude nycht, and syne gaif vp the gaist.

[1] In MS. *in dout in.*

Maister Johnne Mare[1] sais in that same storie,
Sen that I haif it recent in memorie,
Ilk word be word into [my] mynd perqueir,
With Goddis grace now I sall schaw ȝow heir,
The same sentence that I fand in his buik,
Of ane author richt autentik he tuke,
Maister Johnne Frossard, writtin in French toung,
Quhais sentence is nocht for to impung,
For-quhy the suith he said of all that thing
Wes schawin him be ane richt fideding,
Ane man of gude, the quhilk did him reveild
Ilk word be word the fassoun of that feild;
Into that feild the quhilk that faucht all nycht,
Quhill on the morne that it wes neir da lycht,
Syne on the morne in breking of the da
As presoner wes tane and led awa,
Amang the Scottis efter did remane,
Quhill efterwart he ransonit wes agane;
Quhois relatioun culd nocht weill be fals,
For-quhy of Scotland and of Ingland als
He knew and hard the haill narratioun;
Quhairfoir [I] traist weill his relatioun
Be verrie trew, and as he did rehers,
The same sentence I sall schaw ȝow in vers.
That samin nycht it hapnit vpoun cace,
Lyndesay of Wauchop followand on the chace,
Ane man of gude, callit Mathow Redman,
Hand for hand nane bot tha tua as than,
Quhair he wes fleand that tyme him alane,
But ony straik the Lyndesay hes him tane,
And tuke fra him bayth knyfe and birneist brand,
Wes bricht and braid that he buir in his hand.

[1] In MS. *Mane.*

This Redman, as my author did report,
Richt reuerentlie the Lyndesay did exhort
To lat him pas but ony cautioun,
Of his awin aith and obligatioun, 56,975
Hame in Ingland onto his awin hald,
And suld enter quhen that euir he wald
Into Scotland, at his plesure and will,
Quhat da and place he wald assigne him till.
The quhilk he did on his credence and word, 56,980
And gaif agane him bayth his knyfe and sword,
Quhairof he thankit hes the gentill knycht;
Ilkane tuke leif and bad vther gude nycht.
Of Durhame than the archibischop that tyme,
This ilk Lyndesay hes lampit in the lyme;[1] 56,985
Or euir he wist, that nycht rydand all wrang,
Ane multitude he enterit hes amang
Of armit men that this ilk bischop hed,
Ten thousand men war in armour all cled.
This ilk bischop that ilk tyme said and leuch, 56,990
" Now se I weill I am happie aneuch,
" That nother gaif no ȝit hes tane ane straik,
" Ane waillit weirman, wicht as ony aik,
" Of nobill blude now at my plesour heir,
" Lo! I haif gottin to be presoneir. 56,995
" Had all the laif bene als happie as I,
" The Scottis had nocht win sic victory."
This Mathow Redman that same tyme wes thair,
And saw the Lyndesay quhen his face wes bair,
And knew him weill, syne come rydand him 57,000
till,
Said, " Welcum maister, I wes anis in ȝour will, Col. 2.
" I grant richt weill I am ȝour presoneir;
" Thairfoir," he said, " sen I haif fund ȝow heir,

[1] In MS. *lyne.*

" ȝe salbe free and ȝe will mak me frie."
" That war ressoun," to him agane said he :
Of that condition the Lyndesay wes fred,
Syne tuke his leif and hame agane him sped.
This ilk bischop, of quhome befoir I spak,
That samin tyme for haill purpois did tak
With all power the Scottis till persew.
Quhen that the Scottis of his cuming knew,
The erle of Marche, quhilk that thair captane wes,
To counsall all that tyme he gart thame pas,
For to devyiss without[in] ony hune,
Richt wyslie than quhat best wes to be done
With presoneris amang thame that tha haif.
And sum thair wes that sic counsall than gaif,
To sla thame all withoutin ony let ;
For weill tha wist, and tha did battell get,
Tha suld be fund that tyme thair felloun fa,
Weill mycht tha wit that it wald be rycht sua.
ȝit neuirtheles than all the men of gude
In contrair that counsall did conclude ;
For caus it wes aganes the law of nature,
To God and man to be so wyld ane tratour,
And far also agane humanitie,
To sla ane man efter he ȝoldin be.
And for that caus tha gart thame sweir ilk man,
Quhither that tyme the Scottis tynt or wan,
That tha suld ay thair presoneris remane
Quhill tha with ransoune war redemit agane.
And in the tyme also he gart thame sweir
In the battell tha suld do thame na deir,
Gif hapnit thame haif battell in that steid.
ȝit neuirtheles, for moir sicker remeid,
Rycht fast tha band thair feit and handis bayth,
In that beleif that tha micht do na skaith.
The erle of Marche, as I haif said ȝow heir,
George of Dumbar, that nobill cheuilleir,

Quhilk in his tyme so greit honour that wan,
To the Scottis thair captane that wes than,
Wyss into weir and richt weill wnderstude,
Put all his men than into ordour gude,
Richt suddantlie but tarie in the tyde.
Syne manfullie schup battell for to byde,
And buglis blew with sic ane busteous beir,
Tha[t] hiddeus wes tha hornis for till heir.
With clarions cleir bemand lyke ony bell,
Quhomeof the sound did found attouir the fell,
With sic rebous rebundand fra the bruik,
Quhill that the schawis trymlit all and schuke.
The Inglismen syne quhen that tha drew neir,
And hard the clynking of thir clarions cleir,
And als beheld thair brodin baneris bricht
Agane the face of Phebus kest sic licht,
Thair staitlie standartis strayand in the air,
With mony pynsall panetit war preclair,
So gude ordour that tyme as tha in stude,
This ilk bischop than, schortlie to conclude,
Arrayit hes his men baith les and moir.
The erle of Marche that samin tyme befoir,
That in his dais wes bayth wyiss and wicht,
Amang thame all ascendit to ane hicht:
" My deir freindis, this is be ȝow I mene,
" The wecht and heit the quhilk hes done sustene
" Of mort battell, and lauborit all this nycht,
" And vincust hes tua princes of greit micht,
" With the flour of Northumberland,
" Quhy suld we dreid or [in sic] aw now stand
" Of ȝone auld preist hes no prattik in weir?
" And now, I traist, it is ouir lait to leir.
" Thairfoir, I traist, richt weill this tyme, and we
" Ma smyte the hird, that all the flok sall fle.

57,040 57,045 57,050 57,055 57,060 57,065 57,070

Lib. 16, f. 253 b. Col. 1.

" Thair restis nocht bot ilk man gif ane stra[i]k,
" He neidis nocht on ony ma till vaik:
" Full weill I wait, or tha straikis be done,
" The hird sall fle, and all the laif richt sone
" Sall follow syne quhen that tha se him fle.
" Traist weill," he said, "that this salbe no lie.
" We sall him teiche now this tyme as it standis,
" To ding his barnis as he wes wont with wandis,
" In to the scule quhen that he did thame ken,
" And nocht in battell fecht with berdit men."
This beand said than he discendit sone,
And all thair trumpettis into sindrie tune
He hes gart blaw than with ane hiddeous blast;
The schalmis schill schouttit also richt fast;
The clarioun clynkit with ane sound full cleir;
Of hornis the sound so hiddeous wes till heir;
Quhairof this bischop that tyme stude sic aw,
Turnit his bak and hame agane did draw,
Traistand moir honour that tyme as it standis,
To tyne nor wyn [than] at the Scottis handis.
Redulfus Persie in that samin stound
In his bodie buir mony bludie wound,
And for that caus this ilk soir woundit man
The erle of Murra did requeist as than,
In quhais keiping in that tyme he was,
To gif him licence than that he micht pas
To the New Castell vpoun Tyne[1] that stude,
To seik him leichis that wer fyne and gude,
To heill his woundis as he did alledge,
And he suld geif his faith to him in pledge,
Quhen euir he wald, and quhair that euir he will,
At his command in Scotland cum him till.

[1] In MS. *tyme.*

The quhilk to him richt glaidlie than he grantit,
Of his desyre nothing that tyme he wantit.
Sex hundreth als siclike, without lesing,
Deliuerit wes of thair awin oblissing.
Schir Harie Persie that tha had in hand, 57,110
With [thame] that tyme tha brocht into Scotland,
And fyve hundreth of presoneris also,
Tha brocht with thame that tyme and erar mo;
I can nocht tell the nummer of the od.
At Otterburne into the ȝeir of God 57,115
Ane thousand auchtie thre hundreth alss and aucht,
As that my author drawis in his draucht,
This ilk battell that I have schawin heir
Wes strikin than into that samin ȝeir.
This erle of Douglas in that feild wes slane, 57,120
Efter his deid no airis did remane,
Gottin of him self, to bruke him heretage;
Quhairfoir that tyme, be law of rycht lienage,
Of Gallowa the nobill erle we reid
As richteous air to him than did succeid. 57,125
King Robert than, as that my author sais,
Drawin to age richt far wes in tha dais,
As he no way micht travell nor [micht] ryde,
And vnabill the kinrik for to gyde;
And for that caus ane counsall he gart call 57,130
In Edinburch thair with his lordis all,
And thair consent withoutin ony stryfe,
Robert his sone, quhilk wes erle of Fyffe, Col. 2.
Into his tyme that wes of sic honour,
For maist ganand tha maid him governour. 57,135
His eldest sone vnganand wes to be
Ane governour, for-quhy that same tyme he
Cruikit he wes, vnfeire of his cors,
Vpoun the leg wes strickin with ane hors,
Quhilk vexit him withoutin rest all tyde, 57,140
That he with eis micht nother gang no ryde;

And in him self also siclike wes he
Nocht so fordwart as mister wes to be.
And for thir caussis I haif schawin heir
He tuke fra him all regiment and steir,
And his bruther wes hiear of curage,
Thocht he wes lawar and of ȝoungar age.
In this same tyme now that I schaw ȝow heir,[1]
This ȝoung Persie being ane presoneir
With his bruther, as ȝe hard, in Scotland,
Quhilk wardanis war, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
Of all Ingland into the samin dais,
Thairfoir king Richart, as my author sais,
His erle merschell the wardane than maid he,
And gaif to him the haill auctoritie,
Syne suddantlie to the bordour him send
With greit power his merchis to defend.
This ilk wardane that creat wes of new,
Rycht bald he wes and mekle bost than blew,
And of the Persie greit derisioun spak,
That he had tane so greit skaith and lak,
Ay for ane Scot into the feild wes thre.
Sayand he wes wnworthie for to be
Ane governour, or to haif ony gyde,
For so few folk war set sua sone asyde.
Solempnit vow siclike that tyme maid he,
Quhen euir he hapnit Scottismen to se
In ony feild, suppois tha war far mo,
That he sould gif thame battell or tha go
Out of his boundis, thocht tha war neuir so bald,
Ouir all the warld that it sould be tald
That he sould preif ane better Inglisman,
And moir manlie nor the Persie did than.

[1] This and the three lines preceding are repeated in the MS.

The Scottis lordis quhilk war at that raid,
Quhen that tha hard so greit vanting he maid,
Tha langit soir of his curage to preif;
That samin tyme than with the kingis leif,
His sone Robert, that governour wes than,
Convenit hes with mony nobill man;
The erlis of Marche and of Douglas that tyde
Wes bydand him thair at the bordour syde;
Quhen all thair power semblit war togidder,
Withoutin lat that tyme tha war nocht lidder.
Into Ingland tha passit ane far space,
And socht this wardane evin at his awin place
Withoutin stop that tyme or tha wald stynt,
Ouir all his boundis than bayth slew and brynt,
Makand grit spulȝe also ouir all quhair,
Baith wyfe and barne cryand with mony rair,
So will of wane nocht wittand quhat to do,
All sark allane withoutin hois or scho;
And all the men that fled nocht in greit haist,
Sum slane, sum tane, and all the laif war chaist
Fra mos to mos, and sum fra hill to hill,
Quhill tha war tane and come all in thair will.
This erle marschell, maid wardane of the new,
Hes tane the feild the Scottis till persew,
With mony berne that wes baith big and bald,
Ane greit armie out of number vntald,
Vpoun ane plane so did his men array,
Quhair that he thocht the Scottis till assay.
Syne quhen it wes done him till wnderstand,
Within schort space the Scottis war cumand
With greit power of mekle pomp and pryde,
Into that plane he wald no langar byde,
Bot left that feild, and drew him till ane strenth
Quhair he mycht ly without perrell at lenth,
At his plesure thocht he had bene rycht few,
Quhair weill he wist that none wald him persew.

57,175 57,180 57,185 57,190 57,195 57,200 57,205

Lib. 16, f. 254. Col. 1.

Till his defence that tyme thair he him tuke,
Levand the feild and to fecht than forsuik,
And quyte forȝet the langage les and moir,
And the greit vowis that he maid befoir.
As hapnis oft ane vanter to be liear,
And ane greit braggar to be fund a fliear,
And ane gude rusar semdill ane gude rydar,
Ane mydding tulȝear in ane battell bydar.
For commounlie he that him self sua rusis,
Of vant and ruse all vther him accusis,
And for ane liear settis him at nocht,
Kennand sa weill in him self, and he docht,
His langage so that he wald nocht abuse,
And think greit lak his awin deidis to ruse.
This auld proverb amang ws lang rycht couth,
Saying, the loving in ane mannis mouth,
Maid of him self, stinkis lyke ony fen
Into the eiris of all vther men.
And as thow rusis cum thow nocht sic speid,
Thow wilbe schamit than with thi awin deid;
And thocht thow do alss far as thow hes rusit,
Ȝit for ane vanter ay thow wilbe vsit.
With vther men wald thow commendit be,
Leif vant and ruse and ay at sic thing fle.
This erle merschall, quhilk I befoir haif namit,
Had he done so that tyme had nocht bene schamit
As he wes than, for his greit vant and ruse,
As fra ane fox fled lyke ane fleit guse.
Oure governour that sic thing of him knew,
To him he sent ane herald of the new,
And bad him cum out of that toddis hoill,
And gif him feild, or ellis he suld thoill
Greit lak and schame sic vowis maid befoir,
To fle so sone and se so litill schoir.

This erle merschall syne schort wordis and plane
To the herald sic ansuer maid agane : 57,245
" Say thow to him, I do him wnderstand,
" That I haif nocht at this tyme in command
" To gif battell to him now in that place,
" No ȝit dar nocht als for the kingis grace
" Put all the flour now of Northumberland 57,250
" In jeopardie, without I had command.
" Pas on ; of me thow gettis now na mair."
This herald syne that baid na langar thair,
Passit agane, and all the veritie,
As he had said, agane to thame schew he. 57,255
And quhen tha knew that tha wald get no battell,
Northumberland than baith of corne and cattell
Tha spulȝeit alhaill fra end to end,
Of siluer, gold, and all cunȝe wes kend,
With houshald geir richt curiouslie wes wrocht ; 57,260
Syne hame in Scotland all that riches brocht.
And for na travell irk wald nocht no tyre,
Quhill all tha boundis brynt war in ane fyre
Be the leist bigging in tha boundis was ;
In Scotland syne with all the gude did pas. 57,265
In that same tyme, as hapnit vpone chance,
Out of Ingland and also out of France, Col. 2.
Tua legattis come, to treit for trewis and pace,
Quhilk grantit wes to thame that tyme, but lace,
For thre ȝeiris and no langar ane hour, 57,270
Of that conditioun so the governour
Wald be content, and the lordis ilk man,
Quhilk in England vncuming hame war than.
This wes the ansuer that tyme of the king :
Syne efterwart onto the samin thing 57,275
Assistit all and thairto gaif consent ;
As he had said tha war richt weill content.
Sone efter this Alexander Stewart,
The kingis sone, ane cruell man of hart,

Erle of Buchane als in that tyme wes he, 57,280
And for quhat [caus] I can nocht, bot I lie,
Tell ȝow this tyme, with sic haitrent and ire,
That samin tyme hes[1] he brynt in ane fyre
Of Murra sait the greit cathedrale kirk.
Ane wickit man mon ay ill werkis wirk. 57,285
And for no caus bot for the samin quhy,
Becaus the bischop than did him deny
All his desyre, and warnit him his will
Wnganand war than to grant him till.
This beand done, as my author did mene, 57,290
That samin tyme passit till Abirdene,
And that same bischop of sic honour and fame,
That callit wes Adamus to his name,
Ane man of age and all his tyme weill vsit,
Befoir him self richt soirlie hes accusit. 57,295
Sayand to him he wnderstude and wist,
War nocht that he so greitlie did assist
To fortifie and fauour mony fald,
The tother bischop had nocht bene so bald.
And had nocht bene tha maid the mair 57,300
requeist,
Wes with him than for thair saik at the leist,
To sover him and to pas hame agane,
Without dout that bischop he had slane.
This Alexander, as that sum man sais,
Of Badȝenoch wes callit all his dais 57,305
The vorax wolf, becaus all tyme that he
Vsit oppressioun with crudelitie.
Ȝe sall nocht fynd in no storie men reidis,
Ony gude said of him or ȝit his deidis;
Of my father thocht *proauus* wes he, 57,310
Of him I think nocht to fenȝe nor lie;

---

[1] In MS. *as.*

Suppois fra him I knaw I am discendit,
The veritie thairfoir beis nocht offendit:
In all this warld is no sic freind to me,
I knaw richt weill, as is the veritie.
At tyme and place as ȝe hard of ane vther,
Proauus alss siclike wes to my mother,
The erle of Marche, callit George of Dumbar,
As of befoir, suppois it be nocht far,
I schew to ȝow how he at Otterburne
Come sa gude speid, quhair mony ane did spurne.
Ȝit neuirtheles I did nocht thair advance
His nobilnes, with half the circumstance
That I haif hard in mony sang and taill,
Or dreid sum sa thairof I leid and faill.
In ony place fynd I him for to lak,
Als litill ruse thair of him sall I mak;
And quhair I fynd no caus him for to ruse,
Thair sall ȝe fynd I sall him nocht excuse.
Sen it is so, thairfoir suspect nocht me,
Trow nocht that I will fenȝie or ȝit lie
In this storie for fauour or affectioun,
That I sould neid of ony sic correctioun;
For and I suld, it had bene ane of tha tua
Quhome of befoir now that ȝe hard me sa.
This Alexander quhomeof ȝe hard I spak,
As that my author dois me mentioun mak,
For he that tyme so wickitlie him vsit,
With his awin father soirlie wes accusit,
And tane and haldin into presoun strong,
Quhair [in] that tyme that he remanit lang;
Quhill in Dundonald syne sone efterwart
The king tuke leif and thair he did depart,
And syne in Scone intumulit wes he,
Quhilk sepulture remanes ȝit to se,
The ȝeir of God ane thousand and thre hunder,
And nyntie als syne for to subsume wnder,

57,315 57,320 57,325 57,330 57,335 57,340 57,345

Lib. 16, f. 254 b. Col. 1.

And of his regnne quhilk wes the nyntene ȝeir,
And of his eild, quha lykis for till heir,
Sevintie and sax completit war and past,
Quhen closit wes his latter day and last.
Into his tyme the quhilk sic fortoun hed,
In euerie feild his armie so weill sped,
Suppois him self remanit still at hame,
The victorie wes ay laid on his name.
So equallie he execute the lawis,
Of puir men ay the actioun and the caus
Befoir him self he gart decernit be;
In all his tyme so just also wes he,
Quhair euir he ludgit into ony toun,
Syne efterwart quhen that he wes fair boun,
Gart mak ane cry gif ony lad or man,
Into that toun that wes his seruand than,
Hed tane that tyme other les or moir
Ony thing he had nocht payit foir,
Cum to his stewart quhair that euir he was,
It sould be payit ilk penny or he pas.
In all his tyme no plesure had of fuillis;
All men of lair that cunnyng war in scuillis
Leit tak na wrang of ony or offens,
Supportand thame ay on his awin expens,
And held thame euir of greit auctoritie,
And of thair counsall alway vsit he.
Quhilk propertie sould be till ony prince,
Of cunnyng men to mak cost and expens,
And of thair wisdome alway for to heir,
Quhilk in thair tyme greit travell maid to leir;
Exerceand thame in mony sindrie scuillis
For to decerne betuix wyiss men and fuillis,
And of all thingis knaw the variance;
And sua be science and experience
To cunnyng men richt mekle thing is knawin,
Till mony vther secreit and vnschawin.

Quhairfoir I say heir, schortlie to conclude,
Quha vsit counsall of sic men of guide,
Seyndill is sene, vse he sic counsall lang,
In ony mater that he sould ga wrang.

How efter the Deith of King Robert Stewart his Sone Johne, callit efter Robert, wes crownit in Scone King of Scottis, and how Williame Douglas was slane.

Efter the deith of this Robert richt sone,
The lordis all convenit hes in Scone.
That samin tyme thair quhair tha maid repair,
His eldest sone callit Johnne wes his air,
Changit his name and Robert did him call;
Syne with consent thair of the lordis all,
This ȝoung Robert, baith humbill and bening,
Of Scotland than wes crownit to be king.
Williame of Douglas in that samin ȝeir,
Into Danskene throw tressoun of ane freir,
Efter in weir greit worschip that he wan,
With Inglismen that same tyme wes slane than;
And for quhat caus gif ony now wald speir, Col. 2.
Tak tent to me and I sall tell ȝow heir.
This ilk Douglas befoir ane litill we,
The lord Cliffurd richt oft provoikit he
With him to fecht in barras hand for hand,
And for quhat caus I culd nocht wnderstand,
Bot weill I wait he had sum caus quhairfoir.
This ilk Cliffurd this Douglas dred so soir,
That he durst nocht, for all the gold in France,
To fecht with him and wnderly sic chance,
Quhilk causit him fra the bordour till fle
Far in Ingland, trowand thair till be

Quyte of his bet. [Bot] all that wes for nocht;
Sone efter him this ilk Douglas hes socht,
Befoir his prince siclike did him apeill.
The Cliffurd syne, that durst nocht with him deill,
Refusit hes the battell mony syis,
The Douglas ȝit sa oft on him replyis,
Quhill the Cliffurd, for schame and dreid he sped
Of the Douglas, in[to] Danskin he fled.
Bot all his fleing stude him in no vaill,
The Douglas followit sone efter but faill;
Befoir the lordis of that nobill toun
The Douglas thair he kest his gluifis doun,
Siclike befoir as he wes wont till do.
The Cliffurd than sic ansuer maid him to,
Sayand for battell that he come nocht thair,
And fra that furth wald ansuer him na mair.
Syne quhen he hard of him wer said sic schame,
Richt sone efter in Ingland passit hame.
The maister of Sprois that wes ane nobill man,
Heirand sic honour as the Douglas wan,
With mony men so mekle he wes rusit,
And that the Cliffurde also than refusit
To fecht with him and so far fra him fled,
Quhairfoir of him the moir plesure he hed;
And so hed all the lordis in the toun,
And held him ay in honour and renoun,
For-quhy of him tha had ane gude beleif,
That he to thame ane singular freind suld preif
In thair weiris quhilk lestit mony da
With infidelis, as my author did sa.
Quhairfoir that tyme with haill auctoritie,
With ane naving tha send him to the se,
The quhilk of nummer, as my author menit,
Tua hundreth schippis and fiftie contenit.

Moir honour thair now [that] this Douglas wan,
Wes neuir wyn ȝit with na levand man;
And in that land ane lang quhile did remane,
Syne haill and feir in Spruce come hame agane,
Thair he wes louit bayth with ane and other,
Als tenderlie as he had bene thair bruther.
Quhairat the Cliffurde had rycht grit invye,
And of Ingland [richt] sone and suddantly
Send waigit men the Douglas for to sla;
Sone efterwart the quhilk that hes done sua,
Be the deceptioun that tyme of ane freir,
And how it wes now I sall tell ȝow heir.
Ane freiris place into that toun thair was,
Quhair that the Douglas vsit for to pas
Mes for to heir and oresoun to sa;
So hapnit it syne efter on ane da,
This ilk Douglas, with seruandis tua or thre,
Onto that place quietlie passit he,
And at ane freir he askit vpoun cace,
Gif ma messis wald be done in that place.
The freir, the quhilk that wes ane Inglisman,
Rycht cankartlie he ansuerit him as than;
Bad him pas on als fast as he micht trot,
Tha had no mes that wes meit for ane Scot.
All this he did, as richt weill ȝe ma ken,
As he wes teichit be the Inglismen,
Gif that tha culd, vther in deid or sawis,
Aganis the Douglas for to find ane caus,
Quhairthrow with him that tha mycht fall in stryfe,
And be that way to tak fra him his lyfe,
Syne wilfullie he fell with him in threip.
The Douglas said, he suld haif gart him leip
Thre lowpis in ane, and he had nocht bene than
Ane preist or freir, or ȝit religious man;
Syne passit hyne onto ane vther place
Wes neirhand by within ane litill space,

Lib. 16, f. 255. Col. 1.

And thair hard mes; and quhen the mes wes done,
On to his ludging passit hame richt sone.
The freir siclyk on to thir Inglismen,
The quhilk befoir ȝond lessoun did him ken,
That ordand war to sla the gude Douglas,
And word be word he schew thame how it was.
This fenȝeit freir to ill that wes richt abill,
Quhair mony men war sittand at ane tabill,
Richt mony lie of Douglas maid rehers,
Quhilk I list nocht as now to put in vers.
All this wes said, as ȝe ma weill consaue,
That Inglismen sum excuse micht haif,
Gif efterwart it hapnit vpoun cace
Tha met the Douglas into ony place,
Without langaige nocht to depart him fro,
Bot speir at him quhy that he suld do so.
Syne on the morne as he wes wont to pas
Onto ane kirk into the toun that was,
With tua seruandis he passit and no mo,
On to that kirk as he wes wont till go,
Than Inglismen into his way did lig,
As he come hame at the end of ane brig,
In his passage quhair that he suld ouir pas,
Thir Inglismen, into his gait that was,
Accusit him and schairplie than did speir,
Quhat wes the caus that he trublit thair freir?
Lichtlie agane to thame than ansuerit he:
" Go hence," he said, " ilkone in hy fro me.
" No rekning now ȝe sall haif of me heir,
" Of oucht I did wnto that samin freir.
" Sic wordis lytill in my mind I wey;
" Thairfoir go hence, and hald me nocht in pley;
" For and ȝe do, ȝe by it deir anone."
Thir Inglismen that ay war four for one,
Tha set on him richt sone and suddantlie,
Vpoun the brig quhair he micht nocht pas by.

This gude Douglas, quhilk waponis wantit than
Except ane sword he tuke fra his awin man,
And with that sword, wes nother braid no lang,
Vpoun his fais dourlie that he dang,
Quhill baith his seruandis slane war in that tyde,
Him self also buir deidlie woundis wyde.
And quhen he saw that no better micht be,
Other till do or ellis for to die,
Or he had fled ane fit out of that steid,
Ane thousand tymes he had far levar be deid.
And weill he wist the woundis he had tone
Wald be his deid, thairfoir lyke ane lyoun,
To keip his cors that tyme he tuke na cuir,
Amang his fais[1] with sic force he fuir,
That fyve he slew; the laif buir woundis wyde,
Syne fled richt fast and durst na langar byde.
This gude Douglas richt manlie on agast,
To his ludging ane richt gude pais he past,
And of his claithis suddantlie hes done,
Syne in his bed gart la him doun full sone. Col. 2.
Than in all haist efter ane Scottis freir
He hes gart send, his confessioun to heir,
The quhilk he maid that tyme with grit contritioun,
And of his sinnis[2] than tuke absolutioun;
Also forgaif thame glaidlie with gude will
All tha injuris that had done him till;
Ressauit syne into that samin hour
The blissit bodie of oure Saluiour
Befoir thame all thair present in that place;
Anone the saull within ane litill space
Departit hes, quhair mony wes till se,
Ascendit syne on to the hevin richt hie.

[1] In MS. *face.*
[2] In MS. *sonis.*

In Danskene sen at that citie[1] stude
Wes neuir none, schortlie to conclude,
Better louit baith with wyfe and man,
And moir menit no wes the Douglas than.
And thocht my author do nocht heir rehers
Sic circumstance I haif put into vers,
Ȝit neuirtheles sen it wes in memorie,
As that I fand into ane famous storie,
I haif schawin the best way that I can,
All for the honour of that nobill man;
Sic thing with scilence sould nocht so ouir pas,
That euerie man micht wit how that it was.
Neirby this tyme ane evill asposit man,
Erle of Buchane quhilk that sone wes than,
Quhilk brint the kirk befoir into Murra,
Bot schort quhile syne as ȝe haif hard me sa,
Duncane Stewart wes callit to his name,
With mony freik of litill fecc or fame
Of hieland men ane rycht greit multitude,
Far moir inclynit ay to ill no gude,
In stouth and reif haiffand so grit delyte,
In policie also richt imperfyte;
This ilk Duncane haifand auctoritie
Of all tha men, that samin tyme come he
Into Angus, withoutin ony baid,
And greit spulȝe ouir all the land he maid.
The schirref than, gude Walter Ogilbie,
With greit power than sped him haistelie
For to resist of this Duncane the ill;
Sone efter syne he gaif battell him till,
Quhair he in feild that samin da wes slane,
Richt few on lyfe did efter him remane;
Of all the laif that he brocht with him thair,
Richt few chaipit other les or mair.

[1] In MS. *cititie.*

To king Robert quhen that this cace wes kend,
The erle of Craufurd suddanelie he send
Agane Duncane to bring him to the law.
This Duncane, quhilk of his cuming did knaw
With sic power he micht him nocht resist,
Skaillit his men at greit laser and list;
In sindrie partis gart ilk man him hyde,
Without perrell quhair tha trowit to byde,
Quhill that the erle and all his multitude
War passit hame; syne quhen tha wnderstude
That all perrell wes passit than in plane,
That tha mycht pas to thair spulȝe agane.
It wes nocht so that tyme as tha pretendit;
Richt mony than of thame war apprehendit
Into wodis lurkand quhair tha la,
Syne bund in bandis and ilk ane led awa
On to the law, condampnit syne to die,
And on ane gallous hangit all full hie.
Duncane him self, sum thing that better sped,
With all the laif syne into Buchane fled.
Off hieland men alss in tha samin dais,
Tua greit clannis, as that my author sais,
Clanquheweill ane, Clancay the tother als,
Quhais propirtie is ay to be full fals,
Semdill is sene that sic men can be leill,
Thair policie wes euir moir to steill.
Cristie Johnnestoun, as my author did sa,
Than of Clanquhewill, and Strabrek of Clancay,
Captanis tha war, as[1] semit weill to be
Ane cankerit captane till ane curst menȝie.
Thir tua clannis richt lang tha war at stryfe,
Quhair that tha sparit nother man nor wyfe,
Amang thame self baith hereit, brint and slew,
Without discretioun, as my author schew.

57,585 57,590 57,595 57,600 57,605 57,610 57,615

Lib. 16, f. 255 b. Col. 1.

[1] In MS. *all.*

Thomas Dumbar that erle wes of Murray,
And Dauid erle of Craufurd, gude Lyndesay,
Thir tua lordis hes lauborit mony da,
For to mak peax betuix thir clannis tua,
Bot all for nocht, for thame it wald nocht be,
Without ane gat the haill auctoritie,
And had the tother alhaill at thair will;
Siclike the tother wes inclynd thairtill
Maistrie to haif and superioritie,
Quhilk be no way wes abill for to be.
Thomas Dumbar that erle wes of Murra,
Ane richt wyiss man, as my author did sa,
To baith the parteis this same counsall gaif,
Gif euir tha thocht gude peax or rest to haif
Into thair tyme, and out of trubill be,
In singular battell, threttie for threttie,
Befoir the king in barras for to fecht,
And threttie [for] to tak on thame the wecht
Of all the weir; quhilk of thame thair that wan
Suld ay be maister of the tother clan.
On to the counsall than of this wyiss lord,
Tha clannis baith hes done thame haill accord.
Besyde Sanct Johnestoun on the water of Tay,
On the north Insche the place wes set and day,
Quhair thir tua parteis in barres sould meit,
Doublet allane, but harnes, on thair feit.
Quhen tyme wes cumin that thir tua parteis set,
In that same place thir tua clannis thair met;
Barres wes maid, and judges set on hicht,
For to decerne quhilk of the tua had richt.
Quhen tha war reddie in the feild to gone,
On the tane pairt that tyme thair wantit one.
Ane busteous carle that standand wes neirby,
Baith big and bald, I can nocht tell ȝow quhy,
For waigis I trow that sum had gevin him till,
He tuke on hand the nummer to fulfill.

Syne in the feild tha enterit suddantlie;
The herald than proclamit with ane cry,
" Lat thame go, lat thame go; God schaw the rycht!"
Thir bernis big that war baith bald and wycht,
Threttie for threttie with baith swordis faucht,
Quhill all war slane on the tane syde bot aucht,
And on the tother levand wes bot one.
And quhen he[1] saw that all the laif wes gone,
Langar to byde he thocht no barnis play,
He lap the barras and syne swame ouir Tay.
And so that stryfe endit betuix thame heir,
Than of oure Lord ane thousand and sax ȝeir,
Thre hundreth ȝeir and nyntie als to tell,
Completit wes quhen this aventure befell.
Quhen this wes done as I haif said ȝow heir, Col. 2.
King Robert syne efter in the thrid ȝeir,
At Sanct Johnestoun thair in ane parliament,
Dauid his sone, with all thair haill consent,
Tbe duke wes maid of Rothissay to be;
Of auchtene ȝeir no moir of age wes he.
Robert his bruther, that wes erle of Fyffe,
But contrapleid of ony or of stryfe,
He creat him than duke of Albany.
Thir tua duikis, as in storie find I,
Tha war the first, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
Sic dignitie that euir had in Scotland.
Into this tyme, or neir about thairby,
Ane man of gude into ambassadry
Out of Ingland in Scotland wes send,
Callit Wallis as my author me kend.
Vpoun ane da sittand at the denneir
Befoir the king, and makand waill gude cheir,

[1] In MS. *tha*.

The erle of Craufurd that same tyme and he,
Callit Dauid of greit nobillitie,
Begouth to threip quha than that war best peiris,
And previt best befoir into the weiris,
Scottis or Inglis be ressoun to preif.
Skant that the tane wald gif the tother leif
To tell his taill, so haistie baith war than.
So at the last this Wallis thus began,
And said to him than of this same maneir
Siclike langage as I sall schaw ȝow heir.
" Sen sua it is that I heir ȝow produce
" Sic voust and vant of manlines and ruce,
" Of ȝour natioun so worthelie hes previt,
" And how so oft ws sturtit hes and grevit,
" And litill russ ȝe mak of ws agane,
" Quhairfoir I say ȝow heir, gude schir, in plane
" Nocht in effect thairat ȝow for to greif,
" Gif plesis ȝow ony tyme with ȝour leif,
" Than ȝe and I for to fecht hand for hand,
" Quhair plesis ȝow in Scotland or Ingland."
Quhairto the Lyndesay gaif rycht sone consent,
So that the king war plesit and content.
Quhairof the king wes weill content also,
And gaif thame leif at thair plesour till go ;
Quhen plesit thame sic prattik for to preif,
It sould nocht stop for his gude will and leif.
In plane langage, withoutin ony glois,
The Inglisman tha gaif him in his chois,
Becaus he wes into ane wncouth land,
To cheis the place at his will and command.
And he agane quhair that fechting sould be,
At Lundoun brig the place than chesit he ;
The Lyndiesay als Sanct Georgis da hes set,
To meit that da quhair that tha efter met.
This Inglisman fast hamewart than he woik,
To mak reddie for the jornay he tuke.

The erle of Craufurd on the tother syde,
For hors and harnes also did provyde ;
Quhen he wes reddie sone efter did go
With tua and threttie that tyme and no mo,
Of waillit men hardie of hart and hand,
And weill geirit, he passit in England.
This erle Dauid quhilk wes ane nobill man,
With king Richart wes weill resauit than,
With all honour and greit tretie betuene
Till ony prince that sic tyme mycht pertene.
Quhill efter syne vpoune Sanct Georgis da,
At Lundoun brig, as my author did sa,
The parteis baith togidder thair tha met
In that same place quhair that the tryist wes set ;
Quhair present war richt mony men of gude,
Of commoun pepill sic ane multitude,
No man wald trow that multitude had sene,
Sua mony pepill in Lundoun had bene.
As kyndlie is, ȝe knaw thame selffis to be,
All man desyris for to heir and se
Thingis ar new and wondrous for to heir ;
And so did tha ȝe ma weill wit but weir.
The king him self wes set thair for to se
Into ane throne, thair judge that tyme to be.
So war tha armit into nobill steill,
Thir bernis baith that semit to do weill,
Convoyit war with mony men of gude
Of thair freindis with waill greit gratitude.
Syne euerilkone vpoun ane cursure wycht,
At the rynk end, all into armour brycht,
With speir in hand bydand the heraldis cry,
Quhen he had said, syne sone and suddantly
Spurrit thair hors quhill baith thair syidis bled,
Syne suddantlie togidder baith tha sped,

57,725 57,730 57,735 57,740 57,745 57,750 57,755

Lib. 16, f. 256, Col. 1.

Quhill baith thair speiris, that war grit and lang,
Aboue thair heid all in[to] spaillis sprang.
Thir fercie freikis that so vther provit,
Still in thair saidill sat wnremovit.
The commoun pepill that war sittand by,
Vpoun the Lyndsay cryit mony fy,
Into his saidill sayand he wes teit.
The Lyndsay than, to lat thame se tha leit,
Doun fra his hors richt lychtlie that he lap,
Syne on agane als fast as he mycht swap,
Without stirrop or ony help as than,
And leit thame wit that he wes ane leill man.
Siclike also evin at the nixt rais,
Tha brak thair speiris in the samin place.
Ane man of Lyndesayis than to him he bair
Ane richt scharp speir that wes bayth grit and squair,
And baith begouth agane at the rink end,
And with gude will ilkane to vther wend.
Syne in the middis of the feild tha met,
Quhair sic ane straik the Lyndsay on him set,
Out throw his bodie maid ane deidlie wound,
Doun of his hors syne buir him to the ground,
With ane loude murmure and ane cairfull cry,
And greit displesure of all that stude by.
This ilk Lyndesay quhen that he had so done,
Doun of his hors descendit hes richt sone,
Granand on ground quhair that he saw him ly,
Into his armis hint him vp in hy,
And in his armes hartlie he him braist,
And held him so quhill that he gaif the gaist.
Richt tenderlie for him than murnit he,
That euerie man mycht wnderstand [and] se
Nother for ire, haitrent, or ill will,
Or for na malice that he had him till,

Bot for curage and sic knychtlie affeir,
That he with him ran sic coursis of weir;
Quhilk schew that he had to no man offendit.
Quhairof richt greitlie ilk man him commendit,
And most of all that tyme the kingis grace,
And held him still with him ane weill lang space,
Treittand him weill, so did he all the laif,
And greit rewardis in the tyme thame gaif.
In that same tyme ane big berne and ane bald,
Ane man of his that callit wes Donald,
Provoikit wes than be ane Inglisman,
Hand for hand with him for to fecht than.
This ilk Donald, quhilk wald him nocht refuis,
Content he wes withoutin ony excuiss
In Lundoun toun evin at the mercat corce,
On fit to fecht withoutin ony hors,
Doublet alane, withoutin ony bourd, Col. 2.
Ilkane in hand haiffand ane scherand swourd,
Vpoun his mantill and in no moir space,
Quhat euir he wes put vther of that place,
To wyn the feild and haif his fellow schent:
Quhairof that tyme than tha war baith content.
Quhen the da come to fecht as than efferit,
The Scottisman that at the croce comperit
Befoir thame all thair into Lundoun toun,
Syne in the gait he spred his mantill doun,
Doublet allane on his mantill did stand,
Bydand battell with his sword in his hand.
The Inglisman seand that he did so,
Than towart him na narrar wald he go,
He dred so soir than that he sould be schent,
Forsuik the feild and bakwart syne he went.
His lord and he, withoutin lak or schame,
With greit honour in Scotland syne come hame.

Heir will I tell, now forder or I pas,
How hapnit him in Ingland quhen he was.
Ane Inglis herald efter on ane da,
That he hed sped so weill of his jorna,
So greitlie than this lord that he commendit
With so greit ruis, almost quhill he offendit
Richt mony nobill of Ingland stude by;
Zit neuirtheles tha sufferit than for-thy,
To this herald pertenit ay that he
Sould say the suith and neuir ane word sould lie.
Zit neuirtheles, mony war haldin wyis
Maid greit contentioun for honour and prys
With Scottismen, and said tha wist richt weill
Thair nobilnes, als far as tha had feill,
And greit curage tha tuke it all of thame,
Quhen thair fatheris in Scotland wes fra hame,
With Scottis ladeis liggit than and la,
And gat thame all into thair sport and pla:
And sua tha said thair greit nobillitie
Tha tuke of thame withoutin ony lie.
Befoir thame all was present thair in plane,
This ilk Lyndesay sic ansuer maid agane:
" Forsuith," he said, " it semis weill to me,
" Quhen ze alledge that sic thingis sould be,
" That zour fatheris so lang wes far fra hame,
" With monkis and freiris, heifand no dreid no schame,
" Throw beistlie lust zour moderis all did ly,
" And gat zow all in sic adultery.
" That causis zow for to degenerat be
" Fra honour far and greit nobillitie,
" And causis zow to be vantouris richt vane."
Quhen this wes said maid nane ansuer agane.
The secund zeir efter this that I sa,
Ane Inglis knicht, callit Robert Morla,

Into Scotland with Archibald of Douglas,
Into that tyme that wyis and worthie was,
In singular battell hand for hand tha faucht;
Quhair that the Douglas sic routis him raucht,
That force it wes him vincust for to be,
The Douglas wes of sic audacitie.
Schir Hew Wallace that wes ane nobill man,
That samin ȝeir siclike honour he wan,
And Thomas Traill at Beruik to also,
And mony vther of the Scottis mo,
In singular battell greit honour tha wan.
No mervell wes, for-quhy in Scotland than
So mony wes that had gude hors and geir,
And all thair tyme wes vsit into weir;
Also thairwith richt wys and diligent,
And of thair body strang and corpolent;
No[1] mervell is to ony men for-thy
That sic men wan oft syis victorie.
As I beleif now at this samin da,
Quha that wald preif in ernist or in pla,
That tha suld fynd in Scotland to be rusit
Men siclike now, and tha war als weill vsit
In justing, fechting, and in tornament
Haifand sic vse, beand als diligent,
As tha war than in tha tymes gone by.
Ȝit neuirtheles I say nocht this for-thy
For to detract thair honour and thair fame,
That worthie ar for to haif so gude name.
Richard that tyme of Ingland that wes king,
Weddit ane ladie plesand and benyng,
Of tender age, richt gudlie till advance,
Issobell dochter to the king of France;
And thocht compleit than wes the mariage,
So ȝoung scho wes and of so tender age,

57,860 57,865 57,870 57,875 57,880 57,885 57,890

Lib.16, f.256b. Col. 1.

[1] In MS. *To.*

And of hir stature so lytill but faill,
Vnganand wes for to haif carnall daill
With ony[1] man so litill wes and ȝing.
The lordis all, for that same caus and thing,
Gaif him counsall all that tyme but lane,
To pas in Ireland and thair for to remane,
Quhill that his quene come to perfytar age,
And hald with him ane armie thair at wage.
And sua he did ane lang tyme of the ȝeir,
Quhill hapnit syne as I sall schaw ȝow heir.
The Persie, erle wes of Northumberland,
And Henrie, erle of Darbie at command,
With mony mo, as my author did tell,
Agane king Richart schupe than to rebell;
And for that causs, as schawin wes to me,
So euill he vsit his auctoritie,
Throw ill counsall that he did with him haif,
Baith men of gude and mony lad and knaif.
Quhen king Richard knawledge thairof than hed,
Hame in the Waillis sone agane he him sped;
And as he purposit in Lundoun to pas,
The erle of Darbie in his way that was
He tuke him thair, and all with him he hed,
To Lundoun syne haistillie with him sped;
Syne causit him for dreid than of his lyfe,
Quhair present wes rycht mony man and wyfe,
Of all the best wes into Lundoun toun,
For to gif ouir baith his kinrik and croun.
Syne crownit hes as[2] my author did tell,
Johnne Gant[3] sone, duke wes of Loncastell,
Henrie to name, as I hard ilk man sa,
That ay sensyne betuix tha houssis tua,

[1] In MS. *mony.*
[2] In MS. *at.*
[3] In MS. *Cant.*

Quhill laitlie now that sic thing is put doun,
Greit weir hes bene for the richt of the croun.
This Richard syne, as I fynd sum man sais,
In Lundoun efter closit his latter dais
In strang presoun, quhair he did lang remane,
Sum said of hungar, and sum said he wes slane;
And vther sum that knew rycht weill the cace,
As I sall schaw ȝow quhen tyme cumis and place,
Siclike as tha haif done me wnderstand,
Lang efter that he deit in Scotland.
To tell ȝow how I will nocht not remane,
Bot to my storie turne I will agane.
Robert, that tyme that king wes of Scotland,
Of matrimony contractit hes the band
Of his sone Dauid, of Scotland wes prence,
With Elspeth [vp]on quhome richt greit expence
Hir father maid, the erle of Marche wes than,
George of Dumbar, quhilk wes ane nobill man, Col. 2
And to king Robert of tocher he gaif
Of gold als large as he lykit to haif.
The pairteis all, baith the woman and the man,
Content tha war ilkane of vther than,
And thair fatheris siclike oblist and sworne
For to fulfill as I haif said beforne.
Ȝit fals Fortoun that is so variabill
Of hir fauour and eik[1] alway wnstabill,
Withoutin grace, full of ingratitude,
Quhen plesis hir withoutin caus till dude,
Changis richt oft with mutabillitie;
Him that scho settis on hir quheill so hie,
Quhen plesis hir, but ony caus or quhy,
Wnder hir quheill alss law makis to ly;
And spairis nother lord, prince, nor king,
Moir nor ane knaif at hir plesure to ring.

[1] In MS. *ilk*.

Siclike that tyme Scotland in so gude peice,
Trowand so weill that all weiris sould ceiss,
And king Robert so happie than sould be,
Fra that da furth leif in tranquillitie,
And George Dumbar that erle of Marche wes than,
Quhilk of befoir so mekle honour wan,
The quhilk honour all man trowit sould be
To him euir moir and his posteritie,
Honour, reward, gude fame, and reuerence,
And of thair prince rycht greit beneuolence.
Bot fals Fortoun throw malice and invye,
Or how it was I can nocht tell ȝow quhy,
Of baith thir tuo scho changit sone the weill
To greit vnhap throw turning of hir quheill.
Aad how it wes now sall I tell ȝow heir;
Tak tent to me quha lykis for to speir.
Archibald of Douglas in that tyme wes than,
Erle of that ilk and ane hie hartit man,
Commouit wes at this George of Dumbar,
Traistand he suld prevaill him than rycht far,
And he hapnit his dochter to mak quene,
Rycht equall ay befoir with him hes bene.
And for that caus rycht greit reward he gaif
To duke Robert, siclike to all the laif,
That hamelie war and inwart with the king,
Quhilk causit him to brek [of] that wedding,
And fra that purpois to pas far abak,
And matrimonie with his dochter to mak;
And to the king far moir gold als he gaif
No did erle George, siclike till all the laif
Rycht greit reward into that tyme gaif he,
To caus his erand sonnar sped to be.
The erle of Marche quhen that he knew that thing,
Rycht pertlie than he passit to the king,
Askand at him quhy that he brak his band;
Sayand also ane kingis word sould stand

Als suirlie as subscriptioun or seill,
Or ellis that king wes nother trew no leill;
No moir wes he, without he did fulfill
Band and promit that he had maid him till.
The king agane maid ansuer with grit list,
Sayand the Douglas, that tyme or he wist,
Causit his sone wes of sic tender age
With his dochter for to mak mariage,
And or sic thing wes done him wnderstand,
Completit wes of mariage the band.
All[1] this he said, as ȝe ma richt weill trow,
For his repreif that he mycht than wmschew,
For-quhy he knew he wes bayth bald and wycht,
And weill durst speik quhen he wes in the rycht.
The erle seand the veritie so smorit,
Askit agane his gold to be restorit; Lib. 16, f. 257. Col. 1.
Ask quhat he wald richt nocht he gat agane,
Bot ane ansuer quhairof he wes unfane.
And quhen he saw that na better micht be,
On to the king richt pertlie than said he
That he had tynt all travell less and moir,
Puttand him self in sic perrell befoir,
Quhairat he bled richt mekill of his blude,
And syne to get so greit ingratitude
For his reward than of his prince and king,
To furstrat him into so greit ane thing
Withoutin caus of him or ȝit offence;
Impertinent also wes to ane prince,
To do him self so mekill schame and lak,
To brek the band befoir that he did mak,
For ill counsall and for na vther thing,
Or auerice, quhilk till ane prince or king
Onsemand wes, as euerie man wald sa:
Quhen this wes said syne passit hame awa,

[1] In MS. *As.*

But lowe or leif that tyme of ony wicht,
And stoutlie bad the kingis grace gude nycht.
Syne to his feiris that war standand by,
He said to thame, rycht plane and rycht pertly,
Of that injure he sould revengit be,
Or mony thousand on ane da sould die ;
Syne tuke his leif and hamewart syne did fair,
And in the court na langar maid repair.
Of his promit that tyme he wes ouir trew,
Quhilk all his airis efter him micht rew ;
In this storie sais maister Johnne Mair,
Richt planelie heir as I sall now declair.
The kingis grace faillit that tyme richt far
To this ilk lord callit George of Dumbar,
Brekand promit to him befoir he maid
In writ and walx, wnder thair seillis braid ;
Quhilk wes ane falt richt greit in prince or king,
Quha culd considder or durst speik of sic thing,
For till be done to sic ane man of gude
As wes this erle of the eldest blude
In all his realme, and ay most of valour,
And to his kinrik wan so greit honour,
And in that tyme so greit ane man wes he,
Haiffand sic freindis and auctoritie,
And in him self so nobill als ane man,
That of befoir so mekle honour wan,
And wes the wall betuix him and his fa.
Greit folie wes till him for to done sa ;
His dochter als for to repute so vyle,
For ony vther of his hiear style,
Nor ȝit of plesoure, nor of pulchritude,
Bot all for gold and gredines of gude.
And secundlie he faillit to him moir ;
His gold agane wald nocht to him restoir,
Bot lichleit him, as my author did mene,
In his langage as he ane lad had bene.

And thridlie als he did to him [so] faill,
His equall maik so far for to prevaill,
And him to lichtlie and to set at nocht,
As all his deidis litill thing hed docht,
And he him self micht mak him lytill steid
Of his fais quhen he had ony feid,
Or gif he durst so hardie be to preif,
How euir he did to grows thairat or greif.
Considder, schirris, heir into this place
Ȝe that reidis, and it war ȝour awin cace,
Siclyke this tyme as it wes his evin than,
That had sic power, and war sic ane man
As that he wes, and mycht revengit be
Of sic injure als weill as than micht he.
Judge him siclike, and pryis him als thairto,
As ȝe ȝour self in siclike cace wald do;
Traist weill richt oft that sic thing hes bene sene,
For far les falt ane smallar man hes bene
Commovit so aganis his prince and king,
That land and lyfe, failland all vther thing,
God and the devill, and hevin and hell forȝet,
Of his injuris amendis for to get;
Beleif richt weill siclyke as man or wyfe,
That euerie beist that hes knowledge and lyfe,
Be it opprest with grit crudelitie,
It will desyre for to revengit be;
And thocht the lawbour be bot all in vane,
Ȝit as it ma it will debait agane.
I tak witnes heir of the lytill mous,
The smallest beist quhilk is in all the hous;
Quhen that the cat hes hir fast be the bak,
Thocht no defence the lytill mous ma mak,
Ȝit neuirtheles, quhen that scho feillis hir nip
Hir bak so soir, scho takis hir be the lip

58,065 58,070 58,075 Col. 2. 58,080 58,085 58,090 58,095

And byttis hir quhill that scho gar hir bleid.
Of hir purpois suppois scho cum no speid,
All this is done, as richt weill wit ma ȝe,
Of hir injuris to revengit be.
Off ane fox [als] sic exempill is fund,
Quhen he is bittin with mony cruell hound,
And euirilkane hes him fast in his heid,
The fox also traistis nothing bot deid,
And euerie man sais he can nocht chaip;
Ȝit neuirtheles, with mony girne and gaip,
He makis debait als lang as that he ma,
And with sic maistrie chaipis oft awa:
And wald he nocht mak this debait agane,
Doutles richt sone this sarie fox war slane.
Considder, schirris, thairfoir at the leist,
Sen so it is that euerie brutell beist
Nature inclynis, as thair self ma se,
Of thair injuris to revengit be,
And to be fremmit alway to thair fo,
Quhat mervell is suppois ane man do so,
The quhilk hes fame and honour to conserue?
Beleif ȝe weill that he had far leuer sterue,
Sen weill he wait that he man onis die,
Of his honour or he rebutit be.
I say nocht this that erle for to excuse
Him or his deidis, for ony vant or ruse,
Quhilk efterwart faillit far in sic thing,
Bot for instructioun of ane prince or king,
For to be war with sic thing oft hes bene,
And sic exempill as elderis hes sene.
This erle of Marche, of quhome befoir I spak,
So greit displesour at the king did tak,
Into Ingland for ane conduct did send,
Quhairin him self syne efterwart did wend,
Of that conduct saiflie to pas and go,
As plesit him all tyme for to do so,

Quhen euir wes that sic thing neidfull war,
And left the castell that tyme of Dumbar
Into the keiping of the handis than
Of ane to him quhilk wes ane tender man,
His sister sone that callit wes Maitland,
Most traist and trew as he did wnderstand.
The erle of Douglas, as my author did sa,
Quhen that he knew this erle passit awa
Onto Ingland, as euerie man weill kend,
Causit the king ane herald for to send
To that captane with boist and greit rebous,
Commandand him to deliuer that houss
To the Douglas wnder the pane of tressoun;
And so he did, withoutin ony chesoun,
Of that herald than at the first command,
Withoutin pley or ony moir ganestand.
The erle of Marche quhen that he hard and knew
How all wes done, as his freindis him schew,
Ane freind of his he send sone to the king,
Askand at him quhy he sould do sic thing
To put his hous into his fais handis,
Knawand so weill betuix thame as it standis;
Considderand [als that] in no kynd of cace
He faltit neuir nor faillit to his grace,
And he till him had faillit far befoir,
Beseikand him that he wald gar restoir
His hous agane his elderis had brukit lang,
Did he nocht so he did him rycht grit wrang.
The king agane, I can nocht tell ȝow quhy,
Of thame that tyme that standand wes neirby
For na requeist other les or moir,
Wald nocht consent the hous for to restoir,
Bot leit him pas of his erand vnsped
Onto his lord, the quhilk ansuer he hed,

58,135 58,140 58,145 58,150 58,155 58,160 58,165

Lib. 16, f. 257 b. Col. 1.

And word be word he schew him all the cace
Quhat ansuer he gat at the kingis grace.
Than quhen he hard how his seruand had sped,
Boddelie harme richt soir that tyme he dred,
Haiffand no strenth quhair he micht saue his lyfe;
Than suddantlie with barnis and with wyfe,
And his seruandis that tyme be the leist one,
Into Ingland for to remane is gone.
Quhen that king Robert thairof he hard tell,
Dreidand agane him that he suld rebell,
Kennand he wes baith manlie, wyss and wicht,
Sic fortoun had, with sic power and mycht,
And that his boundis be the bordour la,
Quhairfoir ane herald sone efter ane da
He send to him quhair that he did remane,
Desyrand him for to cum hame agane,
And sould mak ansuer to him in the law,
Of all his clame as oucht he did him aw,
Of him he sould als equall justice haif
As he wald get of ony lad or knaif.
Agane the erle sic ansuer gaif him till,
Sayand he wald all his command fulfill,
Sua that he wald withoutin ony moir
Agane his castell gar to him restoir;
For-quhy, he said, be all auctoritie,
The spulȝe aucht first to restorit be,
Or ony man into the law contend,
Other to follow or ȝit for to defend.
Quhairto the king be no way wald consent;
The erle also wald nocht hald him content
To cum in Scotland thairfoir to remane,
Quhill his castell restorit wer agane.
And quhen the king knew nocht ellis wald be,
Ane herald sone to king Harie send he,
Desyrand him, as my author did tell,
The erle of Marche fra Ingland to expell,

Quhilk wes his rebell and his ennimye;
And wald he nocht, he did him signifye
He wald gif ouir all peax wes tane and trewis
Betuix thame tua, and he hurdit sic schrewis
Within Ingland quhilk wes his mortall fa;
He traistit nocht to him he wald do sua.
Than king Henrie sic ansuer maid agane, Col. 2.
Said, "I beleif, also I knaw richt plane,
" The erle of Marche hes maid his prince no caus
" Exull to be be no decreit of lawis,
" But for ill counsall, as rycht weill ken I,
" And of his nychtbour malice and invy,
" And for his awin tha haif done him sic wrang,
" The erle of Douglas, as I know rycht lang,
" His father als with him siclike as he
" Contendit ay for superioritie.
" It is the Douglas, rycht weill as I knaw,
" Hes wroucht all this without ordour of law;
" Thairfoir as rebell I ressaue him nocht,
" Bot for ane man that sucker heir hes socht,
" Fled fra his fa dreidand crudelitie,
" That force it is vther fra him till flie,
" Or lyke ane daft man byde and suffer deid,
" Withoutin caus wittand of no remeid.
" Thocht he remane heir with barnis and wyfe,
" Doand no skayth heir bot to sucker his lyfe,
" Nor na dishonour to his prince and king,
" Quhy sould he requeir than with sic ane thing?
" And I do so I wrocht evin lyke ane tratour,
" Agane the law of God and alss of nature,
" Like ony tirrane full of crudelitie,
" Ane saikles man seikand succour at me,
" Withoutin falt to fleme him of my land,
" Or ȝit to put him in his fais hand.
" That will I nocht do for no kynd of thing;
" Beir thow this ansuer agane to thi king."

To king Robert quhen this wes schawin in plane, 58,240
Richt suddantly than hes he send agane
To king Henrie ane herald into hy,
Gaif vp the peax and syne did him defy.
The king of Ingland seand it wes so,
Schir Henrie Persie causit hes till go 58,245
With this ilk erle in his cumpany,
George of Dumbar, richt sone and suddantlie,
Into Scotland with greit power and mycht,
Makand greit heirschip than bayth da and nycht,
And grit slauchter also of ȝoung and ald: 58,250
The erle of Douglas, bellicois and bald,
Quhilk of thair cuming richt weill than that knew,
As of befoir secreit men till him schew,
With grit power sone efter on ane da,
He come neirby quhair that this armie la: 58,255
Of his cuming quhen that the Persie[1] knew,
Richt suddantlie, as that my author schew,
With all the power thair with him he hed,
Rycht haistelie to Beruik than he fled,
And left the spulȝe all, bayth les and moir, 58,260
In that same place that he had tane befoir.
The Scottismen fast followit on the chace,
And tuke and slew in mony sindrie place
Of Inglismen or tha wan to the toun,
Quhair tha war skaillit that tyme vp and doun. 58,265
Quhen this wes done the spulȝe all that docht,
Hame with thame than to Edinburch tha brocht.
The erle of Douglas sone efter that da,
Throw soir seiknes, as my author did sa,

[1] In MS. *Persew.*

He tuke his leif than bayth at barne and wyfe,
Departit syne out of this present lyfe.
Ane man he wes, bot gif my author lie,
In all his tyme of greit nobillitie,
Withoutin wrang or ony violence,
Of halie kirk protectour and defence.
Ane fair colledge of greit auctoritie
Into Bothuell foundit and feft [hed] he;
Of Lyncluden the colledge als siclike,
Quhilk foundit wes of nunnis than richt ryke,
Becaus tha vsit so greit insolence,
Sa lubrik war, and maid so greit expens
In drinking, dansing, and in gluttony,
In paramouris and vsit sic folie,
Thairfoir this erle of his auctoritie
Causit that place translaittit for to be
Fra the nunnis that tyme that thairin war,
To ane colledge of clerkis secular.
His sone Archibald, efter that he wes deid,
As richtuous air succedit in his steid;
His eldest bruther, as my author did sa,
Befoir his fader departit mony da.
In this same ȝeir that done wes all this thing,
This ilk Henrie, of Ingland that wes king,
With so greit power come that tyme I wene
Into Scotland as semdill hes bene sene,
To Haddingtoun withoutin dampnage or skayth
Of ony Scot or ȝit of Inglis baith.
Castell or tour that tyme he seigit nane,
No presoner nor pray siclike hes tane;
Of ilk castell no mair desyrit he,
Bot his baner vpoun the hicht to be
Set vp and sene in taikin of victory;
Quhen that wes done syne saiflie passit by.

58,270 58,275 58,280 58,285 58,290 58,295 58,300

Lib. 16, f. 258. Col. 1.

In Haddingtoun in ilk religious place,
Sic gratitude tha gat syne of his grace,
That worth ane prene he leit nocht spulȝeit be.
In tha placis that same tyme also he
Rewardit thame or he did hamewart gang,
That tha war baith the better efter lang.
Baith nunnis and freiris sic kyndnes to thame kid,
In Haliruidhous siclike that same time did,
In all his passage, other air or lait,
Nocht worth ane fle he tuke into his gait.
Quhat wes the caus I can nocht sa ȝow weill,
Bot sum man said, als far as I haif feill,
I wait nocht weill gif that tha said amis,
The erle of Marche wes all the caus of this;
At his requeist and sindrie vtheris baith,
Than stoppit him for to do ony skaith.
Duke Robert Stewart governour wes than,
Ane multitude of mony nobill man
In gude ordour, as my author did sa,
To Calder mure he brocht vpoune ane da,
In armour bricht with mony speir and scheild,
Thinkand to gif this ilk king Henrie feild,
With mony baner brodin war full braid.
Be fals relatioun syne wes to him maid,
Sayand king Henrie at that samin da
At Edinburch seigand the castell la,
The duke of Rosay thairin that tyme was,
And for that caus na narrar he wald pas
To skaill the seig or to mak him remeid,
Becaus he wynt that ilk duke had bene deid.
In that beleif he sould be tane or slane,
Skaillit the oist and turnit hame agane.
This king Henrie, as my author did sa,
Sone efter that he passit hame his wa

On to Ingland, but ony skaith or lak
To Scotland done, and als litill did tak.
Sone efter this the gude quene Annabell
Departit hes, as my author did tell. Col. 2.
The duke of Rosay hir eldest sone scho buir,
In all hir tyme scho had ay in hir cuir,
Scho dred richt soir, as kyndlie is to be,
His licht ȝouthheid without stabilitie
It suld him bring till inconvenient;
And for that caus scho tuke grit cuir and tent
That he no way suld do offence or wrang.
Thus in hir cuir scho keipit him richt lang,
Quhill that he grew, as ȝe ma rycht weill ges,
To greit vertew and [on]to halines.
Bot efter syne that scho departit than,
He changit sone into ane vther man;
To harlatry, to hurdome, cartis and dyce,
With sic exces than of all vther vyce,
That horribill is agane for to rehers.
Thairfoir as now I will nocht put in vers
Sa mony vices, without that I do wrang,
As men alledgis in his persoun rang.
For-quhy for me I think it is rycht nyce
To say tha the wes full of all kin vice,
And syne sa sone efter for to grant
That he in hevin wes haldin for ane sanct.
It settis ill, as semis me, to tell
How in sic vices so far as he fell,
And nocht to schaw how that he rais agane,
Sone efterwart syne for to schaw so plane,
Efter his deid quhilk culd nocht weill be hid,
So mony miracle as ane sanct he kyd.
And thocht my author sa that he did fall
Fra vertuous lyfe to vices criminall,
Thairof my author I will nocht repreif;
Bot I will say heir, with my authoris leif,

Be gude ressoun it semis weill to me,
That all sic thing sould fenzeit of him be,
Be thre caussis that I sall schaw zow heir.
Ane is, befoir richt lang and mony zeir,
Quhen I wes zoung within zouthheid ane page,
I saw ane woman of grit eild and age,
That said scho this ilk zoung duke had [1] kend,
And with my eiris hard hir him commend
Of gentres, vertu, and of hie prudence,
Into his tyme aboue all vther prence,
Sayand of him, with sic ane supersalt,
That he wes neuir noittit with ane falt,
In all his tyme suppois of him men leid,
That louit him nocht as I schew rycht weill indeid.
That samin tyme also I saw hir greit,
With bitter teiris garrand hir cheikis weit,
Quhen that scho hard men that stude by record
The piteous deid of this zoung prince and lord.
For this same caus it semis weill to me,
That all sic thing sould forzet of him be.
Considder syne the secund caus and quhy,
That his vnkill the duke of Albany
At him had ay so greit malice and feid,
Quhill efter put him to so vyle ane deid,
Beleif ze weill wald caus men for to lie,
And mony falt of him alledgit be,
Quhair throw he micht haif ony rycht or caus,
Be allegatioun into ony lawis,
Vnder his cuir to haif him to corrack,
Lib. 16, f. 258b. Col. 1. As plesis him mendis or vengence tak.
Quhilk previt richt weill efter into deid,
As ze sall se quha lykis heir to reid.
The thrid caus quhy sic thing I will nocht grant,
Efter his deid tha held him for ane sanct

[1] In MS. *and.*

For sindrie singis of him that wes sene,
Dum men gat speich and blynd men gat thair ene,
And mony seik men to thair helth restord.
I can nocht wit how thir tua ma accord
Be ony ressoune weill to be defendit;
Ane vicius man with vices apprehendit,
Syne for his vice in presoun maid to die,
Efter his deid ane sanct syne for to be.
Thairfoir I sa of him now as I think,[1]
Into my mynd that it can neuir synk
That he suld be of sic ane vicius sort,
As my author hes maid[1] of him report.
I sa nocht this with my author to flyte,
For weill I wait thairof he hes no wyit,
And said nothing bot siclike as he fand
Dytit in writ with vther mennis hand;
Nor ȝit sais nocht that ony man dois lie,
Bot as I think apperis best to me.
Thairfoir ilk man juge as tha pleis thame sell;
Now harkin and heir how all this cace befell.
To king Robert, be freindis of his awin,
So grit vices of his sone wes him schawin,
Displesit wes and to the same effect,
Send for his sone thairof him to correk,
And blamit him, with mekle bost and schoir,
Of his faltis committit war befoir.
Sayand to him without that he forbuir,
He suld put him in sicker keiping and suir,
That he sould want fredome and honour bayth,
Suppois that he thairto war neuir so laith,
As ȝoung men will accusit ar of cryme,
Repent richt sone and sa weill in the tyme.
And so did he, as my author did tell,
Bot sone efter in sic folie he fell,

[1] In MS. *mand.*

Of sic faltis, with sic oppin wrang,
That men micht nocht thole him than ring so lang,
And to his father mony plaint hes maid.
Quhill at the last the king efter, but baid,
Onto the duke his bruther than wrait he,
Commandand him of his auctoritie
That he suld tak this ȝoung man in his cuir,
And lat him nocht ilk da oppres the puir;
With him in houshald caus him to remane,
And gif him no auctoritie agane,
Quhill of ȝouthheid than passit wes the rage,
That he war cumin to perfyter age.
This governour thairof he wes richt fane,
And da and nycht richt bissie wes and bane
For to compleit the thing that he pretendit,
And ceissit nocht quhill he wes apprehendit.
This ilk ȝoung prince of Rosay that wes duke,
With falss tressoun sone efter he him tuke
Neir Sanct Androis, as that my author sais,
And in that castell[1] tua or thre of dais
He held him thair, with displesure and pyne;
Sone efter to Falkland hed him syne
Col. 2. Richt quietlie efter on ane nycht.
Syne in ane presoun mirk but ony lycht,
Inclusit him withoutin cumpany,
But meit or drink quhair that tha leit him ly,
In that beleif fo hungar he suld die.
Wes nane that tyme that durst so hardy be,
To mene him vnto or to mak him remeid,
Or him support with ane byte of gra breid,
Or cald water, quhairof he had grit list,
Durst none him geif for to slokin his thrist,

58,445 58,450 58,455 58,460 58,465 58,470

[1] In MS. *cattell.*

Except ane madin of him had pitie,
As kyndlie is ane woman so to be
Till men in mister for to mak remeid,
Out-throw ane hoill that wes abone his heid,
Ane quantitie, suppois it wes bot small,
Dalie of meill scho lute to him doun fall,
Throw quhilk ane quhile his lyfe he hes sustenit.
This ilk woman syne, as my author menit,
Richt cruellie without ony remeid,
For that same caus wes tane and put to deid.
Siclike ane nureis of that samin place,
Haiffand pitie of his mischance and cace,
To ane windok of the presoun scho ȝeid,
In at the windo with ane Spanȝe reid
Of hir pap[1] scho leit the milk in pas,
Quhairwith ane lang tyme he sustenit was.
Sone efter syne within ane litill space,
Scho wes tentit into that samin cace,
And put to deith withoutin ony moir,
Siclike as wes the tother of befoir.
This beand done than, schortlie to conclude,
This duke and prince that wes left destitute
Of all remeid, help, or ȝit supple,
Was no remeid bot than of hungar die.
O Sathanis seid! O serpent venemous!
O dolent dragone! dreidfull and dangerus!
Quhair wes thi reuth or quhair wes thi pitie,
To mak thi prence of hungar for to die?
Thy nevoy als and of thi blude so neir,
Thy bruther sone to the tender and deir,
Ane innocent to neuer man wes fa,
Withoutin caus so saikles to gar sla?

[1] In MS. *pas.*

My pen with patience can nocht weill report
To schaw to ȝow heir into termis schort,
The greit distres with sic miseritie,
In that presoun as that tyme sufferit he,
Of hungar, thrist, of mirknes and of cald.
That samin tyme, as my author me tald,
In that distres for verrie falt of meit,
Of his fingaris the flesche that tyme he eit;
Syne finallie, withoutin ony supple,
In that distres of hungar maid to die.
In Lundoris intumulat wes syne,
Quhilk efterwart, throw prouidence diuyne,
Richt mony miracle in that tyme schew he,
Dum men gart speik and als blind men gart se,
Baith seik and sair haillit and mony vther;
Quhill that king James the first, that wes his bruther,
Ane mendis tuke of that tressone, but leis,
Fra that tyme furth all tha miraclis did ceiss.
The erle of Marche neirby thir samin dais,
Lib. 16, f. 259. Col. 1. And the Persie, as that my author sais,
In Scotland come with greit power and mycht
Of mony berne all into armour bricht;
Baith brint and slew at thair plesour and will,
Without ganestand of ony maid thairtill;
Quhen that wes done syne efter on ane da,
With greit spulȝe tha passit hame thair wa.
Ane nobill man, Thomas of Haliburtoun,
The quhilk that tyme that lord wes of Dirltoun,
Into Ingland he passit on ane da,
Syne brint and slew and brocht with him awa
Richt mekle gude, without stop or ganestand,
But ony skaith agane into Scotland.
The Scottismen for that same caus and quhy,
Beand so blyth of that ilk victory,

That samin tyme richt greit prouisioun maid,
Syne efterwart into Ingland tha raid.
Sir Patrik Hepburne that[1] of Haillis wes than,
Thair chiftane wes, quhilk wes ane nobill man,
Of Loutheane richt mony men of gude
With him he hed into that multitude,
And in tha boundis that war lang and braid
Bayth brint and slew, and rycht greit heirschip maid;
With mekle gude syne efter on ane da,
Tha tuke thair leif for to cum hame thair wa.
The erle of Marche and Persie wes neirby
With greit power, quhilk efter him did hy,
And in the Mers at Nisbet him ouirtuke,
And gaif him feild, as I fand in my buke.
The Scottismen that war baith bald and wycht,
In that battell for to debait thair rycht,
Stoutlie tha stude, als strong as ony aike,
Into that stour with mony stalwart straik.
The Inglismen had gottin than the war,
Had nocht [it] bene [that] ȝoung George of Dumbar,
Erle Georgis air, come with ane hundreth hors,
And in the feild lichtit with so greit force,
The Inglismen that reddie war to flie,
So bald tha war of his help and supplie,
The feild renewit suddantlie agane,
Quhair mony Scot into that tyme wes slane.
Sir Patrik Hepburne him awin self wes slane,
And mony ma that did with him remane;
Thomas and Johnne, callit Haliburtoun,
That samin tyme into the feild war tone;
Robert of Lauder also of the Bas,
And Johnne and Thome of Cokburne that was,

[1] In MS. *than*.

And mony mo, as my author did sa,
Into the feild war all tane that same da;
With men of gude richt mony that war slane,
And all the pray reskewit wes agane.

How the Erle of Douglas passit with ane greit Power in Ingland, and how the Erle of Marche and Lord Persie come in thair contrair and gaif Battell, quhair the Scottis tynt.

Off this injure for to revengit be,
The erle of Douglas that same tyme went he
Into Ingland, with mony berne full bald;
Ten thousand men tha war be taill weill tald
On feild that tyme with the Douglas did fair.
Murdo Stewart, the governouris air,
And erle Thomas the gude erle of Murray,
And of Angus the nobill erle alsuay,
With mony knycht and mony bald barroun,
That samin tyme with thame passit of toun.
Col 2. In Ingland syne, with greit anger and ire,
Spilt mekle blude and als raisit greit fyre,
Burning thair bigging than baith bour and hall,
Quhill that tha come neir to the New Castell,
On to ane hill is callit Homyltoun,
And thair tha baid and set thair tentis doun.
The erle of Marche that tyme and lord Persie,
With greit power war cumand neirhand by,
In gude ordour with mony worthie wycht,
Baith big and bald all into armour brycht.
The Douglas than quhilk of his cuming knew,
On to ane hicht wes neirhand by he drew,
Haifand sic dreid than of thair multitude,
And put thair men all into ordour gude,

Vpoun the hicht thair of ane mekle hill,
In that beleif tha sould ascend him till.
So had tha done, that dar I richt weill sa,
Had nocht than bene the erle of Marche that da,
That causit thame vpoun the plane to byde,
And archearis cheis out of the Inglis syde;
And at the Scottis sic ane bikker mak,
Quhilk causit thame out of array to brak,
Without ordour syne doun the hill discend,
With so greit speid quhill that tha tynt all end.
The Inglismen that stude vpoun the plane,
In gude ordour cumand thame forgane,
With baneris braid displeyit vpone hicht,
With fynest gold that brodin war full bricht;
The Scottis als vpoun the tother syde,
Thair hartis war so full of hicht and pryde,
Thocht tha war few and wist of no supple,
Out of that feild ane fit tha wald nocht fle.
Richt sone tha semblit all with [sic] ane schout,
Quhair mony deid wes docht that da but dout.
The Scottismen of nummer war so few,
And in the tyme tha wist of na reskew,
Bot other do or ellis than all die,
So laith tha war out of that feild to flie,
Quhill of the nobillis slane war mony one,
And all the laif into the feild war tone.
Slane wes that da gude schir Johne of Swyntoun,
Siclike alsua schir Adame of Gordoun,
Johnne Levingstoun, Alexander Ramsay
Of Dalhoussy deit thair that same day,
With mony mo no I can reckin heir
Deit that da withoutin ony weir.
And in the feild that da also tane was
Murdo Stewart and the erle of Douglas,
Thomas Dumbar the gude erle of Murray,
And of Angus the nobill erle alsway,

The lord Saltoun and mony vther wichtis,
With four and tuentie men of gude war knychtis.
Heir ma ȝe knaw, quha that can weill considder,
The quheill of Fortoun is baith fals and slidder
To euerie stait, without stabillitie, 58,640
But traist, but treuth, or ȝit tranquillitie.
Quhome to scho schawis most plesand hir face,
Traistand he be confirmit in hir grace,
Or euir he wit, withoutin caus or quhy,
Turnis hir face and luikis vpoune wry, 58,645
And will nocht luke vpone him with hir ene,
As scho befoir had neuir him kend or sene,
And haldis him evin as hir mortall fo,
Withoutin caus quhen plesis hir do so.
This suith exempill that ȝe heir me sa, 58,650
Be Scotland micht be verifeit that da,
Quhome of thair fa sic victorie than hed,
Quhilk of befoir than douttit soir and dred,
With all the warld wes magnifeit so he,
Lib. 16, f. 259b. Col. 1. With honour, loving, syne in tranquillitie, 58,655
With peax and rest quhilk micht haif leuit lang;
Syne finallie, for the injure and wrang
The Douglas causit efter to be done
To the Dumbar, so suddantlie and sone
The honour and [the] greit nobillitie 58,660
Of Scotland changit to sic miseritie,
With greit distructioun of the nobill blude,
And of the commonis of sic multitude,
With scharp persewing als baith da and nycht,
That scantlie doucht it to debait the richt. 58,665

How the Erle of Marche and the Lord Persie come in Scotland efter this Victorie, purposing to subdew the South Part of the samyn.

The erle of Marche thairfoir and the Persie,
So proud tha war than of that victorie,
In haill purpois, as that my author schew,
The south of Scotland that tyme till subdew,
The men of gude war all thairof slane doun
For the most part befoir at Hammiltoun,
The laif tha had all in captiuitie,
Traistand thairfoir that thing mycht eith done be,
With greit power, as my author did sa,
Into Tueddaill come efter on ane da,
Baith brint and slew at thair plesour but pley,
Nane wes so bald that durst thame dissobey.
To Cokles castell syne ane seig tha set,
With all ingyne that tyme that tha culd get.
Johnne of Grenelaw thairof wes captane than,
Richt circumspect, like ane wyiss nobill man,
For all thair boist, thair brag, and thair rebous,
Richt manfullie defendit hes the hous,
Quhill tha war fane ane talking for to tak,
Syne of this wyiss conditioun for to mak.
To souer thame, as that my author schew,
Within thre moneth gat tha nocht reskew,
The captane suld, but bargane or rebous,
Frelie to thame he sould gif ouir the hous.
This beand done the captane syne he send
Onto the king that tyme and maid him kend,
Scha[wa]nd[1] to him quhat he had tane on hand.
Quhairfoir the lordis all than of Scotland

[1] In MS. *Schand.*

Convenit hes in ane counsall rycht sone,
For to devyiss quhat best is to be done,
How tha mycht best mak that castell reskew.
Richt mony wes, as that my author schew,
That disassentit to that thing alhaill,
Sayand nothing it wes for thair availl
To gif thame feild or battell ony moir,
For-quhy thai said at Hamiltoun befoir
Thair nobillis war all other tane or slane,
And quhill thair strenth renewit war agane,
Quhilk wald nocht be lang efter mony ȝeir,
Greit danger war to put sic thing in weir;
With haill power in battell thame persew,
Quhill efterwart to moir strenthis tha grew.
And had nocht bene, as my author did tell,
The curage of the governour him sell,
So manfullie the battell on hand tuke,
Reprevand thame all that sic thing forsuik,
Withoutin dout, as that my author schew,
That hous for thame had gottin no reskew.
Bot Fortoun ay, as that I said befoir,
Scho smytis nocht quhairat scho makis schoir,
No spairis nocht into all tyme and place,
Col. 2. Quhair that scho schawis most clement hir face.
Bot quhen scho plesis to that same effect,
Turnis hir face richt evin into hir neck,
And turnis on him with ane lauchand face,
Quhometo befoir scho schew no kyndnes no grace;
And him befoir in hir kyndnes scho tuke,
Turnis hir face and will nocht on him luke.
And so scho did that samin tyme for-thy,
Turnit hir face fra this ilk lord Persy,
And on the castell of Coklawis scho leuch,
Quhomeof befoir scho maid it strang and teuch;
And how that wes withoutin ony weir,
Tak tent to me and I sall schaw ȝow heir.

How the Persie rebellit aganis his King, and how King Henrie vincust him in Battell, and slew him with his Bruther and mony vther, and the Erle of Dowglas tane that was Presoneir to the Peirsie in the Feild befoir with the Erle of Marche.

This ilk Persie, that fane wald honour haif,
So greit credence to dame Fortoun he gaif,
In sic beleif, as my author did tell,
Agane king Harie that tyme did rebell.
The duke of ȝork and erle of Stanfurd als,
That samin tyme, bot my author be fals,
With him tha rais in contrair of thair king,
Quhat wes the caus, quhy, and for quhat thing,
I can nocht tell this tyme, bot gif I lie,
For-quhy my author schew it nocht to me.
This ilk Persie with all power he hed,
And thir tua lordis, than suddanlie thame fled
Into Ingland agane Harie thair king.
This ilk Henrie that knew full weill that thing,
With all the power that he docht to be,
To Schorisberrie that same tyme come he,
The erle of Marche with him in cumpany,
Schort quhile befoir he come fra the Persy,
Aganis his king becaus he did rebell.
That samin tyme, as my author did tell,
The king had gevin the Persie battell thair,
With all his power that tyme les and mair,
Had nocht thair bene the erle of Marche as than
Wes all his tyme so fortunat ane man,
Quhat feild or battell all tyme he wes in,
The victorie did neuir fra him twyn.
Vnto the king sic counsall than he gaif,
With haill assistance that tyme of the laif,

For to defer the battell for ane space,
Quhill efterwart to better tyme and place;
And send to thame richt sone ane messingeir,
All thair desyr sayand that he suld heir,
And at thair plesure all sic thing fulfill,
So all the lordis wald consent thairtill:
Erar that tyme or all the nobill blude
Of Ingland than, with sic ane multitude
Of nobill men war put in jeopardy,
To that purpois he wald him than apply.
This messinger, as ȝe sall traist for trew,
To thame he passit in the tyme and schew
Ilk word be word as I haif said ȝow heir;
And tha agane onto that messingeir
Lib. 16, f. 260. Col. 1. Sic credence gaif that tyme withoutin[1] faill,
Haiffand sic traist that tyme into his taill,
For the most part thair with thame [that thair] was
Into the tyme that causit hame to pas.
The men of gude remanand thair all still,
In sindrie partis at[2] thair plesure and will,
Haiffand no dreid, as that my author schew,
Without danger ony suld thame persew.
King Henrie than, quhen that he wnderstude
That passit hame wes all the multitude,
Richt suddantlie quhair that the Persie la,
With all his power come sone efter da,
And gaif thame feild vpoun that samin plane,
Quhair all the nobillis of his syde war slane;
Him self also, and Thomas to his bruther,
War slane that da and mony worthie vther.
The erle of Douglas in that feild wes tane,
Quhilk slew that da with his handis alane
Thre men war clad in fitand [coit-]armour
Of king Harie quhilk wes of sic honour.

58,760 58,765 58,770 58,775 58,780 58,785 58,790

[1] In MS. *withoutin ony.* [2] In MS. *as.*

And quhen the sturt befoir him syne he fand,
" Me mervellis," he said, "on fra quhat land
" Culd ony tell, fane at thame wald so speir,
" Quhairfra or quhen thir kingis all come heir ?" 58,795
The erle of Douglas in that samin tyde
That da in feild faucht on the Perseis syde,
For-quhy befoir as that I schew ȝow heir,
With the Persie he wes tane presoneir ;
And for that caus he come in his supple, 58,800
And in the feild that same da tane wes he.
Schir Harie Persie, as I schew but lane,
And his bruther into the feild war slane ;
And all the nobillis with him in that feild
That samin da in the battell war keild, 58,805
And infinyte als of the multitude
War slane that da except the men of gude ;
And four knichtis vpoun king Hareis syde,
War slane that da, and sevin hunder that tyde
Of other men, as my author did sa, 58,810
Into the feild deit that samin da.

How efter this Victorie Schir Harie Persie come in Scotland and was ressauit thankfullie, and how King Richart was releuit out of Presoun and come in Scotland, and remanit thairin till his Departing.

Quhen this wes done, asȝ e sall wnderstand,
Schir Harie Persie erle of Northumberland
So agit wes micht nother gang no ryde,
And quhen he knew his sonis baith that tyde, 58,815
Into the feild, as ȝe haif hard, wer slane,
Into Ingland no longer durst remane ;
Bot come in Scotland in tha samin dais,
And brocht with him, as that my author sais,

Henrie Hotspur[ris] eldest sone and air,
Quhilk wes his oy, bayth ȝoung, plesand and fair.
With bischop Walter Traill of Sanct Androis,
Ressauit wes in his castell and hous,
And heild him ay in sporting and plesance,
With sic ordour pertenit till ane prince,
And keipit him out of necessitie,
Col. 2. Quhat neidfull war thairof na want had he.
Neirby this tyme that done wes all this thing,
This ilk Richart, of Ingland that wes king,
As I ȝow schew depryuit of his croun
Be this Harie, syne put into presoune,
In this same tyme to ȝow now that I schaw,
This ilk Persie out of presoun him staw,
In wemenis weid that he sould be wnkend,
Richt quietlie in Irland syne him send.
In Irland syne lang tarie maid he nocht,
Dreidand richt soir thairat he suld be socht;
Thairfoir in Scotland sone efter did fle
On to Stirling, quhair lang remanit he
With king Robert, quhilk treitit him betuene,
With all honour mycht till ane prince pertene.
Thair he remanit till his latter da,
Syne bureit wes, as my author did sa,
In the freir kirk at the[1] hie altar end:
Be the scripture his graif is ȝit thair kend.
Siclike this tyme, and[2] my author be trew,
To king Robert ane seruand of his schew
How that his sone, ȝoung Dauid that wes prence,
Wes deid in presoun throw sic violence,
As ȝe haif hard befoir ane litill space.
This duke Robert tuke greit cuir in that cace,
And pat it so in euerie mannis heid
For to conceill fra his father his deid,

[1] In MS. *athe.* | [2] In MS. *as.*

Syne as God wald that sic ane cruell cryme
Reveillit be richt opinlie sum tyme;
Quhairfoir the king his bruther hes accusit,
So cruellie that his correctioun vsit,
Without mercie, evin as his mortall fo,
His sone and prince in presoun hes gart slo.
This governour, as he culd weill sic thing,
Mony excuis he schew befoir the king
That he wes saikles thairof, with his leif,
Be gude ressone he offerit him to preif,
Gif plesit him of sic thing for to heir,
In Edinburch he said he sould compeir
Befoir the lordis and his grace conding;
And thair with him that same tyme suld he bring
The samin men, as he wes leill and trew,
But his witting that his sone Dauid slew,
For ald malice betuix thame and invy,
Bot for quhat caus he culd nocht thame tell quhy,
Quhill efterwart, gif neid war so till be,
He sould get wit of all the veritie.
The king trowand that all this thing wes trew,
Ilk word be word heir to ȝow that I schew,
In Edinburch ane parliament he set,
Quhair he that tyme with all his lordis met.
The governour come with sic power strang,
In the tolbuith the lordis wald nocht gang,
Bot gaif counsall, as that my author tald,
On Craigingalt the parliament to hald.
And throw thair counsall so the king hes done;
Judgis war sett and suittis callit sone.
This governour, that subtill wes and sle,
Quhilk of justice had haill auctoritie,
Corruptit judgis thair with him he brocht,
And syis also that knew richt weill his thocht;
And all the memberis of the court ilk man,
Be his counsall corruptit all war than.

58,855 58,860 58,865 58,870 58,875 58,880 58,885

Lib. 16, f. 260 b. Col. 1.

Tua strang thevis out of the north he brocht,
That of that mater kend or knew richt nocht,
That neuir had sene this prince with[1] thair e,
And thame accusit for his deid to de;
Sayand that tha this prince with tressoun slew,
And for quhat caus tha kend nocht weill na knew;
And witnes brocht, sayand tha war neirby
And saw him slane, quhilk tha culd nocht deny.
Thus saikleslie for him that tha neuir saw,
Thir tua war slane be fals corruptit law,
And clengit wes the tratour and the theif,
The murderar that did the haill mischeif.
All this wes done, as richt weill wit ma ȝe,
Be fenȝeit law to bleir the kingis ee.
Quhen this wes [done] and to the samin effect,
Ȝit neuirtheles the king held him suspect
This governour of falsheid and tressoun,
Traistand he had so greit e to the croun,
Quhen euir it war that he micht wyn thairto,
His ȝoungest sone siclike he suld wndo;
That efterwart, quhen his awin self war deid,
This governour, withoutin pleg or pleid,
And his airis discendand fra him doun,
Perpetuallie of Scotland bruke the croun
In heretage, without ony reclame.
Thairfoir his ane sone, James hecht to name,
To Walter Traill ane worthie nobill man,
That bischop wes of Sanct Androis as than,
To him he gaif, for moir securitie
In his castell thair for to keipit be.
The ȝoung Persie, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
The erlis oy wes of Northumberland,

[1] In MS. *wes.*

Wes thair that tyme, quhilk wes ane prattie cheild;
This James and he war neir baith of ane eild.
Thir tua childer dalie beand togidder,
To sport and pla war nothing sueir no lidder.
This ilk bischop, of quhome I schew ȝow heir,
So greit perrell oftyme he saw appeir,
Be duke Robert so greit takynis he hed,
This barnis lyfe full oft richt soir he dred;
As weill, I traist, he had grit caus to dreid,
Quhen men ar gevin to sic wnhappie deid,
Richt mony way wnlefull will assaill,
Quhill tha be brocht onto thair purpois haill.
For-quhy ane man committit hes ane syn,
Without contritioun liand lang thairin,
He causis him to fall intill ane vther,
Quhilk is far war oftymes na the tother.
So micht be said be duke Robert that tyme,
Committit hed so vyle and cruell cryme,
Without contritioun his bruther sone that slew,
And syne agane than laitlie of the new,
The tother bruther siclike wald haif slane.
This ilk bischop sic thing that wald nocht lane,
To king Robert he schew alhaill the cace,
Beseikand him of his hienes and grace,
His onlie cheild into sic danger stude
Rycht quietlie for to send ouir the flude,
In vther land richt far beȝond the se,
Without danger richt weill quhair he mycht be.
Throw his counsall and vther mennis of gude,
His sone James he send attouir the flude,
With letteris writtin to the king of France,
And Ingland alss, gif hapnit so of chance
Into Ingland gif tha war put in land, Col. 2.
That tha suld haif that writ to thair warrand;
Quhilk to king Harie did him recommend,
Sayand to him his sone that he haid send,

Be his freindis quhilk wes maid fuigityfe
Out of his land for dreddour of his lyfe.
The laif of this sen I haif nocht perqueir,
Thairfoir as now I will schaw no moir heir
Of that wryting, quhairof thair is no neid,
Bot to my purpois forder will proceid.

How ȝoung Jame[s], Son onlie to King Robert, was send in France and tane Presoner in Ingland, and how King Robert deceissit.

This beand done as ȝe haif hard me say,
Schir Harie Sinclair, erle of Orknay,
With this ȝoung child that tyme wes maid to pas,
Syne tuke thair leif quhair tha la at the Bas,
With letteris writtin to thir kingis baith,
How euir it hapnit tha suld tak na skaith,
Into Ingland suppois that tha tuke land,
That tha sould haif thair warrand in thair hand.
Bot all for nocht; tha war begylit I wene.
Sone efter syne, as my author did mene,
Throw aduenture of wedder hapnit than,
Into Ingland tha landit euirilk man,
Syne to king Harie dressit thame to pas.
Ane man of gude into that land thair was,
Bot quhat he wes I can nocht tell ȝow heir,
Into the way tuke thame all presoneir;
As presoneris syne hame with him he led,
Sone efterwart to king Harie thame had.
The quhilk to him in writ thair credence schew,
Wes send to him fra thair king of the new;
Of quhome the tennour I will nocht reherss,
It is so langsum for to put in verss.
Quhen that thir letteris wer red than and sene,
And wnderstand all thing that tha did mene,

This king Henrie his counsall hes gart call,
For to declair that tyme amang thame all,
Quhither or nocht gif that it did effeir
This kingis sone to hald as presoneir,
Or him ressaue as freind, and nocht as fo,
With libertie quhair euir he list till go.
Efter lang counsall syne into that thing,
Deliuerit wes in presens of the king,
That lefull wes, withoutin ony weir,
This kingis sone to hald as presoneir.
And so tha did, thair wes no moir to sa,
And gaif the laif leif for to cum thair wa.
This prettie cheild that plesand wes and ȝing,
At the command of Harie that wes king,
Wes put in keiping of richt cunnyng men,
All craft and science him to teiche and ken.
This ȝoung prince syne, sone efter as we reid,
Within schort tyme all other did exceid
Into Ingland that levand [wes] on lyve,
In all science, prattik or speculatyue.
In methamatik or science naturall
Into that tyme he did exceid thame all.
In all craftis that ony man culd knaw,
Wes none better than he wes of thame aw.
In tornament to ryde, or ryn ane speir,
At buklar pla and all prattik of weir,
Of archerie, to worsill or cast the stane,
In all Ingland that tyme maik had he nane:
So far all vther that tyme did exceid,
That all Ingland woundrit on him but dreid.
Heir will I leif ane litill and remane,
And to my storie turne I will agane.
To king Robert quhen schawin wes this thing,
How that his sone in Ingland with the king
As presoner was haldin thair and tane,
And vther childer that tyme had he nane,

58,990 58,995 59,000 59,005 59,010 59,015 59,020

Lib. 16, f. 261. Col. 1.

Quhairof that tyme so greit displesure tuke,
That meit and drink and sleip all he forsuik.
For greit dolour syne efter the thrid da
Departit hes, as my author did sa,
The ȝeir of God ane thousand and sex ȝeir,
And four hundreth no moir to reckin heir,
And of his regnne, as my author did sa,
Saxtene ȝeir completit wes that same da.
In to Paslay intumulat wes syne,
With greit honour and hie seruice diuyne.

How Duke Robert, Brother Germane to King Robert, efter his Deceis brukit Auctoritie; how the Erle of Douglas wes releuit out of Ingland and Erle of Marche ressauit to Peax.

Efter the deith than of this humbill king,
That all his tyme wes lawlie and bening,
His bruther germane duke Robert, we reid,
In his office siclike he did proceid
As of befoir, and tuke on him moir cuir
No he wes wont, and baith to riche and puir
Richt equallie he execute the law,
That euerie man stude of him mekle aw.
The strang castell of Jedburch that same tyme,
That biggit wes richt stark with stane and lyme,
Fra Inglismen wes wyn that samin ȝeir,
The quhilk befoir tha keipit mony ȝeir;
Sen king Dauid at Durhame that wes tane,
Tha had that hous in thair keping alane.
The erle of Douglas that same tyme also
Releuit wes in Scotland for till go
Out of Ingland, befoir as ȝe micht heir,
Quhair he wes haldin lang tyme presoneir:

For his releif sic ransoun than he gaif,
As plesit than king Harie for till haif.
That samin tyme than, as the cace did fall,
With haill consent than of the lordis all,
The erle of Marche, withoutin ony leis,
Ressauit wes agane wnto his peice;
Of this conditioun ȝe sall wnderstand,
That Locmaben with Valis of Annand
Wnto the erle of Douglas suld resing,
In heretage to him and his ofspring;
The governour siclyke amang the laif,
For his consent four thousand merk suld haif.
Syne to the erle agane tha did restoir
His possessionis all that he had befoir,
With siclike honour and auctoritie,
And fauour als as he wes wont to be.

How Donald of the Ylis come in Ros and acclamit the Erldome thairof.

Ane man of gude and of richt staitlie stylis, Col. 2.
That samin tyme that wes lord of the Ylis,
Than be his wyfe, that wes of lauchfull age,
Of Ros the erldome all in heretage
He clamit hes, and schew gude ressoun quhy,
The quhilk fra him wes haldin wrangusly
Be way and menis of the governour.
This lord Donald, that strang wes in ane stour,
For-thi sone efter baith on fit and hors,
With greit power he passit into Ros.
The cuntrie men but contrapleid or pley,
Baith ill and gude tha did him all obey,
Into that tyme, withoutin ony discord,
Ressaueand him that tyme as thair cheif lord.
This ilk Donald so proude wes and so hie
That he had gotten so greit auctoritie,

Throw aventure dame Fortoun to him sent,
Thairof that tyme he culd nocht be content,
Bot in vane gloir he did exceid ouir far.
Sone efter syne in Murra and in Mar,
With all his power in the landis raid
And greit spulȝe into the tyme he maid,
And slauchter als quha did him disobey,
Or war so pert to mak him ony pley.

How Alexander Stewart, Erle of Mar, resistit this Donald and slew mony of his Men, and him self fled in the Ylis.

The erle of Mar ane man of nobill fame,
That Alexander Stewart hecht to name,
Into his tyme of greit auctoritie,
The erle of Buchanis bastard sone wes he,
That bruther wes vnto the governour.
This nobill erle quhilk wes of sic honour,
Than be his wyfe brukit tha landis braid,
And erle of Mar throw hir also wes maid,
With ill and gude that wald to him assist,
He passit hes this Donald to resist,
In gude beleif and curage in his spreit.
At the Hair Law with this Donald did meit,
And gaif him feild, suppois that he wes few,
And faucht so lang thair, as my author schew,
But victorie so pertlie on that plane
On euerie syde quhill that tha war richt fane
To draw abak or tha wald stop or stynt,
As ilk partie that da the feild had tynt,
And hyit thame on ilk syde to the hill,
And leit thair tentis in the feild stand still.
This Donald syne with small power he hed,
Vpoun the morne on to the Ylis fled;

No langar thair that tyme he durst remane,
For of his men nyne hundreth he had slane;
And tua captanis ilkane with vther tuelf,
Most principale that tyme except him self;
And slane also wes of the other syde,
Men of grit gude, of hie honour and pryde.
The scherref of Angus, callit Ogilvie,
And James Scrymgeour, the constabill of Dundie,
The laird of Doun and the laird of Panmur,
Thomas Murra that stalwart wes and stuir,
And Abirnethy lord wes of Saltoun,
And gude Stratoun the laird of Lourestoun,
And Dauidsone, ane nobill man I wene,
That provest wes that tyme of Abirdene,
Knichtis ilkane and men of greit honour,
And mony mo stervit all in that stour.
The secund ȝeir efter that this wes done,
The governour richt suddantlie and sone
Into the Ylis with greit power he past.
Quhairof this Donald wes richt far agast,
And suddantlie ane seruand to him send,
Sayand he wald at his plesure amend
The faltis all that he had maid befoir,
And to ilk man the spulȝe als restoir
That he had tane in mony sindrie place,
Sua that he wald ressaue him in his grace.
The governour, throw counsall of the lordis,
To his desyre that tyme he him accordis,
And him ressauis that tyme till his peice;
Sua of the Ylis all that weir did ceis.

Lib. 16, f. 261 b. Col. 1.

Quhen the Vniversitie of Sanct Androis tuke Begynnyng.

That samin tyme, bot gif my author lie,
Of Sanct Androis the vniversitie

Wes new begun, gif all be richt I reid,
Quhilk efterwart till honour did proceid.
That all the kinrik greitlie did decoir,
The langar ay it did incres the moir,
As in this tyme richt weill now it is kend,
And so I trow sall to the warld end.
My self wes ane, quha lykis for to heir,
Studeit thairin the space of fourtene ȝeir
In the Colledge, quhair that I did apply
Logik, phisick and philosophy,
And theologie, that tyme as it micht be,
Suppois I brocht richt litill awa with me.
This famous studie in that ȝeir began
Efter that God incarnat wes ane man,
Ane thousand ȝeir and four hundretht also,
And ane elles in ȝeir withoutin ony mo.

How ane Man of Gude callit Johnne Drummound slew the Erle of Stratherne, and was justifeit for the samyn.

Ane man of gude quhair that he duelt at hame,
Quhilk Johnne of Drummound callit wes to name,
The erle with tressoun of Stratherne he slew,
Hecht Patrik Grahame, as that my author schew.
The governour so soir that tyme he dred,
Quhairfoir in Ireland sone efter he fled;
In Ingland syne he dressit him till pas.
Syne on the se, as hap and fortoun was,
Be wynd and wedder ȝe sall wnderstand
That samin tyme wes drevin in Scotland,
Syne tane and hed [on]to the law that tyme,
And justifeit for that ilk caus and cryme,
And thoillit deith for his demerit thair.
So endit he, and of him wes na mair.

My author heir in this part dois rehers,
The quhilk as now I will nocht put in vers,
The aduenture of battell and of chance
That samin tyme betuix Ingland and France;
Me listis nocht now to reherss sic taillis, 59,180
Betuix Ingland also and the Waillis;
For-quhy of thame he wrytis nocht compleit, Col. 2.
Thairfoir as now me think it is nocht meit
With thame my storie for to intertryik,
Without sum thing that tha war mercatlike. 59,185
Thairfoir in thame I will no moir remane,
Bot to my storie turne I will agane.

How the Castell of Wark was wyn and tynt be Tressoun.

Ane man of gude of honour and renoun,
That tyme callit Williame Haliburtoun,
Ane hous on Tueid, the quhilk is callit Wark, 59,190
That biggit wes of lyme and stane full stark,
Fra Inglismen be subtilitie and slicht
That samin tyme he tuke vpoun the nycht;
The Inglismen, as that my author schew,
That wes thairin ilkane that tyme he slew. 59,195
Syne sone efter, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
Of that same cace wes quyte in his awin hand;
And how it wes, I sall schaw ȝow the cace.
Ane Scottis knaif that wes within the place,
The Inglismen oft syis tha did him pleis 59,200
With greit reward the castell to betreis.
This samin knaif that wes the hous within,
Out-throw ane closat quhair the filth did ryn
Of all that place, syne enterit into Tueid,
Throw that passage richt oft he come and ȝeid. 59,205
Syne on ane nycht that ilk traduct he brak,
Quhair that thair enterit efter at his bak

Richt mony sutheroun with him that he led;
Within the hous syne sleipand in thair bed,
The Scottismen, as that my author schew,
Without pitie ilkone that nycht tha slew.
Now to conclude, as richt weill ma be kend,
Crudelitie with cruelnes dois end.

Off ane greit Scisme be Thre Paipis that war chosin in the Kirk of Rome.

Neirby this tyme, gif that I richt presume,
Ane greit scisme wes in the kirk of Rome.
Thre paipis than, as that my author sais,
With sindrie pairteis chosin war tha dais.
The empriour, ane man of nobill fame,
The quhilk Segmundus callit wes to name,
Ane generall counsall causit for to be
In Constantiana in that citie,
All for to caus that scisma for to ceis,
And Christis faith to prosper with grit peice.
In that counsall, as my author did mene,
Richt mony kirkmen that tyme did convene,
Doctouris in jure and[1] in theologie,
And mony prelat of auctoritie,
Quhair that tha haif decreittit all in one
Thir thre paipis, of quhome I spak bigone,
For to depryve, and so tha did all thrie:
Syne chesit hes with thair auctoritie
The fourt that tyme and all the rycht him gaif.
Efter quhen tha depryvit had the laif,
Sindrie ambassatis, as my author sais,
In Scotland come into the samin dais,
And fra that counsall wes ane nobill man,
Quhilk abbot wes als of Pontenian,

[1] In MS. *and all.*

Ane man of knawledge and of literatuir,
In Scotland with bissines and cuir,
Requyrand thame richt humblie with grit list
To this counsall alway for to assist,
And ratifie all thing baith les and moir
With that counsall that tha had done befoir.
Ane vther legat fra ane of the thrie,
Hecht Benedic, quhilk had auctoritie
In Rome that tyme abone the tother tua,
In Scotland come, as my author did sa,
Askand siclike at his autoritie,
For to assist and of his band till be.
This legat wes ane Cordeleir but fame,
Freir Henrie Hardyn callit wes to name,
The quhilk that had, as my author did mene,
Apenionis that aror did contene.
The governour, as it wes richt weill kend,
Agane the clergie did this freir defend.
The kirkmen all of Scotland in that tyme
The governour accusit of that cryme,
Quhy that he sould so pertinax to be
Agane the counsall had sic auctoritie,
And fyle his fame so far to fortifie
Ane flatterand freir wes full of herisie.
Throw sic repreif by this freir tha him led;
And had nocht bene the sonner he him sped
Out of Scotland richt haistely in hy,
He had bene brint for his heresy.
This beand done with all the circumstance,
Chairlis that tyme the nobill king of France,
The quhilk perfitlie wnderstude and knew,
As sindrie men into the tyme him schew,
How king Henrie of Ingland that tyme maid
Richt greit prouisioun France for to invaid.
And fra sic thing that tyme wes to him kend,
In[to] Scotland ane ambaxat he send,

58,240 59,245 59,250 59,255 59,260 59,265 59,270

Lib. 16, f. 262. Col. 1.

Ane nobill erle quhilk wes of greit honour,
On to the lordis and the governour,
For supportatioun that tyme and supple,
And thair kyndnes in sic necessitie,
Agane the king of Ingland as he schew,
His purpois wes thame planelie till persew,
Without querrell but ony caus or richt,
At his plesure with all power and mycht.
This governour and his lordis ilkone,
For that same caus to counsall all ar gone,
Quhair tha decreittit that tyme bayth ȝoung and ald,
Sevin thousand men, war bellicois and bald,
To king Chairlis in France richt sone to send,
In this querrell alway him till defend.
Quhairof the legat wes richt weill content,
Syne tuke his leif and hame his wais went
To king Chairlis within ane litill space,
And how it wes he schew him all the cace,
Ilk word be word as I haif to ȝow said,
Quhairof king Chairlis wes baith blyth and glaid.
So wes the Dolphene of richt nobill fame,
His eldest sone that Chairlis hecht to name,
Quhilk efterwart, withoutin variance,
His fatheris tyme wes crownit king of France.
The king of Ingland quhilk richt weill that knew
All this promit, as suith men to him schew,
He gart the fame than fuir throw all Scotland
His purpois wes, without stop or ganestand,
To cum in Scotland baith be land and se,
With all the power that he doucht to be.
The Scottismen traistand all that wes trew,
Trowand this king that tyme sould thame persew
Richt suddantlie with all power he mocht,
That causit thame dalie to be on flocht.

And all that symmer ilkone all and sum,
In that beleif traistand that he sould cum,
Wathand on him alway baith air and lait,
Baid on the bordour for to mak debait; Col. 2.
And postponit thair passage into France,
For to defend thair mortall fait and chance.
This king Henrie syne efter on ane da
In Normondy, as my author did sa,
With all his power passit ouir the se,
On to Rowane that nobill fair citie,
And wan that toun, sic wes his hap and chance;
Syne efterwart in mony pairt of France
Triumphit that tyme baith be land and se,
And citeis wan be the help and supple
Of Phillip, duke wes of Burgundia,
Quhilk fauorit him as my author did sa.
With[in] ane citie that tyme that he wan,
The quene of France quhilk wes remanand than
And hir dochter, hecht Katherene to name,
Ane virgin clene of grit honour and fame,
This king Henrie in his captiuitie
That samin tyme out of that toun tuke he.
And quhen he saw the fairnes and the fame
Of this virgin withoutin spot or blame,
As kyndlie is sic thing richt oft to be,
Allaqueat wes with hir speciositie,
And maid to hir that tyme baith bond and thrall,
And loissit ressoun with his wittis all.
And for hir saik the battell he forsuik,
And with hir father trewis that tyme tuik,
Onto his wyfe weddit that virgin cleir,
Of this conditioun as I sall schaw ȝow heir.
Efter the deid of king Chairlis of France,
That king Henrie, but ony discrepance,

Be way of band forouttin ony dreid,
To king Chairlis this Henrie sould succeid;
And gif Henrie siclike did deceis
Befoir Chairlis, forouttin ony leis,
Had he ane sone with this Katherene preclair,
Siclike to Charlis sould succeid as air.
And so tha maid, throw that affinitie,
King Charlis sone dishereist for to be,
The eldest wes and air wnto that king.
Quhairof the pepill wes content na thing,
And with the Dolphene all plane part tha tuke,
And with him dalie in tha weiris woik,
Dissobeyand that collig and band,
Ilk da stoutlie makand grit ganestand.
In this same tyme, gif [that] I report richt,
Sevin thousand men that worthie war and wycht,
Furneist richt weill to fuir in ony feild,
Baith big and bald that waponis weill culd weild,
Out of Scotland that tyme wes send in France,
With thair captanes war gudlie till advance,
Johnne Stewart, ane man of greit honour,
That secund sone wes to the governour,
And his bruther that Robert hecht to name,
Ane man he wes richt weill louit at hame,
And Archibald Douglas with thame for to pas,
Quhilk erle of Wigtoun in the tyme that was;
And Alexander Lyndesay in the tyme,
Ane nobill man but ony falt or cryme,
Onto the erle of Craufurd in tha dais
Bruther he wes, as that my author sais;
And Thomas Swyntoun in the tyme also,
Thir tua knychtis with thame war maid till go.
This ilk armie, be aduenture and chance,
Richt sone efter arryuit into France,
Syne to the Dolphene, as my author said,
Passit anone quhair of he wes richt glaid.

Lib. 16, f. 262 b. Col. 1.

Of thair cuming rejosit than wes he,
Ressaueand thame with all humanitie,
And treittit thame, as my author did mene
As to ane prince to strangeris did pertene.
Syne gaif to thame quhair that tha sould remane,
Onto the tyme tha sould pas hame agane,
Ane fair village in France of ony one,
The quhilk to name wes callit Castilone,
With ane castell neirby the toun that stude,
Quhair ludgit war that tyme the men of gude,
At thair plesour ane sessoun of the ȝeir,
Quhill efterwart as I sall schew ȝow heir.

How King Harie passit Hame in Ingland out of France, and left his Bruther, the Duke of Clarence, in his Cuir and Steir into France as follouis.

This king Henrie, of quhome befoir I schew
King Chairlis dochter weddit of the new,
With sic conditionis as I schew ȝow till,
Traistand all France he hed at his awin will,
And for that caus in France did nocht remane,
In Ingland than wes passit hame agane.
The duke of Clarence, wes his bruther deir,
In France he left to haif the rewll and steir,
With ane armye of greit power and pryde,
In his absence to haif the cuir and gyde.
The Scottis lordis glaidlie with thair hart,
All with the Dolphene that tyme tuke plane part,
At thair power ilkone, baith les and moir,
Agane the band his fader maid befoir
With king Henrie, as ȝe hard me rehers,
Quhilk neidis nocht now to be put in vers.
And quhen tha knew all Andigauia,
Quhilk had tane part with the Dolphene that da,

Distroyit wes, without ony offence,
Be this ilk lord that duke wes of Clarence,
Rycht manfullie tha maid thame for the feild
In armour bricht with mony targe and scheild.
Syne with the Dolphene quhair the da wes set,
At tyme and place togidder all tha met;
Ane fair armie tha war than to consider,
Quhen baith thair power met war togidder;
Syne purpois tuke, and fordward ay did pas,
Quhill that tha come neir quhair thair fais was,
Besyde ane toun of litill fecc or fame,
The quhilk wes callit Bagy than to name.
Thir bernis big that war bayth bald and wycht,
Ather of vther cuming ar in sicht
With baneris braid that brodin war all new,
Agane the schyning of the sone tha schew;
With standartis streikit heich vp in the air,
And pynsallis proude that pantit war full fair,
With schalmis schill and clarionis clinkand cleir,
And buglis blast that hiddeous wes till heir.
The bowmen bald with big bowis in hand,
Bayth strang and stout and stalwartlie did stand,
And scharplie schot quhill thair arrowis was gone,
Drawand grit blude and breissand mony bone.
The duke of Clarence in the formest feild,
With mony wycht that waponis weill culd weild,
Baith stout and strang, withoutin ony leis,
Agane the Scottis enterit in the preis.
The Scottismen that stalwart war and stout,
Sic rowme tha maid and raucht sa mony rout
Into the feild thair baith on fit and hors,
Quhilk maid thair fais [than] to faill on force.
This duke of Clarence quhomeof that I mene,
In sic distres his men quhen he hes sene,

Spurrit his hors withoutin ony baid Col. 2.
Towart the Scottis, syne into tene he raid.
Schir Thomas Swyntoun wes ane nobill knycht,
Hes counterit him vpoun ane cursoure wycht ; 59,445
He ran at him that tyme with sic ane raice,
That with ane speir he hurt him in the face
Bot lichtlie than, and thairwith by he past.
This duke, thairof the quhilk wes nocht agast,
Spurrit his hors quhill baith his sydis bled, 59,450
With all his speid towart his fais sped.
The erle of Buchane on ane cursure gray,
He met this duke in middis of the way;
His nobill speir that wes baith grit and lang,
Out-throw the bodie of this duke he thrang, 59,455
Quhill breist and birny all in pecis raif,
Deid to the erd syne doun this duke he draif.
The Inglismen, quhen that tha saw that sicht,
No langar baid bot sone tha tuke the flicht;
The Scottismen fast followit on the chace, 59,460
And heir and thair in mony sindrie place,
With mair slauchter na maid wes in the feild,
For tuyss als mony in that place wes keild.
This nobill duke he deit thair that da,
Of Riddisdaill the worthie erle alsua, 59,465
Of Hunttingtoun the nobill erle siclyke,
And schir Thomas, quhilk wes ane knycht full ryke,
That brother wes into the samin tyde
Onto the erle wes of Somersyde.
Of vtheris als deit that samin da 59,470
Out of nummer, as my author did sa:
Of Inglismen also richt mony one
That samin tyme into the feild war tone.
This nobill Dolphene of that victorie,
So blyth he wes for that same caus and quhy, 59,475
The erle of Buchane than he maid till be
Constabill of France with haill auctoritie,

And gaif to him, quhair he plesit to haif,
Lordschip and land, siclyke to all the laif
Of thair desyre he wald nothing deny,
So glaid he wes thair will to satisfy.

How King Henrie efter this send ane new Armie in France with James Stewart, Sone to King Robert, quha was crownit King efter. Off King Henreis Oresoun maid to him, and of his Ansuer agane.

Quhen king Henrie of all this thing hard tell,
Sic auenture his folk in France befell,
Richt dolorus wes for his brotheris deid,
And other mo he loissit in that steid :
Of that injure for to revengit be,
He furneist hes ane wonder greit armie
Of bernis bald all into armour bricht,
Cruell and kene, with mony curtas knycht.
Syne furth in France with him attouir the fame,
Ane Scot callit James Stewart to his name
With him he tuke, wes plesand, fair and ȝing,
King Robertis sone of Scotland last wes king,
Wes tane in Ingland, as I schew ȝow befoir
With circumstance ilk word bayth les and moir;
Quhilk efterwart within ane litill we,
Wes crownit king of Scotland for to be.
This king Henrie, of quhome befoir I red,
Richt greit beleif of this ȝoung prince he hed,
Traistand throw him and his gude governance
Lib. 16, f. 263. Col. 1. The Scottismen to gar pas hame fra France,
Becaus he wes apperand for to be
The king and prince with haill auctoritie.
And, as I said, in France that tyme wes than
Ane greit armie of mony Scottisman,

Baith big and bald, flouresynd into[1] ȝouth,
Of neidfull thing weill furneist all at fouth,
Of hors and harnes and all vther geir,
With all prattik and policie in weir,
And wisdome als of ilk man les and moir,
As previt weill into the feild befoir,
As ȝe haif hard ilk word rehersit plane,
Quhen of Clarence the nobill duke wes slane.
This king Henrie thairfoir the Scottis dred
So worthie war this Dolphene with him hed,
Wittand richt weill tha war nocht eith to wyn,
Na fra the Do[l]phene lichtlie wald nocht twyn.
And for that caus-ane counsall he gart call,
Quhair he convenit with his lordis all
Most famous war into that tyme to get,
And euerie man into his sait wes set;
Quhair this ȝoung man callit James Stewart,
Quhome of befoir I did ȝow heir aduert,
He send and gart onto that counsall call,
Quhilk playand that wes with his peiris all
Than at the catche withoutin hude or hat,
Bot s[ch]one also; no farlie is of that,
Thocht he did so as my author did sa,
So is the vse of ȝoung men ȝit to pla;
And as he playit that tyme at the ball,
Befoir king Henrie and his lordis all,
Doublet allane, his presence gaif thame till,
To heir and se quhat wes the kingis will.
This king Henrie that maid him in that tyde
On his richt hand to set him doun besyde,
Quhair that he sat [thair] in his majestie,
And syne to him richt curteslie said he;
" Deir freind, ȝe knaw in all thing les and moir,
" Of my kyndnes in tyme bygane befoir,

[1] In MS. *into the.*

" How I ȝow treittit as it did pertene,
" As ȝe ane prince or crownit king had bene,
" Quhairof," he said, "as ȝe sall traist for trew,
" Onto this da I had no caus to rew,
" No in my tyme neidis nocht to repent;
" Of all I did I hald me weill content,
" And ȝit I think onto the da I die,
" At all power ȝour afald freind to be.
" Quhairfoir," he said, "as I haif done ȝow to,
" Siclike I think that ȝe sould to me do.
" Most kyndlie is, withoutin ony dreid,
" That euerie freind suld help vther in neid.
" Siclyke of ȝow this tyme I wald requeir,
" ȝour Scottismen in France remanand heir,
" Quhome of grit skaith we haif gottin and schame,
" At ȝour requeist ȝe wald mak to pas hame.
" For weill I wait, foroutin ony pley,
" At ȝour command sic thing tha will obey,
" Sen that ȝe ar pertening for to be
" Thair king and prince with haill auctoritie.
" And I thairfoir sall hecht ȝow be my hand,
" In straittest style of oblissing or band,
" Frelie in Scotland for to send ȝow hame
" Without ransoun or ȝit ony reclame,
" And at all power sall mak ȝow supple
" To tak ȝour croun gif ony mister be."
Quhen he had said thir wordes all in vane,
This king James sic ansuer maid agane:
Col. 2. " Of ȝour kyndnes," he said, " baith les and moir,
" And ȝour favour siclike to me befoir,
" With all power I think at ȝour plesance,
" Quhen euir I ma, to mak ȝow recompans.
" Suppois this tyme my power be bot small,
" My will is gude and euirmair be sall
" Till ȝow alway, quhill ȝe rewardit be
" For sick kyndnes as ȝe haif schawin me.

" Bot of ane thing greit mervell that I haif,
" Quhat causis ȝow sic thing at me to craue,
" The quhilk alway is impossibill [to] me,
" Sen I am now in ȝour captiuitie
" But libertie, withoutin fredome or will,
" And neuir ane Scot subdewit ȝit me till,
" And knawis me nocht for thair prince and king;
" Traist ȝe for me[1] tha will do [no] sic thing.
" War I," he said, " at my awin libertie,
" And in Scotland had sic auctoritie
" As kingis had that hes bene of befoir,
" Traist weill," he said, " in all thing les and moir
" Ȝow for to pleis I sould be reddie boun,
" That ma nocht be dishonour to the croun.
" Quhairfoir," he said, with wordis richt bening,
" I ȝow requyre desyre no moir sic thing,
" The quhilk exceidis far my facultie,
" For-quhy it is impossibill to me."

Off the greit Commend and Ruse that King Harie and his Lordis maid of this ȝoung Prince James Stewart efter his Departing fra thair Counsall.

Quhen this wes said amang thame all thair was,
This king Henrie than gaif him leif to pas
To his plesure withoutin ony moir,
Amang his fellowis quhair he wes befoir.
Quhen he wes gone and passit hyne awa,
This king Henrie to his lordis did sa,
" That happie is the land I sa for me,
" That hes sic ane thair king and prince to be,
" Of sic wisdome so far within ȝouthheid,
" Richt wnabasit withoutin ony dreid,

[1] In MS. *me that.*

" So prudentlie into so greit mateir
" Sic ansuer maid as ȝe haif hard all heir."
And grit loving into the tyme him gaif
Of his wisdome, siclike did all the laif
Of his lordis that tyme that war present,
Excellit him abone the firmament
Of his ansuer and of his hie prudence,
In sic ȝouthheid to be in ony prince.
Than king Henrie weill wnderstude and knew,
Be sic ansuer as this ȝoung prince him schew,
The Scottismen, that war baith bald and wycht,
Of France alway schupe for to defend the rycht,
So pert tha war and luikit to na perrell,
And cruell als into king Charlis querrell,
Quhilk causit him, richt so did all the laif,
Of Scottismen the weill moir dreid till haif.
Fra that tyme furth as my author did sa,
With countering and carmusche euerilk da,
In sindrie places quhair no tryst wes set,
Thir tua parteis togidder oft hes met
With litill battell in mony sindrie place,
As Fortoun plesit for to schaw hir grace;
Quhilis to France, quhilis to king Henrie,
At hir plesour so ȝeid the victory.
Lib. 16, f. 263 b. Col. 1. The Inglismen wes maid oftast to faill,
Quhairof the Scottis gat the loving haill;
Quhilk wes the caus than that this king Henrie
At Scottis had greit malice and invy.
Sa hapnit syne withoutin noy or dyn,
This king Henrie to seig and [for] to wyn
Ane small village vpoun ane strenth did stand,
Quhair threttie Scottis thairin that he fand,
The quhilkis that tyme or he wald farder gone,
On ane gallous maid thame to hing ilkone;

The Frenchmen at thair awin libertie,
For spyte of thame wes maid all for to go fre.
Sone efterwart, as my author did sa,
He spulȝeit hes the plesand fair abba,
Quhilk till all man than wes obedius
In Maldosens of Sanct Fiancorus,
Sumtyme wes sone, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
Of ane greit nobill king wes of Scotland,
Quhomeof befoir, at ganand tyme and place,
I schew to ȝow as God wald gif me grace.

Off King Hareis Seiknes and his Deceis.

This king Henrie, for his wrang and wnricht,
The hand of God thairfoir on him did lycht.
With ane seiknes of greit crudelitie
Sone efterwart so viseit than wes he,
Quhilk him invaidit scharplie to the deid,
That medicyne doucht mak him no remeid.
This king Henrie thairfoir than sperit he
The cours and kynd of his infirmitie.
Than ane chirurge, the quhilk wes of maist fame,
Sayand that seiknes callit wes to name
The greit seiknes ay of Sanct Feacar,
In all this warld wes nane kend that wes war.
" Sanct Feacar quhat wes he that," said he,
" Quhometo namit is sic infirmitie?"
Said he agane, as that my author sais,
" The king of Scotlandis sone wes in tha dais."
Said he agane, " ȝa, *benedicitie!*
" The nature is of Scottis weill I se,
" As of befoir lang syne I haif hard tell,
" Baith quik and deid, in hevin and als in hell,
" At all power with possibilitie
" Oure mortall fa and ennimie to be.

" With tha catiues richt lang [we] haif bene cummerit;
" This man, the quhilk amang sanctis is nummerit
" In joy and blis ay in eternitie,
" With sic seiknes so soir hes smytit me."
Sone efter syne, as my author did sa,
In that seiknes closit his latter da.
His body thair tha wald nocht lat remane,
Bot in Ingland gart turs it hame agane;
Syne into Lundoun in his sepultour
Intumulat wes thair with greit honour,
The ȝeir of God ane thousand and four hunder,
Tuentie and tua at richt to reckin wnder.
Ane Inglis lord in France that tyme fra hame,
The quhilk Bethfurd wes callit to his name,
That be king Henrie ordand wes that tyde
His greit armie to governe and to gyde
In Normondy and all the partis of France.
And quhen he hard sic adventure and chance
Of king Henrie, no langar wald remane,
Bot into Ingland passit hame agane.
The Burgenturis quhilk wes of his partie,
And all vther that maid to thame supple,
Col. 2. All in that tyme for dreid of grittar blame,
Than out of France tha passit ilkane hame;
Quhilk causit France ane quhile to leif in peace,
And all tha weiris for the tyme did ceas.
The Scottismen thairfoir wald nocht remane
Langar in France, bot sped thame hame agane
Into Scotland that samin tyme full tyte,
With laud and gloir, and honour infinyte.

How the Inglismen conqueist fra Ryne till Orliance, and off the Madin of France.

Efter this feild I haif put in memorie,
The Inglismen, as I fund in my storie,
Conqueist alhaill the provinces of France,
Fra Ryne that tyme richt on to Orleance;
And mony citie of richt grit honour
Seigit and wan with castell, toun and tour;
And ouir all France sic victorie tha wan,
Gude king Chairles that wes disparit man,
Out of beleif, as that my author schew,
The libertie of France for till reskew.
Richt weill I wait that same tyme so had bene,
Had nocht ane mayd immaculat and clene,
Of richt law birth, in puir virginitie,
Reskewit him and maid him sic supple,
The quhilk to him, as it wes richt weill kend,
With hevinlie power in the tyme wes send
Be inspiratioun of the Halie Spreit,
Quhill all hir purpois scho had done compleit.
This ilk madin of quhome to ȝow I schew,
Tha landis all agane scho did reskew
To king Chairlis, ilkane baith les and moir,
The Inglismen had conqueist of befoir;
And in ilk feild wes victour maid till be
Als lang as scho keipit virginitie,
And did prevaill also in euerie place,
Quhill efterwart it hapnit vpoun cace
Scho wes deflorit, and how I can nocht tell,
Tak tent and heir sic aduenture befell.
This ilk madin of sic honour and fame,
The quhilk Joanna callit wes to name,
Seigit ane toun thair with hir power all,
Rycht strenthy it wes suppois it wes bot small.

The Burganouris quhilk war of grit renoun,
With Inglismen that tyme keipit the toun;
Ane trane tha maid to get hir in thair will,
Sayand the toun tha wald rander hir till,
And vp the ȝettis kest richt wyde anone.
Than scho hir self befoir thame all is gone
First in the toun, beleifand of na ill;
The Burgundaris quhilk tuke gude tent thairtill,
With greit tressoun quhairof befoir I spak,
Or ony mo sould enter at hir bak,
Closit the ȝet and leit the portculeis fall,
Syne waillit men and wicht went to the wall,
And rude rokis leit fra the wall doun send,
Richt manfullie the toun syne did defend.
Syne efterwart thir Burgundouris full bald,
This ȝoung madin to Inglismen tha sald,
The quhilk to Roune than with hir did pas,
And for dispite tha brint hir all in ass,
Alledgand than that scho ane witche suld be,
Agane the law vsand vyle sorcerie.
Fra that tyme furth withoutin ony faill,
The Inglismen ane lang tyme did prevaill,
Lib. 16, f. 264. Col. 1. And into France had greit auctoritie,
Quhill efterwart so hapnit for to be

Off Robert Pittillo and his Victorie.

Ane Scottisman of greit honour and fame,
Robert Pittillo callit wes to name,
Borne in Dundie, throw aduenture and chance
That samin tyme hapnit to be in France,
Ane of the gard of the lawest degree.
The quhilk that tyme tuke sic auctoritie,
That efterwart, to his meid and reward,
Wes maid that tyme the captane of the gard.

Syne throw the wisdome of this nobill man
And manlines, all Gascone that he wan
Fra Inglismen, and maid it to be fre
To France agane as it wes wont till be;
Thairof wes callit, as my author sais,
The *pitte roy* lang efter all his dais.
In this mater I will no moir remane,
Bot to my storie turne I will agane.

Of Duke Murdo and his Instabilitie, and his Tua Sonis and thair Perversitie.

The governour of Scotland, duke Murdo,
Fra his father wes passit and ago,
Grit cuir he tuke with sic solicitude
To bring all thing onto ane purpois gude
Bayth da or nycht, bot all that wes for nocht,
For all his dais nothing that he doucht.
Thocht he of persoun stur wes and formois,
Waill soft he wes and richt meticulois,
And full of dreid and inconstant all tyde,
At ane purpois schort quhile he wald abyde;
Bot ay changand with mutabilitie,
Quhilk causit him so wnconstant to be.
Quhilis ouir arch, and quhilis ouir rigorus,
Quhilis ouir kene, quhilis ouir meticulus;
Exerceand justice oft with negligence,
Quhilis extreme without ony clemens.
Tua sonis also in the tyme had he,
Richt full of vices and iniquitie,
Oppressuris war, baith fraudulent and fals,
To commoun pepill and to kirkmen als.
To thame thair fader had so grit affectioun,
Quhat euir tha did without correctioun
He leit thame pas at thair plesure and will,
Quhilk wes occasioun of richt mekill ill;

Quhairthrow tha fell in greit enormitie,
With him na way tha wald correctit be.
The hand of God on him thairfoir did licht
For that same caus, as ressoun wald and rycht.
His eldest sone, as my author did tell,
Callit Walter, agane him did rebell;
Robert the tother, full of hicht and pryde,
At his counsall no way he wald abyde.
Into his mynd so haltane wes and hie,
With his father wald nocht correctit be,
And to sic maistrie in the tyme did draw,
That thair father of thame stude mekle aw.
So laith he wes thame for to crab and greif,
Quhat euir tha did he durst thame nocht repreif.
Quhill efterwart sic aduenture befell,
Col. 2. Tak tent and heir, as I sall to ȝow tell.
This duke Murdo, of quhome befoir I schew,
Ane falcoun hed the fairest that euir flew,
Semelie and swift, plesand and perfite,
Quhairof this duke hed plesance and delyte,
That for na cunȝe that scho micht be coft.
Walter his sone desirit hir richt oft,
And thocht this falcoun oft syis to haif reft
Fra his seruandis in keiping that wes left.
Tha same seruandis, the quhilk war traist and trew,
To thair maister his mynd quhen that tha knew,
Of that falcoun no moir cuir than wald haif,
Bot to him self in keiping than tha gaif;
The quhilk himself, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
For dreid of him buir dalie on his hand.
This ilk Walter, seand that it wes so,
Than to his father on ane da did go,
And all in greif desirit for to haif
That ilk falcone he buir vpoun his naif:

The quhilk to him richt sone he did deny.
This Walter than, for anger and invy,
This ilk falcoun richt sone he reft with that
Fra his father vpoun his hand that sat,
Syne of the heid in greit anger he threw;
Befoir his ene his falcone so he slew.
This darfy duke, full of diseis and dreid,
With rancour ruttit in his hart, we reid,
Drowpand for dule with visage pale and wan,
On to his sone this Walter said he than
Thir same wordis as that my author tellis:
" Now se I weill that force now me compellis,
" Suppois it be pertenyng of grit skayth,
" To bring ane vther that sall reull ws baith,
" As ressoun wald, to haif auctoritie,
" Sen thow will nocht be gydit, sone, be me."
Quhen this wes said as ȝe haif hard me sa,
Turnit his bak and passit hyne his wa.
Loving to God that bocht ws all so deir,
The saxteint buik in this place endis heir.

Heir endis the Saxtene Buke and begynnis the Sevintene. How Duke Murdo send for Jame[s] Stewart, Sone and Air was to vmquhill King Robert Stewart, furth of I[ng]land.

Quhen this wes done as ȝe haif har[d me sa],
This duke Murdo sone efter on ane da
In Sanct Johnestoun ane counsall he gart [call],
Quhair he convenit with his lordis all,
On gude maneir siclike as wes the gyis.
In that counsall quhair that tha did devyis,
Be the persuasioun of this duke Murdo,
And haill consent of the lordis also,

James Stewart, sone wes of Robert king,
Out of Ingland to ransoun and to bring,
And him to croun thair king and prince to be,
Sene nane thairtill had sic [a] richt as he.
For to compleit this message that I mene,
Ane hecht Henrie, bischop of Abirdene,
And Archibald erle of Douglas also,
Lib. 17, f. 264b. Col. 1. That samin tyme with him wes maid till go,
And Williame Hay that constabill wes than,
Richard Corval that archidene wes of Loutheane,
And Alexander Irwing than of Drum,
Commissioneris thai war baith all and sum;
And mony vther worthie nobill man,
Into cumpany quhilk passit with thame than:
In Ingland syne, withoutin ony baid,
On this same wyiss his ransoun that tha maid.
That is to say, of Striuiling mony gude
Ane hundreth thousand, schortlie to conclude,
Fra him to pay without ony ganestand;
Thairof the half to haif into thair hand,
And for the tother pledgis than wes laid.
Quhen this wes done as I haif to ȝow said,
He tuke his leif in Scotland for to pas
With Inglismen quhilk that his freindis was;
And speciallie most of all in that tyde,
Schir Johnne Bewfurd, duke wes of Somersyde,
And sone he wes, als as my author sais,
Onto the duke of Loncastell tha dais.
Ane bruther germane also than had he,
Ane cardinall of greit auctoritie,
And ane dochter, na farar wes on lyfe,
Callit Jona, that wes the weddit wyfe
To this James, the quhilk I did heir name
With him that tyme in Scotland he brocht hame.

This nobill lord his gude father that was,
Convoyit him throw Ingland for to pas,
Quhill that he come onto the bordour syde,
And thair with him departit in that tyde.
Of gold and siluer in greit quantitie,
And vestimentis of greit pretiositie,
At thair pairting to this ȝoung prince he gaif.
Of fynest silk that tyme amang the laif,
And tapestrie to hing into his hall,
Chalmer and chapell, and his palice all,
The quhilk that tyme, as my author did mene,
Of Acheles the storie did contene;
Quhairof the maik, as that my author sais,
In all Ewrop wes nane knawin tha dais.
This James Stewart syne on Cair-Sonday,
With his ladie to Scotland tuke the way
To Edinburch, as that my storie tald,
Quhair mony erle and mony barroun bald,
With mony knicht and mony squiar gude,
And mony kirkmen into kaip and hude,
[A]ll be the way mett him with greit renoun;
[With] greit triumph syne had him in the toun.
[Of hi]s cuming quhen the pepill did heir,
[From] all Scotland tha come baith far and neir,
[With] greit desyre and appetyte to se
[Th]e man the quhilk thair king and prince sould be;
Quhomeof tha had richt greit mister and neid,
For moir misrewll wes neuir, as I reid,
Into Scotland into na mannis dais,
No wes that tyme, as that my author sais.

How King James was crovnit King of Scottis into Scone, with his Ladie also crownit Quene.

Quhen done of Pasche wes the solempnitie,
[Than] duke Murdo be his auctoritie,
[And] all the lordis in that tyme richt sone,
[With] this ilk prince tha passit all to Scone,
[And s]et him doun in rob royall of reid.
[The] duke Murdo syne pat vpoun his heid
Col. 2. Ane croun of gold, in taikin of that thing
That he of Scotland crownit thair wes king;
Anoyntit als, and syne his ladie schene
Wes crownit als of Scotland to be quene.
The ȝeir of God ane thousand and tuentie,
Four and four hundreth compleit and gone by,
And als of Maii the ane and tuentie da,
All this wes done as ȝe haiff hard me sa.
This samin tyme, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
With king James thair come furth of Ingland
Richt mony men that war of nobill blude,
Quhilk all thair tyme syne efter, to conclude,
With greit reward in Scotland did remane,
And neuir in Ingland passit hame agane.
Amang thame all, as my author did sa,
The maist nobill wes callit Andro Gra,
Weddit ane virgin plesand and preclair,
The quhilk of Foullis that tyme wes the air
Onto hir father of richt nobill fame,
That Mortymer than callit wes to name:
This ilk surname, withoutin ony cryme,
Succeidit hes in Angus to this tyme.
That samin tyme sone efter, as we reid,
To Edinburch togidder all tha ȝeid,
Quhair that this king befoir him hes gart call
The officeris that tyme baith greit and small,

That buir office into duke Robertis dais,
And in duke Murdois, as my author sais;
As chancellar, comptrollar also,
The treasurer, and mony vther mo,
And all the laif as he richt wnderstude
That had the cuir than of the kingis gude,
Trowand that tyme tha war pecwnios,
Askand that tyme quhat that tha had in pois.
And tha agane schew how the kingis rent,
All propirtie of new and ald extent,
Distributit wes that tyme bayth les and moir
To duke Murdo and his fader befoir.
The possessioun of all the kyngis landis
Was delt and put in vther mennis handis,
And nothing left of all his ryaltie
To him to spend bot casualtie.
Commovit far he wes into his thocht
At that ansuer, bot ȝit he said richt nocht,
Quhill efterwart that he his tyme mycht se,
And haldin war of moir auctoritie.
Syne efter that he hes gart seik and se
The rentall buke of kingis propertie,
And all the rowis the quhilk that did extend
The proppirtie kingis befoir micht spend,
And fand he wes denudit of sic thing,
And mycht nocht leif weill like ane prince and king,
To euerie man as it wes rycht weill knawin,
Without agane he war cled with his awin.
And for that causs, as my author did mene,
Ane counsall maid quhair tha did all convene
His baronis all that tyme, bayth ald and ȝing,
In Edinburch befoir this nobill king.
And as tha sat on that sessioun and senȝe,
Fra sindrie partis come thairfoir to plenȝe

Preistis and prelattis of the best wes than,
Riche merschandis als and mony husband man,
Of Walter Stewart plenȝeit all rycht soir,
Of grit injuris he had done thame befoir
Lib.17, f. 265. Col. 1. Continuallie vsand on thame sa lang,
With reif, oppressioun, and with oppin wrang.
This ilk Walter he hes gart apprehend,
Syne to the Bas as presoner him send,
And causit him thair to keipit be
In that castell inclusit in the se.
Malcolme Fleming of Cummernald also,
And Thomas Boyd siclike of Kilmarno,
Into the Dalkeyth than for sic falt and cryme
War wardouris maid baith in the samin tyme.
Sone efter syne, be lordis intercessioun,
Remittit war thair faltis and transgressioun,
And to the king, for thair iniquitie,
Payit ane sowme wes of greit quantitie.
Sone efter syne at counsall generall,
In Sanct Johnestoun quhair tha convenit all,
This ilk Murdo of Albanie wes duke,
And his sone Robert baith that tyme he tuke,
And in Falkland in presoun gart thame duell,
Quhill efterwart as I sall to ȝow tell.
Siclike also the erle than of Douglas,
And George Dumbar the erle of Marche that was,
And Williame Douglas erle als of Angus,
Adame Hepburne of Haillis that ilk hous,
And Thomas Hay of ȝester to conclude,
With tuentie vther that war men of gude,
In Sanct Androis all wardouris thair he maid.
In that castell ane lang quhile tha abaid,
For siclike cryme befoir as tha had vsit,
Quhairof that tyme tha war ilkane accusit.

James Stewart quhen that he hard tell
His fader Robert into presoun duell,
Duke Murdois sone quhilk wes into the tyme,
And wald be puneist for his falt and cryme,
With greit power, as my author did sa,
He brynt Dumbartane efter on ane da.
Ane hundreth men with greit crudelitie,
Of ȝoung and ald, thairin he maid till die.
Quhilk sone efter, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
This nobill king flemit into Ireland.
The secund ȝeir syne efter, to conclude,
Into ane counsall quhair mony men of gude
Convenit war in Striuiling altogidder,
Walter Stewart and Robert als his bruther,
War present baith thairin the samin tyme,
And heidit war for thair faltis and cryme:
Thair father Murdo on the secund da
Heidit siclike, as my author did sa.
So ma ȝe weill knaw be experience,
That all this warld hes bene full of variance;
Vmquhill in plesure and prosperitie,
Vmquhill in pane and greit penuritie;
Ay like the se that flowis ouir the sand,
Neuir ane stait that stabill ȝit did stand;
So is the warld ay ordand for to be,
With mony wall of greit aduersitie.
So mycht be said of this ilk duke Murdo,
Quhilk of befoir with his sonis tuo
In Scotland had sic honour and sic fame;
Departit syne with so grit lak and schame.
All man in erd sould tak gude tent heir till,
And put him nocht ouir far in Fortonis will;
Bot do the best ay efter his regard,
In gude beleif of Godis thank and reward;
Quhois reward quhen thow hes in thi neif,
No man in erth hes power the to reif.

That samin tyme the lordis all ilkone
Col. 2. In Sanct Androis befoir to ward wes gone,
Tha war relaxit ilkane in the tyme;
Remittit als wes of all falt and cryme,
In tyme to cum gude men so thai wald be;
And sua thai war to sa the veritie.

How King James puneist mony Faltaris in Inuernes, and how the Lord of the Ylis was accusit, and thairefter remittit be the King.

Lang efter that, as my author did sa,
In Inuernes this king vpoun ane da
Rycht mony waistouris that had wrocht greit wrang,
Vpoun ane gallous maid thame all till hang.
The lord of Ylis in that samin tyme
Accusit wes of greit faltis and cryme,
Quhilk Alexander callit wes to name,
Quhilk efterwart the king brocht with him hame,
In Sanct Androis, in counsall generall,
Accusit him befoir the lordis all,
Quhat wes the caus he thoillit had so lang
In his boundis sic oppressioun and wrang.
"It semis weill as that," he said, "to me,
"That ȝe ȝourself ane pairt taker suld be,
"Thocht it be sua, forsuith," he said, "as now,
"Ouir rigorus I will nocht be to ȝow.
"ȝe sall haif fredome quhair ȝe list till go
"In ȝour awin land all tyme baith to and fro,
"At ȝour plesour withoutin ony persew,
"In tyme to cum so that ȝe wilbe trew.
"Wrang nor injure this tyme to do ȝow till,
"Traist weill," he said, "it is nocht [in] my will,

" Bot to reforme withoutin bost or schoir,
" As ressoun wald, all faltis maid befoir.."
This Alexander, of quhome befoir I schew,
Ane aith hes maid for to be leill and trew,
Syne tuke his leif and passit hame his wa.
That samin tyme efter in his jorna
Forȝet full sone the greit humanitie
Wes done till him with sic benignitie;
Ascryving all to malice and injure
Be this gude king that had him in his cuir.
And for that caus or he wald forder pas,
All Inuernes he hes gart birne in as,
Efter he wes ressauit in the toun
Richt thankfullie with honour and renoun.
Syne to Locquhaber tuke the narrest way,
In tha pairtis richt schort quhile quhair he lay,
For-quhy his men tha left him thair anone,
In sindrie pairtis fled fra him ilkone,
Knawand rycht weill, as wys men to thame schew,
Within schort quhile the king wald him persew;
And for that caus he fled richt mony myllis
Out of that place richt far into the Ylis.
Syne quhen he kend and knew the veritie,
Thair wes na place quhair he micht souer be,
For-quhy the lordis and the men of gude,
And so did mony of the multitude,
All his opinioun in the tyme forsuik,
And contrair him rycht plane part all tha [tuke],
That causit him to haif the far moir [neid],
In his purpois for to cum ony speid.
Thairfoir he thocht within ane litill space
To pas and put him in the kingis grace,
Traistand alss gentill he suld be him till
As of befoir uhen he wes in his will,

Lib. 17, f. 265b. Col. 1.

Als gude, alss gratius, also als clement;
Quhairtill his freindis wald nocht gif consent
Quhill that he suld ane message send him till,
And offer him into the kingis will.
And so he did as his freindis him kend,
Ane man of gude onto the king he send,
Quhilk with the king familiar wes that tyme,
Askand remit of his injure and cryme,
Of that conditioun that he till him schew,
In tyme to cum he sould be leill and trew,
At his plesure with all his power haill,
And neuir moir till his hienes to faill.
This nobill king sic ansuer maid thairtill;
" Quhill that he cum and put him in my will
" For his wnricht, but respit or remissioun,
" Richt humblie, without ony conditioun,
" And tak the grace that tyme it plesis me,
" Or than traist weill forgevin neuir to be.
" For ony way also that he can mak,
" In spyte of him and all his part will tak,
" Within schort quhile I sall revengit be
" Of all injure that he hes done to me."
Quhen this ansuer to the lord wes rehersit,
So pungitiwe out-throw the hart it persit,
Quaikand for dreid he wist nocht quhat till do,
Syne efterwart ane vysment tuke him to.
So at the last consentit hes thairtill,
To pas and put him in the kingis will:
Quhen that he saw his tyme wes oportune,
Vpoun ane da sua efter he hes done.
In Halyrudhous efterwart on cace,
Quhair that the king wes in the tyme of Pace,
The lord of Ylis lawlie than did pas
Onto the king in the kirk quhair he was,
In sark alane, withoutin ony claithis,
Befoir the king on his kneis he gais;

Syne said to him than of ane gude maneir
Siclike wordis as I sall schaw ȝow heir.
" O potent prince ! in quhome sic power lyis,
" Thy sempill seruand mercie heir the cryis,
" Humblie now as that thi awin self seis.
" Puirlie prostrat vpoun baith my kneis
" Now for my falt richt humblie dois schaik,
" Beseikand the for that ilk Lordis saik,
" Quhilk at this[1] tyme of vices[2] criminale
" Sic mercie gaif wnto ws synneris all,
" To rew on me and tak me in thy grace ;
" And gif I happin efter so on cace
" To do the maik, as God forbid that I,
" I obleis me all pane till wnderly
" That man in erd now can devyiss me till.
" Thairfoir," he said, " I put me in thy will :
" Do as ȝow list sen that ȝow art so wyss,
" Baith lyfe and deith now in thy handis lyis."
This nobill king, so full wes of mercie,
Revoluit hes into his mynd for-thy
The wordis full of pitie and of cair
Of this ilk lord, quhilk maid his hart full sair ;
Rememberand the greit offence and cryme
[We]s done to Chryst, quhairof into the tyme
[So] greit mercie as he to mankynd gaif,
Quhilk causit him moir pitie for till haif
[Of] that ilk lord, and bad he suld byde still,
Quhill efter Pasche[3] he suld schaw him his will ; Col. 2.
And so he did, bydand on his mercie
Quhill that the tyme of Pasche wes all gone by.
Syne efter Pasche in counsall all togidder,
Baith king and lordis that tyme did considder,

[1] In MS. *tha.*
[2] In MS. *vices of.*
[3] In MS. *peax.*

Quhair that tha thocht greit perrell wes in plane
This lord of Ylis at fredome put agane,
To lat pas hame quhair he wes wont till be
At siclike fredome and auctoritie.
And for that caus decreittit wes that tyde,
That he in ward at lasar still suld byde,
Quhill efterwart that he war better kend.
That samin tyme thairfoir the king him send
To Tamptalloun, thair for to keipit be,
Ane fair castell that stude neir be the se.
Ewffame his mother for sic vice and cryme,
The erle of Rossis[1] dochter wes sum tyme,
Ane woman quhilk of counsall wes richt ill,
And oft hir sone constranit hes thairtill
Agane the king for to do mekle wrang,
In Emonia,[2] quhair scho remanit lang,
In ward wes send, as my author did sa,
Sanct Colmis Inche is callit now this da.
Donald Balloch, full of falsett and wyllis,
Quhilk brother wes to this ilk lord of Ylis,
Of that injure for to revengit be,
He gart convene of his auctoritie
The clannis all that war the Ylis within,
And spetialie the captane of ilk kin;
With thair counsall that tyme that present wes,
Decreittit syne in Lochquhaber for till pas,
And thair to sla baith barne with wyfe and man,
For his bruther the king in ward had than.
The erle of Catnes and the erle of Mar
That counsall knew, the quhilk sone reddie war
With greit power richt manlie wnagast;
To keip Lochquhaber in the tyme syne past.
With greit power neirby than the se cost,
To keip Lochquhaber la with ane greit ost.

[1] In MS. *Roches.*

[2] In MS. *Iona yle.*

How Donald, Bruther to the Lord of Ylis, come on the Nycht and slew the Erle of Cathnes and Men at his Plesure in thair Beddis, quhair the Erle of Mar chaipit narolie with his Lyfe at Lochquhaber, syne brynt and spulȝeit the samin.

This ilk Donald that weill thair cuming knew,
Rycht secreitlie, as that my author schew,
Into Lochquhaber landit on the nycht,
Onwist of thame or ony vther wicht.
That samin nycht richt lang befoir the da,
Richt quyetlie cum quhair thir lordis la,
Syne set on thame without stop or ganestand,
Quhair that tha la into thair bed sleipand
Withoutin watchis, dreidand for na ill,
Syne slew of thame at thair plesure and will.
The erle of Cathnes, as my author schew,
And all his men for the most part he slew.
The erle of Mar richt narrowlie that da
With his lyfe chaipit fra that feild awa:
Quhairof his freindis that tyme war rycht fane, Lib. 17, f. 266. Col. 1.
Thocht of his men thre hundreth thair wes slane.
Quhen this wes done as I haif said ȝow till,
This Donald than Lochquhaber at his will
Spulȝeit and brynt, with greit slauchter ilk da;
Quhen he had done syne passit hame his wa.

How the King heirefter passit in the Ylis to be revengit of this Donald.

This nobill king quhen he hes hard of that,
Without delay thair wes no langar lat,
To Dinstafage he passit mony myllis,
With greit power syne efter in the Ylis,

Of that injure for to revengit be.
The Ylis men that had auctoritie,
To him tha come ilkone into the tyme,
And thame accusit of that falt and cryme;
Sayand it wes full soir agane thair will,
For had tha nocht consentit than him till,
This Donald wes of sic crudelitie,
He had thame slane ilkone without pitie.
Also he wes of sic power and micht,
Quhither he war in the wrang or the richt,
And had also sic maistrie in that land,
Thair docht no man his power to ganestand,
This nobill king quhen that he knew the cace,
Ressauit thame ilkane into his grace;
And part of thame with him self he gart byde,
And all the laif he send into the tyde
To seik Donald withoutin ony moir,
The quhilk in Ireland that wes fled befoir.
Tha soucht and serchit withoutin ony lat
Ouir all the Ylis that tyme, quhill that tha gat
Thre hundreth men of this Donaldis that tyme,
Quhilk causit him for to commit that cryme;
Syne maid thame all sone efter for to be
For thair faltis on gallous hangit he.

How the King send in Ireland to Odoneill for this Donald, and how Odoneill slew him.

In Ireland syne with hartlie recommend,
This nobill king to Odoneill hes send,
Beseikand him richt freindlie with gude will,
This ilk Donald that he wald send him till,
His mortall fo that wroucht him sic injure,
The quhilk that tyme he had into his cuir,

Within his land that ilk Donald he la.
This Odoneill syne efter on ane da,
Quhilk scharplie did this ilk Donald persew,
Fechtand in feild that same Donald he slew.
For he mycht nocht levand him comprehend,
Thairfoir his heid onto the king he send.

How the King raid and did greit Justice in all Partis of Scotland.

Sone efter this, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
This nobill king he raid ouir all Scotland,
And puneist hes all faltis maid befoir,
Baith thift and reif he gart agane restoir.
Murthure and slauchter that tyme gat na grace
Committit wes befoir ane weill lang space;
Suppois thairof remissioun that tha had,
Moir nor the laif no better that tha sped.
For-quhy the king alledgit in the tyme,
For murthure, slauchter and sic cruell cryme,
No man had power to remit sic thing,
Without he war ane verry crownit king. Col. 2.
And for that caus remissiones les and moir
For slauchter, murthure, gevin of befoir
Be governouris, forouttin ony faill
War all expyrit and of litill availl.
This nobill king into the first tua ȝeir
Of his hame come withoutin any weir,
Thre thousand men, as that my author schew,
That faltouris war, be justice all he slew.

Off the cruell and greit Battell strickin betuix Angus Duffe and ane Murra Man callit Angus, in Murra Land.

Ane berne that tyme baith bellicois and bald,
Hecht Angus Duff, as my author me tald,
Fra Strethnaverne with greit power and mycht
Of bernis bald that hardie war and wicht,
In Murra land he come vpoun ane da,
And greit heirschip had maid as I hard sa.
Ane Murra man, that Angus hecht to name,
Of that spulȝe greit lak he thocht and schame,
With greit power syne efter him he past,
With so gude speid ouirtuke him at the last,
And gaif him feild thair or he forder fuir
Besyde ane mount vpoune ane rycht plane mure.
Thir freikis fell, richt forsie on ilk syde,
In that battell so baldlie all did byde,
Nakit and bair that mycht tha ilkane feill,
With swordis scharpe and stiff axis of steill ;
Ilkone on vther so dourlie tha dang
Into that stour that stalwart wes and strang,
On baith the sydis quhill that all thair men
War slane that tyme, exceptand nyne or ten
Out of the feild ilk woundit wan awa,
Syne deit ilkone or the auchtane da.
Wes neuir [sene] in na dais beforne,
So cruell counter sen that God wes borne.

Of and how ane wickit Man, callit Makdonald, did greit Oppressioun, and was heidit for his Transgressioun.

In Ros that tyme, as that my author tald,
Ane man thair wes to name hecht Makdonald,[1]

War no the tother, gif that war micht be,
Ane greit oppressour all his tyme wes he
Of riche and puir for ony dreid of lawis;
The waikest ay with him ȝeid to the wawis.
With him tha war so puneist and opprest,
Within his boundis tha gat litill rest,
Thocht he war neuir so busteous and so bald,
Without of him he had all that he wald.
That samin tyme, gif I the suith sould sa,
Ane puir wedow neirby his boundis la,
Becaus that tyme scho warnit him his will,
And quhat it wes I can nocht schaw ȝow till,
He tuke fra hir baith corne, cattell and fe,
And houshald geir als into greit plentie.
This puir wedow, that nothing than culd fenȝe,
Said scho sould pas vnto the king and plenȝe,
Quhair scho wist weill withoutin ony lett
Of hir injure ane gude mendis to get.
Said he agane, "Carling, I the defy.
"All thi complant I set bot litill by;
"ȝit I sall help to further the thi way."
This ilk wedo, as my author did say,
Onto ane forge that samin tyme gart tak, Lib. 17, f. 266b. Col. 1.
And syne tua schone of fynest irne gart mak,
Weill maid be mesure, richt equall and meit,
Syne naillit thame vpoun this wedois feit,
Throw bane and brane quhill all the vanis brist,
Syne bad hir pas and plenȝe quhen scho list:
"Quhen euir thow gois be ony way or streit,
"Tha schone fra bresing will conserue thi feit."
Fra this ilk cryme onto the king wes kend,
This Makdonald he hes gart apprehend,
Or euir he wist, and also of his men
War criminois vther nyne or ten;
And syne in presoun haistelie thame flang,
Quhair tha remanit efterwart richt lang,

Quhill that this wedow haill wes of hir feit,
That scho but sturt mycht step vpone the streit,
Syne to the king scho come and schew but moir
The maner all as I schew ȝow befoir,
Ilk word be word the ressoun moir and les,
With soir complaynt than of hir grit distres.
This beand done, James the nobill king
This Makdonald out of presoun gart bring,
And his feiris withoutin ony dreid,
Syne cled thame all into the samin weid,
Or in siclike in all thing les and moir
The smyth hes[1] cled that schod the wyfe befoir;
With tangis and turcas beirand in thair hand,
Syne throw the toun, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
Tuyss or thryis tha gart thame be led,
As I haif said into sic habite cled,
That in that citie ilk man ȝoung and ald,
On thame that da suld wounder and behald.
Quhen this wes done, into the mercat steid
Of this Makdonald gart stryke of the heid,
And sett it vp vpoun ane port full hie.
Syne all the laif, that euerie man mycht se,
Vpoun ane gallous, quhilk wes litill wrang,
That samin tyme maid thame ilkone till hang.
This Makdonald than sic reward he gat,
So did the laif, and all allowit that.

How the Erle of Douglas was put in Ward with Johnne Kennedy, of the Quene and hir Deliuerance of Tua Sonis, and how thir Nobillis war releuit out of Ward.

That samin tyme schir Archibald of Douglas,
The erle thairof into the tyme that was,

[1] In MS. *wes.*

Into Loclevin that tyme for his reward
The king gart pas and thair remane in ward,
Becaus he spak ouir lichtlie of the king,
Quhilk wes euill semand for to do sic thing.
Johnne Kennedy ane nobill knycht also,
Siclike to Stirling than wes maid till go,
In presoun thair still for to remane,
For sicklike langage as he spak ouir plane.
Quhill on ane tyme it hapnit efter syne,
Be the prouisioun of the God diuyne,
Oure nobill quene king James had in cuir,
Tua fair sonis on ane nycht him buir;
Quhairof the king so blyth and glaid wes than,
He gart convene richt mony nobill man,
Of greit honour and greit nobillitie,
At thair baptyme with greit solempnitie.
Thir tua lordis that tyme in ward he hed,
That samin tyme baith out of ward war fred,
Into the honour of his sonis tuo,
And greit blythnes than of thair birth also. Col. 2.
The erle of Douglas eldest sone and air,
That Williame hecht, rycht plesand and preclair,
This nobill king into his fatheris sicht,
That samin tyme hes creat him ane knycht.
All beand done as I haif said ȝow heir,
This ilk king James into that samin ȝeir,
Quhen that he knew all thift and reif did ceis,
And riche and puir mycht plant and leif in peice,
Merchandis micht travell ouir the se and sand,
And husband men mycht laubour on the land,
And kirkmen als micht occupie thair cuiris,
And greit fredome without ony injuris,
Greit travell als this king did on him tak
Judgis in law and officiaris to mak,
Ouir all the partis of Scotland but fenȝe,
So that no man suld haif caus for to plenȝe

Of ony wrang or ȝit iniquitie,
Quhairof richt sone he suld nocht mendit be.
Mesure and wecht, as my author did tell,
Gart mak and mark with thame to by and sell;
Commandand syne, wnder all pane and charge,
That nane suld vse [ony] les or moir large
Na ordand wes be just equalitie,
In merchandice nane suld begylit be.

How the Kirk of Sanct Androis was compleit and biggit than.

Off Sanct Androis, as that my author sais,
Completit wes the greit kirk in tha dais,
Of the expensis, gif I richt record,
Of ilk bischop and euirilk secular lord,
And ilk abbot, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
And barroun als that war into Scotland.
Sum les, sum mair, efter his facultie,
To that same kirk maid greit help and supple,
And as my author makis informatioun,
This nobill king at dedicatioun
Of that ilk kirk wes thair that da present,
With mony lord and mony ladie gent;
And to that place as plesit thame to haif,
All priuiledge into the tyme thame gaif,
With riche rewardis baith of bukis and bellis,
And vestimentis als as my author tellis;
Chalices and crowattis all of siluer fyne,
Weill gilt with gold and stonis cristillyne,
And mony vther pretious stonis cleir,
That I list nocht now for to reckin heir.
That samin tyme, as my author said me,
Of Sanct Androis the vniversitie
Flureist in fame with mony nobill man,
Onto that day sen that it first began,

Withoutin spot of ony vice or cryme.
This nobill king, quhilk present wes that tyme,
Heirand richt oft thair disputatioun,
Quhairof he tuke greit consolatioun,
And greit rewardis till ilkane he gaif,
As tha war worth in[to] the tyme till haif.
So greit plesure thairof that he did tak,
For weill of thame ane law he hes gart mak,
No preist sould be to prelacie promovit,
Thocht he war louit with all man and lovit,
Without he war ane doctour in his grie
Into canone or in theologie.
No clerk also in kirk cathedrall
Suld channoun be, for oucht that culd befall,
Without he war ane bachleir withaw
In theologie or into canoun law;
Except he war ane nobill of his blude,
And in himself richt humbill war and gude.
Quhilk causit science to grow and justnes,
And vice to menische ilk da les and les,
Amang kirkmen of hie and law degre,
That plesand wes other to heir or se.
So wald thai do, as ȝe ma traist rycht weill,
This samin tyme sa far as I haif feill,
Ilk clerk and kirkman efter his regard,
Gif[1] tha traistit to get siclike reward
As tha did than, that ma ȝe weill beleif,
That euerilk clerk wald preiss than for to preif
For sic reward, foroutin ony faill,
In ilk science all vther to prevaill.
Siclike also all science moir and les
Into his tyme with vertu did incres;
So did all craft that leiris men to wirk,
And obseruance also in halie kirk.

60,460 60,465 60,470 60,475 60,480 60,485 60,490

Lib. 17, f. 267. Col. 1.

[1] In MS. *Than.*

In musick befoir quhairof thair wes bot lyte,
Into his tyme richt cunnyng and perfyte
In that science fra sindre partis brocht he,
And causit thame for till authorizit be.
Quhilk ay sensyne, as that my author schew,
The langar ay to moir perfectioun grew.
He wes the first as ȝe sall wnderstand
Organis gart mak, or bring into Scotland,
With sic plesance in Goddis seruice plais;
The quhilk ar vsit now intill thir dais
Continewallie, as it is ȝit to ken,
With moir perfectioun of richt cunnyng men.
Into Kynnoule, as that my author sais,
Ane agit woman duelt into tha dais,
Of so greit eild, as my author did mene,
Sayand richt oft, that scho Wallace had sene,
And knew him weill quhen he wes governour,
Quhilk in his tyme of cheualrie wes flour.
Also scho said for veritie, and schew,
Robert the Bruce perfitlie that scho knew,
Perfitlie also[1] culd scho schaw and tell
All aduenture and fortune him befell,
Quhilk in his tyme wes bellicois and bald.
Quhen sic tydenis onto the king wes tald,
To speik with hir he langit wonder soir
Of hir talking for to heir les and moir;
Syne on ane da foundit with mony freik
Into Kynnoule with this ladie to speik.
Of his cuming quhen it wes to hir tald,
This ilk woman that agit wes and ald,
The quhilk for eild had lossit than hir sycht,
Richt plesandlie hir chalmer hes gart dycht
At hir power into all kynd of thing,
Agane the cuming of hir prince and king.

[1] In MS. *also so.*

Syne furth scho come this nobill king to meit
Vpoun hir fit far furth into the streit,
And salust him that tyme as wes the gys.
This nobill king, that courtas wes and wys,
That agit woman be the hand hes tane,
Syne to hir chalmer in with hir hes gane,
And in ane chair, ordand for him that tyde,
Thair sat he doun, and this woman besyde
Him awin self into ane chair gart sit,
Than for to heir of hir wisdome and wit.
Syne fell in talking, as my author sais,
Of thingis wes done into eldaris dais;
And speciallie of Wallace and of Bruce,
Quhome of that tyme scho maid grit vant and ruse.
The king that tyme at hir than askit he
Of thair stature and of thair quantitie,
And of thair strenth and of thair fortitude. Col. 2.
Said scho agane than, as scho wnderstude,
The Bruce he wes ane man of hie intent,
And of his bodie strang and corpolent;
Manlike, weill maid, and of ane large stature,
Quhilk causit him greit strenth to haif of nature,
All vther men into his tyme that war
Of strenth of bodie he exceidit far;
Bot ȝit scho said, as my author did mene,
Had tuys his strenth into ane man bene,
Or sic[can] ane that than had bene als tall,
Agane Wallace thai had bene bayth to small.
So big he wes baith of bone and blude,
And of sic stature and sic fortitude,
This ilk Wallace, withoutin ony skaith,
Had strenth aneuch to fecht agane thame baith.
Quhairby this king rycht weill he wnderstude
That gude Wallace of strenth and fortitude,
Into his tyme withoutin ony feir,
In all Europe had nother maik no peir.

This royall king syne tuke his leif till go,
And gart reward this ilk woman also
Richt richelie, as my author did mene,
In all hir lyfe that micht hir weill sustene.
Syne efter this, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
The baronis all that war into Scotland,
Richt mekle ill amang thame with grit lak,
Rycht planlie than of this ilk king tha spak,
Becaus that he than tuke in his awin hand
Ward and releif of euerie lordis land,
And mariage, gif that I rycht remord,
As tha of law sould pay to thair awin lord,
Becaus sic thing of lang tyme les and moir
With governouris forgiffin war of befoir,
As duke Murdo and his fader also,
Hecht duke Robert, richt mony ȝeir ago;
For to be callit courtas, wyis and fre,
That gart thame vse sic liberalitie.
Thir ȝoung lordis richt wncouth thocht sic thing,
Sic dewteis than to pa [on]to thair king,
Thinkand it wes richt far agane the law.
Of thair murmure als fast as he did knaw,
In Sanct Johnestoun, as my author did mene,
Ane counsall set and gart thame all convene,
Befoir him all quhair that tha did compeir,
He said to thame as I sall schaw ȝow heir.

How the King maid Ansuer to the Lordis of Scotland.

" Lordis," he said, " at ȝow I ask ane thing,
" Gif it be better till ane prince or king
" With honestie for to leif on his awin,
" So discreitlie that no man be ouirthrawin,
" Vsand his awin at his auctoritie,
" But auerice and prodigalitie;
" Or for to be richt prodigus and large,
" And other men thairof to beir the charge,

" And tak fra thame but ordour or [but] law,
" To gif to thame quhome to nothing tha aw."
To him agane, without any discord,
So wes the ansuer baith of laird and lord;
Sayand " Gude schir, nocht ȝour grace to greif,
" Far better war ane king and prince to leif
" Of his awin gude with sober sufficence,
" Nor for till do to ony man offence,
" As wranguslie spendand agane his will
" His gude and land, haiffand na richt thairtill."
This nobill king to thame agane said he, Lib. 17, f. 267b. Col. 1.
" Quhat is the caus than that ȝe murmour me
" To vse my awin be cours of commoun law?
" Ward and releif and mariage, ȝe knaw,
" And all vther sic casualtie,
" The quhilk my awin of commoun law suld be,
" Thocht governouris, in falt of prince or king,
" Richt lang befoir ouirlukit hes sic thing,
" To conqueis thame honour or gude name,
" Quhairof rycht weill ȝe wait tha ar to blame.
" Quhat is the caus than that ȝe me repreif
" To vse my awin quhairon that I suld leif,
" As mony princes hes done befoir richt lang,
" Sen I to ȝow dois no injure no wrang,
" Bot levis on my propertie and rent?"
Quhen this wes said than war tha all content,
Without murmure that tyme of ony wycht,
For ilk man said that he had done bot rycht.
Neirby this tyme, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
Henrie the saxt that king wes of Ingland,
Tuelf ȝeir of age and no moir than wes he,
Into Pareis wes crownit for to be
The king of France, withoutin ony pleid,
With diademe in rob royall of reid,
Quhilk efterward, with aduenture and chance,
Loissit the croun of Ingland and of France,

Syne fugitiue in[1] Scotland [hes] come he
To James the thrid, askand at him supple,
In Ingland syne he passit hame agane
Richt suddantlie, quhair he wes efter slane.
And of quhat wyis belangis nocht to me
To tell this tyme, quhairfoir I lat it be.

How ane Counsall was set be King James, and thair of Gluttony proponit was the Caus and Remedy.

Into this tyme, or than rycht neirhand by,
This king James ane counsall hes gart cry
In Sanct Johnestoun, quhair mony come thairto,
For sindrie materis that tha had till do.
In that counsall that wes richt generall,
Proponit wes that tyme amang thame all,
Befoir the lordis that war present than,
Be ane that tyme quhilk wes ane nobill man,
Henrie Wardlaw, withoutin falt or cryme,
Quhilk bischop wes of Sanct Androis that tyme,
With soir complaynt of gluttony wes vsit
In Scotland, quhilk had alhaill confusit
The commounweill, and put it all to nocht,
Be Inglismen in Scotland that wes brocht
Be king James, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
Quhen he come hame befoir out of Ingland.
This nobill man richt mony ressoun schew,
That consuetude inducit of the new
Had done greit skaith, als far as he had feill,
Into Scotland agane the commounweill.
So mony ressoun thair he did rehers,
Quhill I list nocht this tyme to put in vers,

[1] In MS. *of*.

He causit hes the pepill war present
For the most pairt all haill till him consent.
Yet sum ma wes into that multitude,
Wald nocht consent that vse and consuetude
So haistelie for to lat faill or fall,
But moir processis out of the kingis hall:
The Inglismen, tha said, wald sa full sone
For auerice that sic thing than wes done;
And for that caus as ȝe sall wnderstand,
For that remeid ane mid way than tha fand.
Sic sirffeitnes alway to be refusit,
And sufficience of meit and drink be vsit,
Except it war vpoun ane halie da,
Than euerie man, as my author did sa,
As plesit him, withoutin blame or lak, Col. 2.
As he micht wyn to als gude cheir to mak.
That samin tyme, as it wes richt weill kend,
This nobill king into Ingland he send,
In France and Flanderis, all tha landis socht
For craftismen in Scotland that he brocht,
Quhilk in all craftis that war richt perfyte,
That efterwart, as my author did wryit,
To sindrie Scottis did thair craftis ken,
That sone efter war perfyte craftismen.
For sen the tyme of Alexander the thrid
Crafftis in Scotland war baith tynt and hid,
Throw weir alway and mekle oppin wrang
Into Scotland that vexit wes so lang.
Syne ilk craft, of all baith moir and les,
To greit perfectioun dalie did increas.

How Paule Craw was brint for Heresie in Sanct Androis.

Sone efter this that I did to ȝow schaw,
Ane man of Bewme, that callit wes Paule Craw,

For heresie, at counsall generall,
In Sanct Androis wes brynt in poulder small,
Be bischop Henrie that tyme of Wardlaw,
Quhair he convenit with the clergie aw,
Quhair mony war richt cunnyng and expert
In theologie and mony sindrie art.

How King James foundit the Charterhous of Sanct Johnestoun.

That samin tyme James the nobill prince
Ane abba foundit of Cartusience
In Sanct Johnestoun, as my author did sa,
Quhilk place remanes ȝit to this same da.
Ane Inglis monk of greit knawledge and fame,
The quhilk Oswaldus callit wes to name,
Of that ilk place the priour than maid he
Of all the laif to haif auctoritie.

How thair come out of Ingland Ambassadouris to brek the Peax betuix France and Scotland.

All beand done as I haif said ȝow heir,
Out of Ingland thair come that samin ȝeir
Ambassadouris of honour richt conding
To this James of Scotland that wes king,
Desirand peax as ȝe sall wnderstand,
And for to brek the collig and the band,
So lang hes bene into remembrance
Betuix Scotland and the kingis of France.
To him promittand, for to brek that band,
All the boundis of Northumberland,
Evin as tha la betuix Tyne and Tueid,
For euirmoir he sould haif to his meid.
This nobill king thairof wes nocht content,
Nor be no way thairto wald gif consent

To brek that band, or ȝit sic thing to mene,
So lang befoir wnviolat had bene.
Richt weill he wist, as he micht wit for trew,
And he did sua sone efter he wald rew ;
And for that caus deliuerit than richt sone,
For to pas hame and thair erand wndone.

How the Erle of Marche wes forfaltit.

Sone efter this the erle of Marche wes than,
George of Dumbar, quhilk wes ane nobill man,
The sone of George, as that my author sais,
Quhilk of befoir into king Robertis dais
That flemit wes into Ingland that tyme,
As I ȝow schew quhairfoir the caus and cryme.
This ilk erle George quhilk wes ane nobill lord,
For that same caus as ȝe hard me record,
This king James of his auctoritie
In Edinburgh ane wardour maid to be,
Into the castell to remane and sit,
For that ilk cryme his father did commit.
That samin tyme, as it wes richt weill kend,
This king James wnto Dumbar hes send
The erle of Angus, Williame of Douglas,
The lord Creichtoun with him wes maid till pas ;
Schir Adame Hepburne of Haillis also,
With thir lordis that tyme wes maid till go
On to Dumbar that riall hous of stone ;
Withoutin stop that tyme the hous hes tone.
For-quhy the captane durst mak no demand,
Bot suddantlie that hous into thair hand
Resignit hes into the kingis name,
Haiffand sic dreid of this ilk kingis blame.
The secund ȝeir, as my author recordis,
In conventioun befoir the king and lordis

Lib. 17, f. 268. Col. 1.

This ilk erle George wes callit in the tyme,
And thair forfaltit for his fatheris cryme.
This ilk erle George, as mony ane than knew,
For his defence that samin tyme he schew
Ane remissioun, the quhilk that did contene
All sic crymes as my author did mene,
With circumstance of all thing les and moir,
Be duke Robert that gevin wes befoir,
Of haill consent of euerie lord that tyme,
Ane fre indult of euerie falt and cryme.
To that agane sic ansuer maid the king,
No governour had power of sic thing,
As to remit sic cryme and oppin tressone;
The quhilk he previt be richt mony ressone.
Syne finallie or tha did than disseuer,
This nobill erle dishereist wes for euir,
And tynt his hous and heretage also,
Quhilk of befoir richt mony ȝeir ago
So nobill wes and of sic fame all tyme,
Distroyit wes for sic wnhappie cryme.
This king James, throw reuth syne and pitie
Of this erle George efterwart had he,
The erldome of Buchane he him gaif;
Quhilk he refusit in the tyme to haif,
Becaus it wes, as ȝe ma weill considder,
Of litill vaill in respect of the tother,
And for that caus, quhilk wes far moir skaith,
He and his airis loissit hes thame baith.

Off the Deceis of the Erle of Mar, and of the worthie Actis of the said Erle.

The erle of Mar, Alexander Stewart,
Out of this lyfe that tyme he did depart.
To Alexander Stewart als wes than
Ane bastard sone that erle wes of Buchane;

He wes the sone of king Robert the gude,
That first wes king of all the Stewartis blude,
Into his tyme so nobill wes and trew.
This same erle, of quhome befoir I schew,
Into his tyme he exceidit als far
All vther wycht as dois the sonne ane star,
In weir, in wisdome, and in manlines,
In lautie, fredome, and in godlines.
With duke Phillop, lord of Burgundia,
In his ȝouth heid, as my author did sa,
In his weiris moir worschip thair he wan
No euir did ony vther levand man
Into his tyme that levand wes tha dais
In all Ewrop, as that my author sais.
All feild and battell that this ilk duke wan,
The honour ay aboue all vther man
To this ȝoung lord most principalie ga[ve],
With greit honour and loving ouir the [laue].
At Lundoun [syne] ane citie wes of st[renth],
Quhair this duke at grit las[ar and lenth]
With his power seigand that ci[tie la],
This erle of Mar, as my author [did sa],
Into that seig he tuke on him sic c[uir],
[And] at that tyme so worthelie him bu[ir],
Throw policie the quhilk he vsit [than]
This forsaid duke that nobill citie wan.
For his reward, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
He gaif to him the countes of Holland
In mariage, quhilk wes hir fatheris air,
Wes none in erth moir plesand and preclair,
Ane virgin clene withoutin spot or cryme;
Hir father als departit wes that tyme.
It hapnit syne, tak tent and ȝe sall heir,
Sone eftar that, I can nocht tell quhat ȝeir,
Quhat wes the caus I can nocht to ȝow tell,
Aganis this erle all Holland did rebell

60,790 60,795 Col. 2. 60,800 60,805 60,810 60,815 60,820

And of thair rentis wald no ansuer mak,
Quhairof this erle did rycht grit displesour tak,
And mony schip he furneist to the se
Of tha injuris to revengit be.
And sindrie syis on the se tha met
With mort battell quhair that no tryst wes set,
Ane quhylis tynt, and far oftar he wan,
And of thame slew rycht mony nobill man.
So in ane tyme it hapnit for to be,
Ane greit naving of Holland be the se,
Fra Danskin, all full of merchand gude,
Wes cumand hame to Holland ouir the flude.
This nobill erle that naving wmbeset,
And in thair way than with thame hes he met,
And tuke thame all but ony sturt or stryfe,
Withoutin straik other of sword or knyfe;
The merchandice all to him self gart keip,
The men ilkone syne drownit in the deip;
The schippis all syne into teyne and ire,
Ilkone that tyme he hes brynt in ane fyre.
All this wes done with greit crudelitie
Of the injuris for to revengit be,
The quhilk to him befoir that he had done.
The Hollanderis syne efter that richt sone,
With Scottismen for to be out of weir,
Trewis tha tuke than for ane hundreth ȝeir.
This nobill erle, as my author dois wryte,
Of policie in peax wes rycht perfyte,
And richt expert wes than in vrbanitie,
With greit fredome and liberalitie.
He wes the first that euir brocht into Mar
Hors of greit kynd fra Hungarie rycht far,
Quhilk plesand war and of ane large stature,
And ay sensyne tha haif keipit that nature.
This nobill lord, as my author did tell,
Efter his deith in the kirk of Dunkell

Intumulat that tyme wes in the graue,
With all honour that sic ane lord sould haif.
No moir of this; now I will hald me still,
And to my storie turne agane I will.

Off ane Messinger come fra the King of Denmark, and how Sir Williame Creichtoun was send into Denmark with Ansuer.

Lib.17,f.268 b. Col. 1.

In that same tyme or thair about rycht neir,
Out of Denmark thair come ane messingeir,
[Sent be] thair king in Scotland for to craif
[The ȝeirlie] pensioun that he aucht to haif,
[Promittit] wes to gif to thame ilk ȝeir
[Be Alex]ander first as ȝe micht heir,
[Out of the] Ylis in the se that la
[Be ei]st and west with Zetland and Orkna,
[Quilk] Donald Bane efter Malcome Canmoir
[In]to supple gaif to thame all befoir.
This nobill king with greit humanitie
Hes treittit him weill as he aucht to be,
With all honour sic ane herald suld haif,
And greit rewardis in the tyme him gaif.
Sir Williame Creichtone syne with him he send
Into Denmark, quhilk maid ane finall end
Thair with the king as ȝe sall wnderstand,
First plesit him, renewit syne the band
Befoir wes maid richt sicker and weill suir,
For mony dais efter till induir.
Quhilk band and faith, gif I the suith sould sa,
Hes keipit bene perfytlie to this da.

Off ane Ambaxat was send out of France to King James for Mariage of Margaret the Kingis Dochter.

Sone efter this with mekle oliprance
Ane greit ambaxat send wes out of France,
Fra king Chairlis, the sevint wes of that name,
To king James of greit honour and fame,
For his dochter Margaret in mariage
Vnto his sone Lues of perfite age;
Quhilk grantit wes richt glaidlie with gude will,
Wes none that tyme disassentit thairtill.
The ȝoung king of Ingland thairof wes nocht content,
And sone ane herald to king James sent,
Forbiddand him that mariage to compleit,
And did he nocht, he said that he suld meit
With hir on se burd or scho passit by,
And all his laddis mak with hir to ly.
This nobill king sic ansuer maid him till,
" I compt richt nocht his malice and ill will,
" No ȝit his boist; now lat him do to me
" The best he can, I compt him nocht ane fle.
" Heir I defy the in thy kingis name."
And with that ansuer send the herald hame.
Syne furneist hes ane naving to the se,
With men and meit and with altalȝerie,
For to convey that ladie ouir the flude,
In cumpany with mony men of gude.
Johnne of Carnoth ane nobill worthie man,
Bischop of Brechin in the tyme wes than,
And Williame Sinclair erle of Orkna,
Walter Ogilvie the thesaurer alsua,
Harbert Hereis, and Johnne of Maxwell,
Colene, Scot, Setoun, and Campbell,

Wardlaw and Grahame with thame war maid
till go,
And mony vther in the tyme also.
Ane hundreth wemen of nobillitie,
And fourtie als, bot gif my author lie,
That virginis war for the most part ilkone,
With this Margaret that tyme wer maid till gone.
To schip tha went, the wynd blew fair and hie,
And sone thai went richt saiflie throw the se.
Ane greit naving of Spanȝe that same da,
Quhat wes the caus I can nocht to ȝow sa, Col. 2.
Befoir [the] cost of Ingland did appeir.
The Inglismen than trowit weill but weir,
With mony schip neirby the cost did ly,
To tak the Scottis as tha passit by,
Trowand tha Spanȝardis had the Scottis bene,
Thairfoir that tyme with grit anger and tene,
Tha set on thame trowand na stop to get.
The tother partie richt manlie than thame met,
And suddantlie that naving did confound,
Richt mony tuke and mony also dround ;
And all the laif sa greitlie wes adred,
With all thair haist in Ingland than tha fled.
That samin tyme, be aduenture and chance,
The Scottis naving arryuit into France ;
To Turens syne tha tuke the narrest way,
Quhair king Chairlis remanand wes that day,
Quhilk thame ressauit with honour and gloir,
That sic in France wes semdill sene befoir.
Sone efter that, within schort quhile belyve,
This ȝoung Lues hes weddit to his wyfe
This ilk ladie of quhome I spak befoir,
Solempnitlie with greit honour and gloir.
This beand done as I haif said ȝow heir,
Sir Henrie Persie in the samin ȝeir,
Quhat wes the caus I can nocht to ȝow schaw,
Agane promit, without ordour of law,

With four thousand all into armour bricht,
In Scotland come sone efter on ane nycht,
His appetite syne for to satisfie,
With fyre and blude, haifand no caus or quhy.
The erle of Angus in the tyme that was,
The quhilk to name hecht Williame of Douglas,
With[1] equall nummer wnder speir and scheild,
Met with the Persie than and gaif him feild;
And in that battell so baldlie tha baid,
On euerie syde quhill greit slauchter wes maid.
The Scottismen so worthie war and wycht,
The Inglismen on force[2] hes tane the flycht,
And in the feild na langar mycht remane;
On euerie syde richt mony than wes slane.
That da thair deit on the Scottis syde
Gude Elphingstoun, ane nobill of greit pryde;
Of commoun pepill tua hundreth also
Departit than and tuke thair leif till go.
Of Inglismen into the feild did faill
Ane greit nobill, Henrie of Cliddisdaill,
Richart Persie and Johnne Ogill also,
Knichtis all thre, with mony vther mo;
Of commoun pepill that tyme ȝoung and ald
Four hundreth into the tyme war tald.
This king James, of quhome befoir I schew,
Of sic disceptioun quhen he hard and knew,
Of that injure for to revengit be,
With greit power richt sone than passit he
To Roxburch withoutin ony let,
And to the castell ane greit seig he set.
Baith da and nycht so scharplie did assailȝie,
That tha within on force wes maid to failȝe,
And wes reddie, without ony rebous,
At thair desyre for to gif ouir the hous.

[1] In MS. *Bith.*

[2] In MS. *forces.*

Ane da wes set to commoun of sic thing
Betuix the captane and the Scottis king;
It hapnit syne, I can nocht tell ȝow quhy,
Throw fals Fortoun at all thing hes invy,
Agane the king as my author did tell, Lib.17, f. 269. Col. 1.
Richt quietlie his freindis did rebell.
His nobill quene, that weill of sic thing knew,
Richt suddantlie come till him thair and schew
The maner all and name of euerie man,
Quhilk causit him to leif the seig as than
Richt haistelie, and his purpois wndone,
And euerie man for to pas hame richt sone.

Off the Tressoun and Deith of King James Stewart the First.

Walter Stewart quhilk wes ane subtill man,
That erle of Athole in the tyme wes than,
And father bruther to this foirsaid king,
Most principale nixt him wes in his ring.
For it wes he, as said baith les and moir,
Causit his bruther duke Robert of befoir,
The duke of Rothissay, but reuth or ȝit pitie,
Into presoun of hungar to gar die.
For all his tyme, without richt or ressoun,
He had ane e alwayis to the croun,
Belevand ay withoutin ony pleid
[To] bruke the croun and this ilk king war deid.
[And] for that caus wnlefull wayis socht
[Of his] purpois to speid and he mocht,
[Trowand] sic thing wnmanifest than wes,
[Becaus] the king he leit it ay ouirpas:
[For-]quhy the names, as my author schew,
[Of] tha tratouris perfitlie he nocht knew.
And thocht of thame he had ane jelosy,
He thocht it wes ouir lytill caus and quhy,

Without ane caus as he did wnderstand,
Onto sick men ouir haistie to put hand.
And for that caus ouir lang he did defar,
Quhill sone efter he turnit him to war.
Walter Stewart, of quhome befoir I tald,
The erle of Athole bellicois and bald,
Persuadit hes Robert Stewart his oy
This nobill king with tressoun to distroy,
And Robert Grahame with greit tressoun and cryme,
The kingis rebell that wes in the tyme.
The quhilk till do thir tua than wndertuke
Sone efterwart, and tha thair lyfe mycht bruke.
And so tha did; within les nor ane ȝeir
It hapnit so, as I sall schaw ȝow heir,
This nobill king ouir singill to remane
In Sanct Johnestoun into ane place rycht plane
In the blak freiris, withoutin ony strenth,
Quhair he remanit that tyme at grit lenth.
Thir tua befoir of quhome to ȝow I schew,
That tuke on hand that purpois till persew,
Confiderit hes for that same caus and thing
With ane seruand most speciall with the king,
All thair desir that grantit hes to thame,
Quhat that he wes or quhat that wes his name,
I can nocht tell ȝow at this tyme bot gif I lie,
For-quhy my author schew it nocht to me.
This ilk seruand than planlie schew thame to
In that mater all thing how tha suld do,
And set ane tryst agane quhen tha suld meit,
Withoutin pley thair purpois to compleit.
Quha will tak tent till all thing said is heir,
Richt eith it is ane document to leir
To king or prince or ony man of gude,
To gif greit traist to vile or simpill blude,

Or ony vther of ane sempill gard, 61,050 Col 2.
That ma be bocht for riches and reward,
Quhilk hes distroyit mony nobill king.
I tak witnes als of this samin thing,
And of Judas, as the Scripture me tald,
For auerice his lord and maister sald. 61,055
Traist weill this tyme that thair is ȝit ane [still]
Wald do siclyke and men w[er in his will],
Bot quha it is I can nocht [to ȝow mene],
Thairfoir as now I lat sic tale [alane],
And to my purpois, quhair I f[irst began], 61,060
Tell furth the laif the best way [that I can].
This erllis oy, Robert Stewart to name,
With his collig callit Robert Grah[ame]
And vther feiris that tha tuke thame till,
Quhome to tha plesit for to schaw thair will, 61,065
Syne quietlie tha come all on ane nycht
To Sanct Johnestoun, as tha war gydit rycht
Be this tratour the tryst that to thame set,
Neir be the freiris with him quhair tha met.
Syne till ane dur wes than on the baksyde 61,070
Richt quyetlie this tratour did thame gyde,
How tha suld do schew to thame les and moir,
Syne tuke his leif and rakit fra thame thoir.
This nobill king wnknawand of that cryme,
Richt solitar he wes into the tyme ; 61,075
Except the quene and ladeis tua or thre,
No cumpany moir in the tyme had he,
And his seruand that his chalmer did keip.
For-quhy that tyme he bownit for to sleip,
Richt lait it wes lang efter houris nyne, 61,080
This ilk seruand he send to bring him wyne,
Callit Stratoun, till his sellar is gane,
To fetche wyne but cumpany allane.
So hapnit he into the starris lycht
Of thir tratouris that tyme to get ane sycht, 61,085

Quhair that tha stude betuix him and the sky,
Than with ane voce richt loud "Tressone!" did cry:
Continewallie, as my author me schew,
He cryit so quhill thir tratouris him slew.
Ane ladie than that hard him tressoun cry,
In the chalmer onto the dur did hy
Richt suddantlie, and to the dur did clois,
Into that tyme thair wes na vther chois,
And graipit syne and fand the bar awa,
Quhilk stollin wes, as my author did sa,
The da befoir, as my author me schew,
Be the tratour quhome in the tressoun grew,
Moist criminois of all that cruell cace,
Ane officiar wes in the kingis place.
This ilk ladie than at the dur that stude,
Callit Douglas, ane virgin fair and gude,
Quhen scho persauit the bar wes awa,
Richt suddantlie, as my author did sa,
Scho put hir arme, withoutin wordis mo,
Into the place quhair that the bar suld go;
And tha without, the quhilk wes litill wonder,
Dang vp the dur and brak hir arme in sunder,
Syne in the chalmer enterit as tha list.
This nobill king, that scant of sic thing wist,
Tha bludie bouchouris with crudelitie,
Tha branit him that pitie wes till se.
The ȝeir of God ane thousand and threttie,
With four hundreth and sax alss gone be,
Lib. 17, f. 269 b. Col. 1. And of his regnne quhilk wes the threttein ȝeir,
This nobill king, as I haif said ȝow heir,
Of Februar the ane and tuentie da,
Departit hes as ȝe haif hard me sa,
[And tu]mulat with greit honour and gloir
[In th]e same place quhair he gart big befoir
[For the C]artusiens in Sanct Johnestoun.
[Ane king he wes] of greit honour and renoun,

[And of his tyme, in] storie as I reid,
[Of crownit kingis all] vther did exceid.
[Of nobill hav]iour and of manlines,
[Of perfyte] justice and of gratiusness,
[And all v]ertu in erth that men mycht knaw,
[Thai] rang in him with grit ordour of law.
[So] in that tyme wes murning maid and mone
Ouir all Scotland with his liegis ilkone,
To thame alway he keipit sic ane part,
That causit thame to luif him with thair hart,
And wald have gevin also for his lyfe
Dochter or sone, or ȝit thair weddit wyfe.
No farlie wes to thame thocht he wes deir,
For sic ane king befoir richt mony ȝeir
In all Ewrope of na natioun wes kend,
Of sic vertu no moir for to commend.
And he had raxit ocht lang in his cuir,
Richt sicker is, thairof ȝe ma be suir,
That he had maid all Scotland for to be
In welth and wellfair and tranquillitie,
In peax and justice, without ony distres,
And to abound in honour and riches.
The gratius God heir I beseik thairfoir,
That he ring now into eternall gloir.
Quhen done that tyme wes this horribill deid,
The strang tratouris sped thame awa gude speid.
Of the kingis chalmer than rycht haistelie,
Quhen tha war gone the ladeis gaif ane cry,
That all that la in chalmeris neir about,
Walknit ilkane quhen that tha hard the schout.
Ane man of gude, of greit honour and fame,
Dauid Dumbar that callit wes to name,
Bruther germane than to erle George wes he,
Ane nobill knycht of greit auctoritie,
That samin tyme he walknit with the cry;
Out of his bed syne sone and suddantly,

With sic waponis and armour as he hed,
Rycht spedelie fast efter thame he sped,
And or tha passit far out of the toun,
This ilk Dauid befoir thame lichtit doun,
And gaif thame feild, suppois he wes bot few;
That same tyme, as my author me schew,
Or that tha passit forder of that steid,
This nobill knycht that tyme tha left for deid.
Of the left hand tua fyngaris [he] lost,
Ȝit neretheles that tyme it did not cost
That knycht his lyfe, thocht he bled of his blude,
For-quhy that tyme with leichis fyne and gude
He leichit wes sone efter haill and feir,
And efter that levit richt mony ȝeir.
Syne on the morne quhen that the rumor rais,
And so swiftlie ouir all the kinrik gais,
The cruell deid of this ilk nobill king,
The lordis all and nobillis of the ring
Ouir all the pairtis of Scotland tha send
Richt suddantlie, as it wes richt weill kend,
Col. 2. Autentik men with greit power and mycht,
Quhilk tuke na sojorning nother da nor nycht
Quhill tha tratouris in the tyme war tone;
To Edinburch wer brocht syne euerilkone,
Quhair that the lordis that tyme did convene
Of all Scotland, as my author did mene,
With mony vther also in that steid,
To be revengit of the princes deid.
And so thai war with greit ordour of law
That samin tyme, as my author did schaw.

How the Tratouris that slew the King maid ane evill Ending.

The erle of Athole, as my author schew,
That fals tratour in quhome the tressone [grew],

Naikit that tyme fast festnit on ane tre,
Out throw the toun tha gart him drawin be,
Vpoun ane suey ay swappand vp and doun,
Quhill he wes traillit out throw all the toun,
Quhair on [the] stairis and all the calsay wnde[r],
Rycht mony stude that tyme on him to w[under];
Syne at the croce, quhen all that thing wes done,
Tha set him vp richt hie into ane t[rone],
Ane croun of yr[n]e out of ane forge rit [het]
Tha brocht it furth and on his heid it set;
Quhairof the heit out throw his heid is [gane],
Bayth blude and brain syne brint [and] evin the [bane].
Compleit that tyme than wes, baith les and moir,
The prophecie wes said of him befoir
Be ane fals propheit, sayand to him that he
With grit triumph that he sould crownit be;
Traistand thairthrow all his desir to haif,
To that propheit so grit credence he gaif.
The ill angell in tymes oft bygone
With prophecie dissauit mony one,
Quhois prophecie culd no man apprehend,
Quhill it wes brocht to sua wnhappie end.
Quhen this wes done as ȝe haif hard me sa,
Syne on the morne quhilk wes the secund da,
Out throw the toun naikit tha culd him draw
At ane hors taill, quhair mony ane him saw;
On the thrid day syne, as my author schew,
Tha opnit him and out his bowellis drew,
Syne in ane fyre that tyme that ordand was,
Befoir his ene tha brint thame all in as,
Quhair mony one war standand on to luke.
Quhen this wes done syne out his hart tha tuke,
And in that fyre, that tyme befoir thame all,
That samin hart tha brynt in poulder small.

Quhen this wes done, syne in the samin tyde
In four partis his body did devyde;
Of Scotland syne tha four partis tha send
Into four airtis, as it wes rycht weill kend,
Aboue the portis for to be set waill he
Of four townis, that euerie man micht se
Till all other remembring of sic thing,
For to put hand in ony prince or king.
His oy siclike, the maister of Athale,
That samin tyme befoir the lordis all,
Quhilk criminois wes of that samin deid,
Without respeit that ilk tyme, as I reid,
Lib. 17, f. 270. Col. 1. Richt cruellie fast festnit fit and hand,
And [to] four hors taillis sickerlie him band,
Syne the four hors in sindrie airthis draif,
Quhill his bodie in four pairtis tha raif.
Robert the Grahame, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
Most principall that tuke the deid on hand,
That samin tyme than, for his waresoun,
Vpoun ane flaik wes traillit throw the toun,
Nakit and bair but claithis in the tyde,
Except ane claith his memberis for to hyde.
Syne euerie smyth and euerie loremair
Into that toun that present than war thair,
Ane reid het yrne, for his cruell cryme,
Into his bodie schot into the tyme;
And euerilk wricht and euerie Scottisman,
Tha did siclike that present thair wes than.
Siclike richt so wes done to all the laif,
In four pairtis thair bodeis syne tha raif;
That greit tressoun to all man to mak kend,
Thair four airtis to sindrie townis send
In sindrie regionis and in sindrie land,
Aboue the portis of tha townis to stand
In irne bandis lang and mony ȝeir;
Thus endit tha as I haif said ȝow heir.

Thankit be God sic grace hes Scotland send,
That tressone ȝit maid neuir ane better end
Into Scotland this mony ȝeir ago:
I pray to God that it be lang tyme so.
Thankit be God now and his moder deir,
My lang laubour at this tyme endis heir;
Quhilk wes begun richt mony da ago
With greit travell, syne endit wes also,
Quhen of oure Lord completit wes but weir,
Ane thousand threttie and fyve hundreth ȝeir,
And ane also for to subscriue thairtill,
The auchtane day quhilk wes of Apryle;
That samin tyme this ilk wark[1] I begould,
And syne proceidit dalie as I culd,
Quhill efterwart the fyve and threttie ȝeir,
Completit wes this wark present heir,
Of September the nyne and tuentie da.
Adew, fairweill, I haif no moir to sa.
I pray to Jesu for his woundis fyffe,
Send ws grace heir into this present lyfe
To gyde ws heir, syne efter with the king
In joy and blis eternallie to ring,
Into that gloir that neuir salbe gane,
Singand with sanctis Osanna, Amen!

[1] In MS. *ward*.

FINIS.

HEIR ENDIS THE BUIK OF THE CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND, WRITTIN [IN] THE ȝEIR OF GOD IMVC. F[YVE AND THRETTIE ȝE]IRIS. BE ME
. . . . . .

CROYDON PUBLIC LIBRARIES CENTRAL

GLOSSARY.

NOTE.

THIS Glossary has been formed for the immediate use of the reader. To have entered into the etymology of the respective words would have occupied too large a space, and, besides requiring almost a separate volume, must have possessed the appearance of mere book-making; a charge which the Compiler especially sought to avoid. As it is, he fears that some may be of opinion that many of the words contained in it might have been omitted, their signification being sufficiently obvious: yet in preparing it for the convenience of English readers, not so familiar with the appearance of a text greatly dissimilar to that which they have been accustomed to peruse in the works of Gower or Chaucer, he has ventured to incur the risk of censure for surplusage, rather than for neglect.

The numerous varieties of spelling the same word (*e.g. Fallowis, Fallouis, Felowes*) are not entered, but only the leading one.

GLOSSARY.

A.

Abak. Aback; back.
Abasit. Confounded.
Abba. Abbey.
Abhor. To fill with horror; to alarm; to be alarmed.
Abill. Able; fitting; suitable.
Abthan, Abthane. A dignity supposed to be somewhat higher than that of Thane (q. v.) See in Jamieson's Dict., *voce* Thane, the various speculations regarding it.
Abuif, Abune. Above.
Abusioun. Abuse.
Ac. But; and.
Acces. Excess.
Acclamit. Laid claim to; acknowledged? 1.18,494.
Accord. Agree. *part.* Accordit.
Accressand. Increasing.
Actioun. Suit.
Adais. A-days.
Addettit. Indebted.
Adpertenis. Appertains.
Aduert. Observe.
Adumbrit. Obscured; darkened.
Advert. Intimate; apprise.
Advisit. Deliberated.
Af. Off.
Afald, Auefald. Honest; sincere.
Affaminait. Effeminate.
Affectit. Inclined.
Affixt. Fasten.
Affray. Alarm; right.
Agane. Again.
Aganis. Against.
Aggreit. Agreed; settled.
Ago. Gone.
Aik. Oak.
Aill. Ale.
Aillit. Ailed.
Air. Eyre; itinerant court of justice.
Air. Oar.
Air. Heir. *pl.* Airis.
Airthis. Quarters; points of the compass.
Aith. Oath. *pl.* Aithis.
Alabast. Alabaster.
Ald, Alde, Auld, *adj.* Old.
Ald. Age.
Ale. Sick; ailing.
Alhaill. Wholly; entirely.

Alhallowis. All Saints.
Alkin. All kind.
Allace. Alas.
Allane. Alone; only.
Allanerlie. Only; alone.
Allaqueat. Captivated; enthralled.
Alledgand. Laying claim to.
Alledge. Advise; recommend.
Allow. Commend; praise.
Allowit. Admitted; allowed.
Allsame. Altogether.
Alluterlie. Wholly; entirely.
Almany, Almonia. Germany.
Almous. Alms.
Almous deid. Alms-deeds.
Alquhair. Everywhere.
Als, Alss. As.
Alsua. Also.
Alsweill. As well.
Alt. Higher part of the musical scale.
Altal3erie. Artillery.
Alway. However.
Amang. Among.
Amates. Amethysts.
Ambaxat. Embassy; ambassador.
Amene. Agreeable; pleasant.
Amerandis. Emeralds.
Ameyne. Pleasant; fine.
And, An. If.
And all to gone. If all had gone.
Ane. One.
Ane Jolie, l. 1947. This should perhaps be one word, *O. Fr. anjoler*. "Ils sont contraints de faire l'amour à la vielle, ou *d'anjoler* la fille d'une bonne maison, leur faire un enfant par advance, à fin d'estre condamnez à l'espouser." *Des Caquets de l'Accouchée*, p. 29. ed. *Bibliothèque Elzevirienne*.

But since glossing it, the Editor has been favoured by his friend, the Rev. Joseph Stevenson, with the following extract from a treatise on hunting, *temp.* Hen. IV., called "The Master of the Game," (MS. Bodley, 546. fol. 32.), which clearly *proves* the meaning, otherwise to be obtained only by *implication*:— "*Of the wolf and of his nature.* Thei be yn hure love yn Feverer wiþ þe females þat þen be *joly* . . . . And whanne þe bycche of hem is moost hoot gif þer be any wolfes yn þe contre þei goiþ alle after hure as þe houndes doiþ after þe bycche when she is *joly*."
Anew, Aneuche. Enough.
Anis. Once.
Anker, Ankir. Anchor.
Antygaif. Andegavia; Anjou.
Apardoun. Pardon.
Apeill. Appeal.
Apenionis. Opinions.
Apersee. *A per se*; incomparable person or thing.
Apill. Apple.
Appetyte. Desire.
Applesit. Contented; satisfied.
Apprevit. Proved.
Ar, Air. Formerly; early.
Arbetrie. Arbitration.
Arch, *idem ac* Argh. Timid.
Archearis. Archers.
Ardwert. Inform; apprise.
Argo. Argue.

Armit. Armed; hermit.
Armony. Harmony.
Armorica. Brittany.
Armypotent. Mighty in arms; valiant.
Aror. Error.
Artal3e. Artillery.
Arguit. Reprehended; chided; argued.
Arreistit. Indicted.
Arrosie. Heresy.
As, Ass. Ashes.
Ascrybent. Imputing; asserting.
Aser. Azure.
Aspect, to have an Aspect. To have an eye to a thing.
Asposit. Disposed; inclined. Hoill Asposit. Indisposed; sick.
Assalit, Assail3eit. Essayed; tried.
Assay. Assail; trial.
Assegit. Besieged; beset; assailed.
Assoill. Absolve; acquit.
Assol3eit. Acquitted.
Astoneist. Astonished.
Astrolog, Astrologe. Astrolabe.
At. For; by; that; from.
Atanes. At once.
Ather. Either.
Attouir, Attour. Over; moreover; across; beyond; in spite of.
Attrie. Purulent; grim.
Aucht. Possessed; occupied; eight.
Auchtane. Eighth.
Auctoreist. Authorized.
Auctoritie. Authority; state; splendour.
Aureat. Golden.
Austrun. Stern; severe.
Austure. The south.
Avaid. Evade; escape.
Avance. Advance.
Aventour, Aventure. Chance; adventure. In Aventour. Undecided.
Avisement. Decision; time to consider.
Aw. All; ought.
Awa. Away.
Awin. Own.
Ay. Always.

B.

Bachleir. Bachelor.
Bad. Ordered; requested; bade.
Baghous. Bake-house.
Baid. Abode; delay; stop.
Baikin. Baked.
Bailfull. Sorrowful.
Baill. Evil; injury; sorrow harm.
Baill fyre. Bonfire.
Baillis. Signal-fires.
Bair. Bear; bare.
Bairdis. Minstrels.
Bairdit. Bearded.
Bairfeit, Bairfit. Barefooted.
Bais. Daunt.
Baith, Bayth. Both.
Baitht. Bathed.
Bak. Back. *pl.* Bakis.
Baksyde. Back of a house.
Bakwart. Backward.
Bald, Baldlie. Bold; boldly.
Balk. A ridge of untilled land.

Ballane. Whalebone.
Ballanes. Balance.
Ballingar. A small sloop or barge.
Balsamon. Balsam.
Ban. Curse,
Band. Bond. *pl.* Bandis.
Bandoun. Bondage; command; sway.
Bane. Active; prepared; ready.
Bane. Bone. *pl.* Banis.
Baneist. Banished.
Banerman. Standard-bearer.
Bankit. Banquet.
Baptist. Baptized.
Baptyme. Baptism.
Barbour. Barbarous; savage.
Barbouris. Barbarians; savages.
Bardit, Bairdit. Caparisoned; adorned with trappings.
Bargane, Bergane. Battle; fight.
Barkit. Tanned.
Barnage. Baronage; peerage.
Barne. Child. *pl.* Barnis.
Barras. The lists, or enclosure for a tournament or single combat.
Barrat. Grief; sorrow.
Barris. Barriers.
Barrot. Hostile intercourse.
Barroun. Baron.
Bartnit, *v.* Bertynt.
Barus mantell ? l. 41,518.
Bas. Bass.
Basit, Baisit. Humbled; abased.
Basitnes. Cowardice.
Basnetis. Helmets.
Bat. A blow.
Bate. Boat.
Battell. A division of an army; a battalion; battle.
Bauchil. l. 34,371. This word generally signifies *an old shoe, or slipper.* "To mak a bauchle" of a thing is to treat it so unceremoniously as to show you have no respect for it. The term is also applied to individuals. As employed in the text, the word would seem to be an abreviation of *baculus*, the episcopal staff or crozier.
Bawstane. Ball-stone; *testis.*
Bay. Horse.
Be. A bee; of; concerning; by the time.
Be, Bie. A bee.
Bedene. Immediately; forthwith. But see line 9149, where the meaning appears to be *condescend* or *stoop.*
Befar. By far.
Befaw. Befall.
Beforne. Before.
Beforrow. Before; formerly.
Befyllit. Befouled; dirtied.
Begouth. Began.
Beguld. Began.
Begyle. Beguile; deceive.
Behaldand. Looking to; beholding.
Behuif. Behoof; benefit.
Beid. Be it.
Beild. Shelter; protection.
Beir. Barley.
Beir, Birr. Noise.
Beird. Beard.
Bek. Bow; stoop; cringe; nod.
Bekkand. Bowing; cringing.
Bekynis. Beacons.
Belief. Trust; reliance.
Belleall. Pugnacious; warlike.

Bellis. Bells.

Bellomy. Ritson glosses Belamy, as *bel ami*, good friend. The word by this author seems to be used in a contrary sense, and to imply a blustering, savage, dare-devil sort of individual.

Beltane. Festival of the first of May; which appears to have been somewhat mixed up with that of the Invention of the Holy Cross, celebrated on the third of the same month.

Beltit. Girded.

Belude. Beloved.

Belyve. Immediately; quickly.

Bemis. Beams.

Bemit. Beamed; shone; sparkled.

Ben. The inner apartment of a house.

A *but* and a *ben*, applied to a house consisting of only two rooms, the one leading from the other.

Benevolence. Forgiveness.

Benge. Bend; bow.

Benign. Graciously.

Bent. Open field; plain; *Metath. pro* Bow? l. 6210.

Bentis. Heather.

Berand. Pregnant.

Berdit. Bairded.

Bereis. Burial.

Bereist. Buried.

Beris. Biers.

Berne. Noble; man; knight. *pl.* Bernis.

Bertan;e. Brittany.

Bertynt. Struck; battered; killed.

Beryis. Berries.

Beseik, Beseikand. Beseech; beseeching.

Bestiall. Beastly; cattle; animals.

Besyde. Except.

Bet, Bete. Struck; beat; applied to fire, *lighted* or *kept up*.

Beteiching, Beteachand. Consigning; delivering.

Betrais. Betray.

Betrasit. Betrayed; surprised.

Bettin. Bitten.

Beuch. Bough. *pl.* Bewis.

Bewar. Beware.

Bewme. Bohemia.

Bid, Byde. Remain; stay.

Biddin. Remained.

Bidding. Order.

Big. Build. *part.* Biggit.

Biggings. Buildings.

Bikertie. Bickering; fighting.

Bikker. A fight, chiefly with stones.

Bill. A writing; a letter; written statement, of complaint, or otherwise.

Birdour, Bordour. Border.

Birg? l. 467.

Birnand. Burning.

Birne. Burn.

Birneist. Burnished; polished.

Birny, Brunie. Cuirass.

Birth. Bulk; weight; birds? produce? l. 639.

Bischop. Bishop; bishopric.

Bissie. Busy.

Bitterlie. Sharply; severely.

Bla. Blue; livid.

Blait. Bashful; stupid.

Blane. Blame.

Blaseus. Blois.

Blawand. Blowing.

Blawdit. Besmeared.
Bleidand. Bleeding.
Bleir, *pl.* Bleirit. To obscure or deceive the sight.
Bleis. Torch. *pl.* Bleises.
Bleis. Blaze.
Blek. Blame.
Blekit. Blackened; stained.
Blenkand. Smiling.
Blenkis. Glances; glimpses.
Blin. Cease.
Blind, Blynd. Sprit-sail; a square sail under the bowsprit, not now used. Dutch, *blinde.*
Blis ? l. 51,325.
Blonk. Horse; steed.
Bloum. Blossom.
Blude, Bludie. Blood; bloody.
Blumand, Blewmand. Blooming.
Blunt. Stupid.
Blyth. Cheerful; happy; joyful.
Bocht. Bought.
Bodin. Provided; furnished; prepared.
Bodwart. Message.
Bogill. Spectre.
Boir. Hole.
Boiss, Bost. Box; case.
Boistit. Threatened.
Boit, Bot. Boat.
Bokkit. Vomited; gushed.
Boldin. Swollen.
Bolon, Bolonia. Boulogne.
Bond, Bund. Bound. *pl.* Bundis.
Bordell. Brothel.
Boreall. The north.
Borit. Bored.
Borowis, *pl.* Pledges. *v.* Borgh.
Bost, Boist. Boast; menace.
Bosumis. Bosoms.
Bot. l. 49 495. Vouched?
Bot, But. Without; except; but.
Bouchouris. Butchers.
Boun. Ready; prepared; to make ready; to prepare; to go; to bend one's course. Bownit, Bounit. Went.
Bourd. Armour; cuirass? l. 57,806.
Bourding. Jesting; forcible encounter.
Bourdis. Jests.
Bouris. Chambers.
Bout. About.
Bow. Herd of cattle; also, a fold for cattle; bend; submit.
Bowdin. Swollen.
Bowsplatis. Bowsprits.
Bowstar. Bolster.
Boy. Page. Chalmer-boy. Page of the bedchamber.
Bra. Hill; height. *pl.* Brais.
Bra. Bruise; bray.
Brabane. Brabant.
Braid. Broad.
Braidlingis. Flat; broadways.
Braiss. Embrace; clasp. *part.* Braissit.
Brak. Broke.
Brand. Sword.
Brandit? l. 11,003.
Brane. Brawn; muscular portion of the flesh.
Branis. Brains.
Branit. Brained.
Brasar. Vambrace; armour for the arm.
Brawnis, *pl.* Calves of the legs.
Bre, Brie. Eye-brow.
Breanchis. Branches.
Breid. Breadth. On bréid. l. 34,805. In a body; together.

Breid. A portion. *pl.* Breidis.
Breid. Bread.
Breir. Briar.
Breith. Bright? l. 11,943.
Brekis. Breaks.
Bremit. Furious.
Bresing. Bruising.
Brethir. Brothers.
Brig. Bridge. *pl.* Briggis.
Brint. Burned.
Brintstane. Sulphur; brimstone.
Briscat. The breast.
Brissit, Brissin. Bruised.
Brist. Burst.
Bristis. Breasts.
Britynnit, *v.* Bertynt.
Broades. Boards.
Broch, *idem ac* Borgh, Borow. A pledge; a security. "Greit God to *borch* that all salbe oure awin." l. 19,481. I take God as pledge that the day shall be ours.
Brocht. Brought.
Broddit. Pricked; spurred; pierced.
Brode. Goad.
Broderis. Brothers.
Brodin, Browdin. Embroidered; ornamented.
Brodin. Broad.
Brok. Fragments; remains of food.
Brokin. Wrecked.
Broos. Rapid race.
Browis. Brows.
Browdit, Browdin. Clotted.
Browin. Brewed.
Brude. Cattle? l. 18,899.
Bruik. River; brook.
Bruk, Bruke, Bruik, Brew. To possess; to use; to enjoy.
Brukill. Brittle; uncertain; not to be relied on.
Brum, Brym. Broom.
Brusche. Violent rushing.
Bruschit. Burst out.
Brybouris. Beggarly fellows.
Brym, *v.* Bremit.
Bub. A blast.
Bud. Gift; bribe.
Buffatis. Blows.
Bugill, Bugall. Bugle.
Buik, Buke. A book. *pl.* Buikis. Books.
Buir. Bore.
Buirlie. Huge; big; burly.
Buklis. Buckles.
Buklit. Buckled; fastened.
Bulrand. Weltering.
Bun. Bound.
Bund. Bounded.
Bundin. Bound; compelled.
Bundis. Bondsmen; slaves.
Burd. Coast.
Burd. Board; table. *pl.* Burdis.
Burding. Venereal dissipation.
Burdit. Put in boards; interred. l. 41,400.
Burdoun. A heavy cudgel; properly, a pilgrim's staff.
Burdour. Guest; jester?
Burgone. Burgundy.
Buriall. Beryl.
Burne. "Small houndis to bring thame to the *burne*."—To bring them to bay. l. 16,862. Limit; enclosure; bourn.
Burneist. Burnished.
Burnis. Streams; rivulets.
Bursin. Burst.
Bus. Bush. *pl.* Bussis.

Buschit. Concealed; lying in ambush; gushed.
Buschment. Ambush.
Buskit. Dressed; equipped.
Buss. Bush.
Busteouslie. Violently.
Bustus, Busteous. Huge; strong; powerful; fierce; rough.
But. The outer apartment of a house.
Bute. Safety; help; salvation. For bute nor baill. For weal or woe.
By. Buy; beside; out of; beyond; besides; apart from.
Bydand. Abiding; waiting.
Byde. Abide; tarry; wait.
Bygo. Bygone.
Byid. To care for; value. Nocht set byid. Care at nothing.
Byt. Bite.
Byte. Cut; strike; morsel; mouthful.
Byttis. Bites.

C.

Cace. Case; circumstance.
Cair-Sonday. Palm-Sunday.
Cairsum. Troublesome.
Caist. Cast.
Calco. Kelso.
Cald. Cold.
Calk. Calculation.
Calling. Greeting.
Callit. Called; named.
Calsay. Street.
Campan. Champaigne.
Can, *pro* Gan. Began.
Candill. Candle.
Cankerit. Cross; ill-humoured.
Cankrit. Poisonous.
Cant. Information; knowledge.
Capand ? l. 4153, 4156.
Careit. Carried.
Carf. Cut; carve.
Carioun. Dead bodies; carrion.
Carle. Old fellow; rustic; man. *pl.* Carlis.
Carling. Witch; hag.
Carmelet. Carmelite.
Carmuiches. Skirmishes. Fr. *escarmouche.*
Carne. Heap of stones; cairn.
Caroling. Revelling.
Carp, *pro* Carf.
Carpet. Pall. l. 36,359.
Cars. Low and fertile land adjacent a river.
Carting. Gambling; playing at cards.
Cartis. Cards.
Carvill. A sort of ship.
Cassin, *p.* Wrought; worked.
Cast. Art; contrivance; chance; opportunity; to propose; intend.
Cast. Suit. l. 4678.
Casualty. Emolument due to a feudal superior, dependent on uncertain events, such as marriage, wardship, &c.
Catche. Club-ball; cricket.
Catevis. Caitiffs; vile fellows.
Cattis. Cats.
Cautioun. Security; surety.
Cavillis, *pl.* Lots.
Caw. Call. *p.* Cawit.
Ceis. Cease.
Celes. Celestial.
Cell. Prison.
Celsitude. Highness.

Censuris. Censers.
Cessit. Ceased.
Chace. Pursuit.
Chairgis. Instructions.
Chaleis. Chalice; cup.
Chalmer. Chamber.
Chalmer-Glew. Wenching.
Chandlar. *pl.* Chandillaris. Candlestick.
Channonis. Canons.
Chapit, *pp.* Escaped.
Charbokill. Carbuncle.
Cheis. *pp.* Chesit. Choose.
Chenis. Chains.
Chesone. Exception.
Chest. Chaste.
Cheuilleir. Chevalier; knight.
Chevalrie. Soldiers; armed men.
Cheyne. Chain.
Chiftanlike. Gallantly; nobly; like a chieftain.
Childer. Children.
Chirurge, Chirurgeane. Surgeon.
Chois. Choice.
Choppit. Chopped; knocked.
Chowppis. Chops.
Christing. Christian.
Chyre. Chair.
Cipris. Cyprus.
Circulatioun (with). By turns; alternately.
Circulit, Cirklit. Encircled; surrounded.
Circumsyde. Cut off.
Cirkill. Circle.
Citenaris. Citizens.
Claif. Clove.
Clair. Clear.
Claith. Cloth.
Claithis. Clothes.
Clam. Clomb; climbed.
Clan. Tribe; family.
Clap, with a Clap. Instantaneously.
Claucht. Snatched; caught up suddenly.
Claue. Split; clove.
Clauer. Clover.
Clawe. Clave.
Cled, Cleid. Covered; clothed.
Clekkit. Hatched.
Cleland. Cleveland.
Clemens. Mercy.
Clenelie, Clynlie. Cleanly; completely.
Clengand. Excusing; clearing.
Clenge. Clean; sweep. *p.* Clengit.
Cleuche. Valley; ravine; glen. *pl.* Clewis.
Clevin. Cleft.
Clim, Clym. Climb.
Clinkit, Clinkand. Tinkled; tinkling.
Clinks. Hard rocks.
Clippis. Eclipse.
Cloikis. Cloaks.
Clois, Cloislie. Close; closely.
Clois. Close; quiet.
Cloisit. Enclosed; closed; ended.
Closat. Privy.
Closbow. Cloak or saddle-bags? l. 55,732.
"*Consertos ex sicco corio sac-*
"*cos, ad vesicarum modum re-*
"*pletos, lapillis concutientes.*"—Boetius. "In maner of *Clog-*
"*boggis.*"—Bellenden. This word has been overlooked by Dr. Jameison.
Clot. Mud; dirt.

Cludis. Clouds.
Coactit. Forced; compelled.
Coft. Purchased.
Coif, Cove. Cave.
Coist. Side; rib; cost. *pl.* Coistis.
Coist, Cost. Coast.
Coit. Coat. *pl.* Coittis.
Colleg. Alliance; confederacy.
Collig, *pl.* Colligis. Colleague; Companions; alliance.
Colorit. Coloured; specious.
Colvene. A sort of ship.
Colvyre. Colure.
Come. Coming.
Comixit, Commuxit. Connected; mixed up with.
Commend. Praise; commendation.
Commodeous. Well supplied; judicious; fitting.
Commonis. Incursions.
Commoun. To commune; to communicate; common; commune.
Commovit. Communed.
Commute. Troubled; moved.
Commuuis. Moves.
Compaine. Companion.
Compair. Equal; match; compeer.
Compairand. Equal; compeer.
Compan;eoun. Companion.
Comparesone. Rivalry.
Compatiens. Compassion; compassionate.
Compeir. *p.* Comperit. To appear; to present oneself.
Compleccioun. Constitution.
Compone. *p.* Componit. Compound; settle.
Compt. Account; reckoning.
Concludit. Resolved; determined.
Concord. Reconcile.
Condampnit. Condemned.
Conding. Condign; worthy.
Conducit. Induced.
Conductis. Conduits; passages.
Confidder. Ally with; confederate.
Conflit. Conflict.
Confluence. Crowd.
Confort. Comfortable.
Conglobit. Congregated.
Congres. Engagement; fight.
Connixt. Connected.
Conqueis. Victory.
Conqueist. Conquered.
Consait. Intention; design; conceit.
Consall. Counsel; council.
Consave. To conceive. *p.* Consavit.
Consent. Confederate? l. 37,837.
Conseruatywe. Preservative.
Conserue. Preserve.
Consiidderance. Consideration; judgment.
Conspiratioun. Conspiracy.
Constance. Firmness; constancy.
Constran;e. Constrain.
Contemptioun. Contumacy; contempt.
Contering. Encounter.
Contermit. Despised; contemned.
Contove, *for* Controve. Contrive.
Contraccit. Brought together; collected.
Contrapairt. Adversary; counterpart.
Contraply, Contrapleid. Contradiction; reply.
Contrarious. Contrary; adverse; injurious.
Contray. Thwart.
Contumax. Contumacious.
Convales. Increase; grow strong.

Convoyit. Conducted.
Cop. Cup.
Coper. Copper.
Copie. Number; plenty.
Corbie. Raven.
Corce-bowis. Cross-bows.
Cord. Agree.
Cornis. Crops.
Coronoch. Lamentation for the dead.
Corpis, *v.* Cors.
Corps. Bodies.
Corrack. Correct.
Correpitt, Corrupit. Corrupted.
Corruptione. Insalubrity.
Cors, Corce. Body. *pl.* Corsis.
Corsie. Large-bodied; corpulent.
Costis. Coasts.
Count. Account; reckoning.
Counter. Encounter; contrary.
Counterit. Encountered.
Coup. Capsize; upset; fall.
Cours. Course.
Courtlie. Elegant.
Cousing. Cousin.
Couth. Known.
Cowart. Coward.
Cowpis. Cups.
Cowponis. Fragments; shreds. Fr. *coupon.*
Crab. Fret; provoke.
Crabit. Fretful; ill-tempered.
Crack. Carack.
Craddill. Cradle.
Craftiuslie. Skilfuliy.
Cragie. Rocky.
Craif. Ask; crave.
Craig. Throat; neck.
Craig, Crage. Rock; crag. *pl.* Cragis.
Crammasie. Crimson.

Craw. Crow. *pl.* Crawis.
Credens, Criddens. Credentials.
Creip. Creep.
Cremary. Merchandise.
Criminois. Guilty; criminal.
Crissin. Christian.
Cristnit. Baptized.
Croun. Crown; head.
Crous. Brisk; lively.
Crowat. Cruet.
Crudelitie. Cruelty; severity.
Cruel. Valiant; bold.
Crukit. Crooked.
Crum. Crumb; morsel; bit.
Cry. Proclaim; summons.
Cryme. Fault; offence.
Cuill. Cool.
Cuir. Care.
Cuiris. Livings; cures.
Culit. Cooled.
Cullour. Pretence; colour.
Culmische. A sort of club.
Cum, Cumis. Come; comes.
Cumd. Come.
Cumit. Came.
Cummand. Coming.
Cummer, Cummerance. Trouble; embarrassment; difficulty; vexation.
Cummersum. Cumbrous; inconvenient.
Cumulat. Heaped.
Cunnand. Cunning.
Cŭnt. Skill; queint.
Cun;e. Coin; money.
Cupit. Desirous.
Curage. Armour; cuirass.
Curell. Cuirass? l. 17,775.
Curious. Anxious; eager; careful. In some instances appears in the sense of *notable.*

Curpall. Crupper.
Cursour. Horse; steed; courser.
Curtas. Courteous.
Curtaslie. Civilly.
Cut. Lot.
Cut by. Rely upon the assistance or friendship of an individual.

D.

Da. Day.
Daf. Play the fool; romp.
Daffing. Sporting; playing the fool.
Daft. Mad; foolish.
Dager. Dagger.
Daill. Dealing. Carnall Daill. Sexual intercourse.
Dait. Length of existence.
Dalians. Dalliance.
Dalis. Dales.
Dampnage. Damage.
Danskene. Dantzic.
Dant. Daunt.
Danteis. Dainties.
Dantie. Dainty; fine.
Dantit. Daunted; terrified.
Daplit. Dappled.
Dar. Dare.
Darf, Darffvl. Bold; daring.
Darflie. Forcibly; violently.
Darfy. Hardy; stout; bold.
Darg. Day's-work.
Darrest. Dearest.
Darth. Dearth; want.
De. Die.
Debait. Protect.
Decist. Desist.
Decoir. Adorn; decorate.
Decreit. Judgment; sentence; decree.
Dedane, Deding. Deign; condescend.
Dedicat. Consecrated.
Defalt. Fault. In defalt of the. Your fault.
Defame. Dishonour.
Defoullit. Defiled; violated.
Defydence. Defiance.
Degrat. Grief.
Deid. Death.
Deid-doaris. Death-doers; murderers.
Deid-thraw. Death agony.
Deif. Deaf.
Deill. Part; portion. A Deill. Anything; aught; anywhere.
Deir, Dere. Injury; mischeif; hurt.
Deir. To injure; dear; deer.
Deis. Dais; elevated seat.
Deische. Dish.
Deit. Deid.
Dekyn. Deacon.
Delait. Extend; dilate.
Delf. Dig; delve.
Delfand. Delving.
Deliuer. Deliberate.
Deliverance. Determination; sentence.
Demand. Resistance. l. 38,518.
Demit. Judged; considered; condemned.
Dennar. Dinner.
Denudand. Denuding; stripping.
Denyit. Refused.
Depanetit. Depicted; painted.
Departing. Death.
Departit. Variegated.
Departit. Parted from; divided. *Metaph.* died; separated.

DEPREDARIS. Robbers.
DEPUT. Appointed; deputed.
DERNE. Secret.
DESERT. Abandoned.
DESHIR. Desire.
DET. Due; debt.
DETAISTIT. Detested.
DETERMINANT. A term applied to students at an advanced stage, when they had, in their *determinations* of questions in philosophy, &c., become qualified to take their degree as Master of Arts. It is much the same as Bachelor of Arts.
DEVOIR. Devour; duty; exertions.
DEVOIT. Devout.
DEVYSS. Appointment; devise; determination.
DEVYSS. Pomp; state.
DEWIS DROP. Drops of dew.
DEWYDIS. Divides.
DEWYSS. Device; division.
DEYN. Dane.
DIAMANTIS. Diamonds.
DID HIM IN HIS BED. Brought or carried him to.
DIG. Worthy.
DIGEST. Thoughtful.
DILAY. Delay.
DIN. Noise.
DIN. Resound.
DING. To knock; beat; strike. *p.* DANG; *p.p.* DUNG.
DINLIT. Trembled; shook.
DIRDUM. Uproar.
DIRK. Obscure; dark.
DISAGYSIT. Disputed.
DISASSENTIT. Differed from; opposed to.
DISCENCE. Descent.
DISCENTIT. Dissented.
DISCEPTIOUN. Deceit.
DISCHORT. Injury; displeasure.
DISCONFEIST. Discomfited.
DISCORD. To disagree; be at variance.
DISCORDIT. Disagreed.
DISCORSIOUN. Incursion.
DISCOVERIT. Uncovered; unvisored.
DISCRIUE. Describe.
DISCROYIT. Surveyed.
DISCUIR. Discover.
DISERT. Destitution; want.
DISESIT. Diseased.
DISHEIREIST. Disinherited.
DISPLESOUR. Vexation; worry; displeasure; grief.
DISPYTE. Anger; offence; uneasiness.
DISSAIT. Deceit.
DISSEVER. Part; separate.
DISSIMULAND. Feigning; pretending.
DISSIMULL. Dissemble.
DISSIN. Dicing; gaming.
DISSOLAT. Desolate; deserted.
DISWSIT. Unused.
DITTAY. Indictment.
DIVERSITIE. Variance; difference.
DIVORTIOUN. Divorce.
DIVYDE. Depart. l. 23,830.
DO INTO. To bring to.
DOAND. Doing.
DOCHT, DOUCHT. Were able.
DOCHTER. Daughter.
DOCTOURIS. Doctors.
DOCUMENT. Deed; lesson. LEIR A DOCUMENT. Teach a lesson.
DOGGIS. Dogs.
DOGGIT. Dogged.

Dois. Heavy stroke.
Dolent. Dismal.
Doll. Dull.
Dolositie. Cunning; deceit.
Dome. Judgment; sentence.
Domisda. Doomsday.
Don. Do.
Done. Made; given; donned; put on.
Dortour. Dormitory.
Dot. Endow. *p.* Dottit.
Doubill Beir. Strong beer; double ale.
Doun. Down; open plain. *pl.* Dounis.
Doun. Down; below.
Dour. Hard; obstinate; inflexible.
Dourlie. Obstinately. *v.* Dour.
Dous. Stroke; crash.
Dout. Doubt; difficulty; fear.
Doutit. Feared.
Dow. To be able; dove; pigeon.
Dowbill. Double.
Dowblit. Doubled.
Dowis. Is able.
Draf. Refuse of boiled malt, given as food to swine.
Draif. Drove.
Draucht. Load; a privy; scheme; device.
Drave. Drove.
Dred. Feared.
Dreddour. Fear; terror.
Dreid, Dred. To dread; to fear.
Dreidand. Dreading.
Dreidles. Doubtless.
Dreme. Dream.
Drerie. Sad; melancholy.
Dressit. Applied; prepared.
Drevin. Driven.
Drewideis, Druides. Druids.
Drift. Snowdrift.
Dring. Miser; niggard.
Drogarie. Medicine.
Drokin. Soaked; drenched.
Drokkit. Drenched; steeped.
Drounit. Drowned; submerged.
Drouth. Thirst.
Drowpand. Drooping.
Drug. Drag; pull forcibly.
Drukin. Drunken; drunk.
Dryuis. Drives; advances rapidly.
Dub. A small pool. *pl.* Dubbis.
Duchtie, Douchtie. Doughty; valiant.
Ducke. Duke.
Dude. Do it.
Duill, Dule. Lamentation; mourning.
Dulce. Sweet; mild; soft.
Dulefull. Doleful; sad.
Dule Weid. Mourning habit or dress.
Dullie. Doleful; miserable; dull; stupid.
Dum. Dumb.
Dume. Judgment.
Dunt. Stroke; blow.
Dur, Dure, Duir. Door. *pl.* Duris.
Dycht. Swept; wiped; prepared.
Dyis. Dice.
Dykes. Ditches.
Dykis. Low walls of turf, or stone; chiefly of the former.
Dyn. Noise.
Dyne. Dinner.
Dynnill. Shake; tremble.
Dynt. Blow; stroke. *pl.* Dyntis.
Dyocie. Diocese.
Dyte. Writing; composition; to write; to indite.

E.

E, Ee, *pl.* Ene, Eyne. Eye; eyes.
Easment. Lodging.
Ebbit. Stranded.
Eborac. York.
Eccister. Exeter.
Eddar. Adder.
Edick. Edict.
Effeir. Fright; alarm; become; be befitting; belong; relate to.
Efflux. Overflowing.
Efterwart. Afterwards.
Ege. Edge; hedge.
Eger. Ready; eager.
Eggis. Eggs.
Eik. To add; an addition; also.
Eiking. Adding.
Eild. Age.
Eill. Eel.
Eir. Ear. *pl.* Eiris.
Eis. Ease.
Eit. Eat.
Eith. Easy.
Eldaris. Ancestors.
Ellis. Else.
Elrische. Uncouth; strange.
Eme. Uncle.
Emprice. Empress.
Empriour. Emperor.
Enarmit. Armed; equipped.
Encertin. Uncertain; rashly.
End. Breath. *pl.* Endis.
End fast. Upright.
Endlang. Along.
Enmulant. Desirous of.
Enorme. Great; enormous; excess.
Equale. Just.
Equinocticall. Equinoctial line.
Erar. Rather.
Erast, Earest. Sooner.
Erd. Earth.
Erd, Eird. To bury.
Erding-place. Burial-place.
Erdit. Buried; interred.
Erische. Celtic; Irish.
Erll. Earl.
Erss. Gaelic.
Escheit. Forfeited.
Estiwall. Belonging to summer.
Euchrist. Repository for the blessed sacrament.
Euerilk. Every.
Euerilkane. Each one.
Evaid. Avoid; evade; escape.
Evangell. Gospel.
Evidentis. Title-deeds; charters.
Evin. Evening.
Evome. Vomit.
Ewast. Near; contiguous.
Excludit. Expelled.
Excluidit. Deposed.
Exerce. Exercise.
Exploir. Enquire.
Exploratouris. Spies.
Expreme. Express.
Extent. Valuation of property for the purpose of assessment.
Extreis. Axle-trees.
Exulation. Exile.
Exull. Exile. *p.* Exult, Exulat.
Exutit. Divested; freed.

F.

Fa, Faw. Fall.
Fa. Foe. *pl.* Fais.
Facultie. Liberty; opportunity.
Facund. Eloquent.

FADER. Father. *pl.* FADERIS.
FAGALD. Faggot.
FAID. Company of hunters.
FAILLIS, FEALLIS. Turves.
FAILLIT WES. Had become ruinous.
FAIL3EIT. Ruined; failed.
FAIR. Preparation; expedition; course.
FAIT. Fate; faith.
FALD. Fold; submit; yield.
FALDIT. Bent.
FALLOSCHIP. Fellowship. BUT FALLOSCHIP. Without companions.
FALLOUIS. Fellows.
FALLOW. Fellow.
FALLOWSCHIP. Fellowship.
FALS. False; deceitful.
FALSET. Falsehood.
FALT. Fault; default; want. *pl.* FALTIS.
FALTOUR, FALTAR. Offender; criminal.
FAME. Foam; ocean; reputation; character.
FAMEIST. Famished.
FAMELIE. Household; establishment.
FAMELL. Family; female.
FAMEN. Foes.
FAMINITIE. Whoredom.
FAMOSITIE. Fame; reputation.
FANAR. Fainer.
FAND. Found.
FANE. Glad, eager.
FANENES. Desire.
FANG. Noose; trap; opportunity? l. 14,656.
FANT. Faint.
FANTASIE. Fancy; display.
FAR. To fare.
FARAR. More honourable; better; fairer.
FARDER, FARRER. Farther.
FARDERMOIR. Furthermore.
FARLEIT. Wondered.
FARLIE, FERLIE. Wonder.
FASSOUN. Fashion.
FAT. Vat.
FATHERHEIDIS. Fatherhoods; reverences.
FATIS. Fates.
FAUCHT. Fought.
FAWIN. Fallen; thawed.
FE. Cattle in general, chiefly small.
FE, FIE. Payment; reward; fee.
FEBLIT. Made to give way; enfeebled.
FEBRIS. Fever.
FECCFULL. Active.
FECC, FEK, FECT. Worth; greatest part, or number.
FECHT, FECHTAND. Fight; fighting.
FECHTIS. Fights.
FECT. Effect.
FEDDER. Feather.
FEDDERIT. Feathered.
FEID. Feud.
FEILD. Division of an army; troop. *pl.* FEILDIS.
FEILL. Knowledge; learning.
FEIND. Devil.
FEIN3E. To feign; pretend. *pa.* FEN3EIT.
FEIR. To frighten.
FEIR. Companion. IN FEIR. In company; together.
FEIRDNES. Fright.
FEIST. Feast.
FEISTAND. Feasting.
FEIT, FEYIT. Hired; fee'd.

Fekill, Fikkill. Fickle; inconstant.
Feld, Fellit. Felled.
Fell. Fierce; bold; keen; hill; moor. *pl.* Fellis.
Felloun. Cruel; terrible.
Felowand. Following.
Fen. Mud; filth.
Fend. Defend.
Fensabill. Capable of bearing arms.
Fen3ie, Fein3ie. Deceit.
Ferd. Fourth.
Fere, Feir. Companion. *pl.* Feris. All in feir. All in company.
Ferie. Fresh; vigorous.
Ferie farie. Bustle; excitement.
Ferme. Farm; rent; tribute. *pl.* Fermis.
Ferme. Firm.
Ferriar, Ferrier. Ferryman.
Ferry. Farrow.
Fers, Fersie. Fierce.
Ferter. Feretory; shrine.
Fertilent. Plentiful.
Fessin. Fasten; strengthen; bind.
Fest. Feast; festival.
Festnit. Fastened.
Fet. Fetch; bring.
Fetterit. Fettered; put in fetters.
Fettis. Neat; trim.
Feuenes. Fewness; lack of numbers.
Fewall. Fuel.
Fey. Predestined; unfortunate; timid.
Fideding. Trustworthy; *fide dignus.*
Firth. Frith; estuary; bay; inclosed woods; parks.
Fische. Fish. *pl.* Fischis.
Fit, Fute. Foot.
Fitand. Fitting; appropriate; proper.
Fiteis. Small feet.
Fixit. Appointed.
Flag. Flake.
Flag, Flaw. Squall; blast of wind. *pl.* Flaggis.
Flaik. A hurdle.
Flammand. Flaming.
Flammit. Flamed.
Flanis, Flannis. Arrows.
Flap. Blow; fall.
Flappit. Beat; struck.
Flaw. Flew.
Fle. Fly.
Fleand. Flying.
Flear. Fugitive; cowardly runaway. *pl.* Flearis.
Fleche. Flatter.
Flecching. Flattery; wheedling.
Fleis. Flies.
Fleit. Abound.
Fleit, Fleyit. Afraid; scared.
Fleit. Float. "In the Dew did fleit." Were steeped, or bathed, in the dew; frightened; terrified; chased.
Fleitnes. Fear; alarm.
Fleittand. Floating.
Fleme. Banish; scare. *p.* Flemit.
Flenderis. Splinters.
Flesching. Flattery.
Fleschlie. Fleshly; carnal.
Fliear. Coward.
Flitt. Remove.
Flocht. Fright; flutter. On flocht. In a state of anxiety.
Flocht. Flight.
Floit, Flot. Fleet; navy.
Flokis. Flocks.

Flour. Flower.
Flourdelyce. Fleurs-de-lis.
Flude. Flood; ocean.
Fluir, Flure. Floor.
Flume. River.
Flureis. Flourish.
Flurischand, Fluresand. Flourishing.
Flycht. Flight.
Flyte. To scold; be angry with.
Fluxis. Dysentery.
Focht, Fochtin, Fochin. Fought.
Foirgane. Opposite to.
Foirgudschir. Great grandfather.
Foirheid. Forehead.
Foirnent. Opposite.
Foirstame. Forehead; brow.
Fold. Earth; ground.
Folie. Folly; foolish.
Folk. People.
Folwes. Follows.
Fond. Found.
Fond, Found, Fund. To go.
Fone. Wonder? l. 7707.
Fontane. Spring; fountain.
For. Because; because of.
Forbear. Ancestor.
Forbleid. Bleeding.
Forboir. Forbearance; liberty.
Forbuir. Forbore.
Force. Necessity.
Force it wes. It was absolutely necessary.
Forcieful. Powerful; forcible.
Forcit. Strengthened.
Ford. For it; forth.
Fordell. First place; precedence; preference.
Forder. Promotion; advancement; forward.
Fordermair. Farther on.
Fordert. Front.
Fordward. Agreement.
Fore. Before.
Forfalt. Forfeit. *p.* Forfaltit.
Forfochtin. Exhausted with fighting; fatigued.
Forgadderit. Met; assembled.
Forgaue. Forego; be without.
Forgiffand. Forgiving.
Forgit. Wrought; forged.
Forland. Foreland.
Forlane. Forlorn; lost; left.
Forleit. Forsaken; renounced; given over.
Forlorne. Lost.
Forloppin. Vagabond; fugitive.
Formalice. Malice forethought.
Formit. Formed.
Formois. Handsome; good looking.
Foroutin. Without.
For-quhy. Therefore; because; for this reason.
Forra. Forage; predatory excursion; advanced guard of an army.
Forrow. Before.
Forrun. Outrun; outstripped.
Forsend. Foresee.
Forsie. Powerful; strong; violent.
Forsuith. Forsooth.
Forth, *v.* Firth.
Forthinkis. Grieves; repents of.
Forwalkit. Exhausted from want of sleep, or with watching.
Forwardtis. Covenants; agreements.
Forwrocht. Overworked; exhausted by toil.
For3et. Forget.
For3eild. Recompense; repay.
Found. To go.
Foundaris. Originators.

FOUNDER. Fall as stunned.
FOUNDIT. Endowed.
FOUTH. Abundance; plenty.
FOW. Full; drunk.
FOWLEIS. Fowls; birds.
FOWSEIS. Ditches.
FOYSOUN. Abundance; plenty.
FRA. From; after; from the time that; since; seeing.
FRA HAND. Out of hand; immediately.
FRAKLIE, FREKLIE. Hastily; readily.
FRANIT. Asked; enquired.
FRAUCHT. Freight; load.
FRAUDFULL. Deceitful.
FRAY. Fright; alarm.
FREIK, *pl.* FREKIS, FREEKIS. Fellows; strong men.
FREINDFULLIE. In a friendly manner.
FREIS. Freeze.
FREISSAND. Freezing; chilling,
FREITH. Liberate.
FRELAG. Freedom.
FRELIE. Thoroughly; completely.
FREMIT. Strange; foreign; unlucky; adverse.
FREMITLIE. Strangely; as a stranger.
FRESCHE. Fresh.
FRETAND. Fretted; laced; embroidered.
FRIER-KIRK. Church of the Friars.
FRIST. Delay.
FRUCT. Fruit.
FRUCTUOUS. Plentiful; fruitful.
FRUSTER. To destroy.
FRUSTRAT. Disappointed.
FRUTT, FRUTE. Fruit.
FUDE. Food.
FUGIATOURIS. Fugitives.
FUILL. Foul.
FUIR. Fared; to fare; went; rode.
FUIRAND. Conveying; carrying.
FUIR-DAIS. Far advanced in the day.
FUK, FUKSAILL. Jib; staysail. Fr. *foc.*
FULE, FUIL. Fool. *pl.* FUILLIS, FULIS.
FULFILLIT. Well-filled; full-filled.
FULL. Foul.
FULMART. Polecat.
FULȝEIT. Worsted; discomfited.
FUN, FUND. Found.
FUNDAMENT. Foundation.
FUNDATIOUN. Charter of institution.
FUNDIN. Found.
FUNDIT. Founded; laid the foundation.
FURD. Fourth.
FURD. A ford. *pl.* FURDIS.
FURDERIT. Furthered; advanced.
FUREBUND. Furious.
FURING. Freight.
FURIOUS. Mad.
FURNEIST. Furnished; provided.
FURNESING. Military supplies; furnishing.
FURSTRAT. Oppose; defeat; frustrate.
FYFTENE. Fifteen; fifteenth.
FYIFTENIT. Fifteenth.
FYLE. Soil; stain; defile.
FYND. Find.
FYNE. An end; skilful; learned; refine.
FYREFLAUCHT. Lightning.

G.

Ga. Go.
Gaddering. Gathering.
Gaif. Gave.
Gaip. Gape.
Gaippand. Gaping.
Gaird, Gard. Guard.
Gaist. Ghost. Used l. 4386, in the sense of *corpse*.
Gaist. Guest.
Gait. Goats; way; street.
Galay, Gaila. Galley.
Gallandis. Gallants; fellows.
Gallous. Gallows; gibbet.
Gam. Game.
Gammis. Teeth.
Ganand. Fit; proper, (had become).
Ganestand; Oppose; withstand; opposition.
Ganestude. Opposed; withstood.
Gane. Suit; suitable.
Gang. To go.
Gangand. Going.
Gan;elon. Traitor.
"Ganelon, one of Charlemagne's officers, who by his treachery was the cause of the defeat at Roncesvalles, &c., for which he was torn in pieces by horses. So says Archbishop Turpin, upon whose credit the name of *Genelin*, or *Ganelon*, was for several centuries a synonymous expression for the worst of traitors."—*Glossary to Chaucer, by Tyrwhitt.* The epithet is applied to the murderer of King Duffus, Donewaldus, who is said to have met with a similar punishment.
Gar. To cause; to make.
Gardon. Guerdon; gain; profit.
Garesone. Body of armed men.
Garneist. Well-armed; well-provided; decorated.
Garrand. Making.
Gart. Made.
Garth. Inclosure; garden.
Gat, Gattin. Got; procured.
Gat. Got.
Geif. Give.
Geir. Money; property; goods; apparel; chattels generally; middle of the body; the *pudenda*.
Geirit. Accoutred; provided with armour.
Gelocitie, Gulocitie. Gluttony.
Gender. Breed; engender.
Genelogie. Genealogy.
Gentilitie. Heathenism.
Gentill. Gentile; heathen.
Gentilmannis-ill. The gentleman's complaint; the *gonorrhœa*. This is not to be taken as denoting a complaint peculiar to one class of society rather than to another, but with reference to the seat of the disease. The word *gentleman* being a common and more decent epithet applied to the virile member in Scotland.
Gentres. Courtesy.
Gen;ie, Gan;ie. Arrow; dart.
Gerathy? l. 3210. Of antiquity? γηραθος.
Gerss. Grass.
Ges. Guess.

GESTNYNG. Hospitality; polite reception.
GETHER. Gather; collect.
GIF. Give; if.
GIFFIN. Given.
GILDER. Gueldres.
GILL. A glen.
GILT. Guilt.
GIRDING. Circumference; waist.
GIRGETTIS. Gorgets.
GIRN, GIRNAND. Grin; grinning.
GIRNE. Grin; snarl; snare or gin.
GIRSS. Grass.
GIRTH. Protection; shelter; sanctuary.
GLAID. Glad.
GLAK. Ravine; defile between mountains.
GLAR. Mud.
GLEID, GLED. A hawk, or kite.
GLEID. Burning metal or coal.
GLEMAND. Gleaming.
GLEW. Glee.
GLIT. *Pus* or *ichor*.
GLITTUS. Gluttonous; addicted to any habit over much.
GLOIR. Glory.
GLOIS. Gloss; equivocation.
GLOWAND. Burning.
GLOWMAND. Frowning.
GLOWRAND. Staring.
GLUIF. Glove. *pl.* GLUIFIS.
GODE. God.
GODIS, GODDIS. God's; gods.
GOR. Gore.
GOTTIN. Begot.
GOTTIS. Goths.
GOUN. Gown; fur.
GOWLING. Howling.
GRA. Grey.
GRACE. Good fortune; favour kindness.
GRAIF. Grave.
GRAIPIT. Groped.
GRAITHIT. Accoutred.
GRAME, *pro* GRANE. Groan.
GRAMERCY. Thanks.
GRANAT. Grenada.
GRANDGOR. *Lues venerea.*
GRANE. Groan.
GRANE, GRENE. Green.
GRAT. Wept.
GRATITUDE. Gratuity; reward; thanks.
GRATITUIDIS. Kindnesses; favours.
GRAVIT. Engraved; interred.
GRE, GRIE. A step; degree; quality. *pl.* GREES.
GREIT, GRIT. Great.
GREIT. To weep.
GREITTING. Weeping.
GREW. Greek.
GREW-HOUNDIS. Greyhounds.
GRILE, GRILL. Pierce.
GRIP. Hold; gripe.
GRIPPIS. Possession; hold.
GRITLIE. Greatly.
GRITTUMLIE. Gratefully? l. 6127.
GROIF, GROUF, ON GROIF. Flat; with the face to the earth.
GROISS. Strong; coarse.
GROTTIS. Groats.
GROW. To shudder; to shiver; to shrink.
GROWAND. Growing.
GROWS. Shrink from; be troubled.
GRUME, GROME. Man; fellow. *pl.* GRUMIS.
GRUND. Ground.
GRUNDIN. Ground; sharpened.
GRUNSCHAND. Sulky; angry.

Gryce. Pig. *pl.* Grycis.
Grym. Cruel; be alarmed.
Gude. Good. Men of Gude. Men of wealth; influence.
Gude-father. A father-in-law.
Gudis. Goods.
Gudlie. Goodly; proper.
Guid-schir. Grandfather.
Guill, Gule. Luxury; belly indulgence.
Guiss, Guse. Goose.
Gullis. Marigolds.
Gute. Gout.
Guyde, Gyde. Guide.
Gyand. Giant.
Gydaris. Guides.
Gyde. Guide; pilot. *pl.* Gydis.
Gydit. Guided; managed.
Gyn. Tide; course. l. 7206. Lock.
Gyss, Gyis. Fashion.

H.

Habirschone. Habergeon.
Habrik. Hauberk.
Had. Hold.
Hadrie. Heathery.
Haid. Had.
Haif. To have.
Haill. Whole. Haill and fair. Whole and sound.
Haillit. Healed.
Hailsing. Salutation; greeting.
Hailsit. Saluted; hailed.
Hailsum. Wholesome.
Hair. Hoary; hare.
Hairis. Hairs.
Haist. Inclination? heat? l. 8,339.
Hait, Haitrent. Hate; hatred.
Hak. Hack; hew. *part.* Hakkit.
Hald. Hold; habitation; stronghold.
Halie. Holy.
Halk. Hawk. *pl.* Halkis.
Halking. Hawking.
Halkit. Hacked.
Halmes. Alms.
Hals. Neck; throat.
Haltane. Haughty; proud.
Hame. Home.
Hamelie. Homely.
Hamewart. Homeward.
Hamliness. Homeliness; intimate familiarity.
Hanchis. Thighs; hips; haunches.
Hand. *Nixt hand;* close to; immediately adjoining.
Handillit. Handled.
Hanego. Hainault in Belgium.
Hant. Abode; residence.
Haping. Covering; wrapping up.
Hapnis. Happens.
Hapnit. Happened.
Happy. Fortunate; luck-bringing.
Harberye. Dwelling-place.
Hardie. Rash.
Hardiment. Courage; daring; boldness.
Hardof. Close by.
Hareis. Harry's.
Harkin. Hark; listen.
Harlatrie. Harlotry.
Harlit. Dragged forcibly.
Harlottis. Scoundrels; worthless fellows; people of low rank.
Harme. Hurt; pain; injury.
Harmis. Vengeance? l. 18,815.
Harmissa. Wo is me! alas!
Harnepan. Skull; brainpan.
Harnes. Brains; armour; warlike accoutrements.

HARPAR. Harper.
HARROK. Cry for help. (Norm. *Haro.*)
HARTIS. Hearts.
HARTLIE. Heartily; hearty.
HASART. Gambling.
HASARTRY. Gambling; hazard; chance.
HAVIE. Heavy.
HAVING, HAVENING. Behaviour; demeanour.
HAW. Pale; wan; of a sickly blue colour.
HE, HIE, HEICHE. High.
HE AND HE. Every one.
HEAST. Highest.
HECHING, *v.* HETHING.
HECHT. Called; named; to promise; a promise.
HECOMONT. Steel jacket. l. 4, 671.
HEFT. Hilt.
HEICHAST. Highest.
HEID. Head; behead. *pl.* HEIDIS.
HEIDDING, *v.* HETHING.
HEIDIT. Headed; pointed.
HEILD. Cover.
HEILL. Health; conceal; hide; heel.
HEIND, HEYND. Gentle; civil; handsome.
HEIR. Hire; pay.
HEIRSCHIP. Plunder.
HEIT, HET. Stir, applied in this sense to fire.
HEIT. Heat.
HELPLIKE. Helpful; assistant.
HEND. End.
HERBERING. Harbouring; sheltering.
HERD. Hard.
HEREIT. Plundered; destroyed.
HERETOUR. Heir; proprietor; landowner.
HERY. To lay waste; to plunder. *p. p.* HEREIT.
HES. Has.
HET, HETTER. Hot; hotter.
HETHER. Hither.
HETHING. Contemptuous jeering; derision.
HEVYN. Heaven.
HEW, HEUCHE. A steep bank; a precipice. *pl.* HEWIS.
HEW. Colour; hue.
HEWIN. Hewn.
HEWIT. Hewed.
HICHT. Pride; height.
HICHTIE. Undaunted; haughty.
HIDDER. Hither.
HIELAND. Highland.
HILLIS. Hills.
HILTIS. Hilt.
HIMSELL. Himself.
HINDER. Latter.
HINDIS. Herds.
HINDMEST, HYNMEST. Last.
HINGAND. Hanging.
HINT. Lifted; supported.
HIR. Her.
HIRD. Shepherd. *pl.* HIRDIS.
HIRD. Suite; retainers.
HIRE, HEIR, HERE. An army; suite of retainers.
HIRNE. Corner; recess.
HISTORIALL. Historical.
HO. Stop.
HOG. A sheep of a year old.
HOILL. Hole. *pl.* HOILLIS.
HOIP. Hope; expectation; used at l. 563 in the sense of *belief* or *impression.*

Hoip. A hope; a hollow between two hills.
Hois. Hose; stockings.
Hoisting. Assembling of an army.
Hold. A stronghold; fortified residence.
Horn? l. 36,164.
Horne. *To put to the horne;* to denounce as rebel; publish sentence of outlawry; a forensic term. At the horne. Outlawed.
Hornis. Horns; trumpets.
Horsit. Horsed.
Houfit. Took refuge.
Houndit. Hunted; hounded.
Hous. House; castle.
Housit. Household.
Housit geir. Household furniture.
How. Hollow; so; ho; hoy.
Hude. Hood; cap; bonnet.
Huif. To ascend; rise; swell; to hew.
Huifand. Hovering.
Huir. Whore.
Huke, Huik. Hook.
Hulie. Slow; moderate.
Hulsister. Ulster.
Humill. Humble; gentle; mild.
Hundis. Hounds.
Hundret, Hundreth. A hundred.
Hune. Delay.
Hungrit. Starved.
Huntand. Hunting.
Hurdit. Sheltered; protected.
Hurdome. Whoredom.
Huvand. Ascending; approaching.
Hwe (Hove). Hall.
Hwn. Hun.
Hwny. Honey.
Hy. Haste.
Hycht. Desire for revenge.
Hyfe. Hive.
Hyit. Hied.
Hyne. Hence.

I.

Idolrie. Idolatry.
Idus. Ides.
Ild. Eild; old age.
Ilk. Each; the same.
Illudit. Deluded; misled.
Illumnat. Illuminated.
Imaginit. Schemed; devised.
Imbraist, Imbrasit. Embraced.
Immemor. Unmindful.
Implorabill. Deplorable.
Importabill. Intolerable.
Impung. Impugn.
Impyre. Empire.
Inborne. Native.
Includit. Enclosed; surrounded.
Inclusit. Confined; imprisoned.
Inclynand. Bending; inclining.
Incomparabill. Incomparable; not to be computed.
Incontinent. Forthwith.
Incontrair. Against; in opposition to.
Incorrigill. Incorrigible.
Increment. Increase; revenue.
Incressand. Increasing.
Indigent. In want of; needy.
Indost. Endorsed.
Induellaris. Inhabitants.
Induis. Induces; brings.
Indyte. Mental direction or energy; dictation.
Inexpugnabill. Impregnable,

Infame. Infamy.
Infectit. Seduced; led away.
Infirmitie. Sickness; disease.
Infortunitie. Misfortune.
Infunyte. Unlimited.
Ingyne. Engine; genius; ingenuity; device; plan.
Inhabitouris. Inhabitants.
Injurius. Insulting.
Inlaikit. Wanted; were deficient in.
Innimie. Enemy. The Innimie. Satan; devil.
Inqueist. Enquiry; inquest.
Insicht. Furniture; farm-stocking.
Instrument. Means.
Intent. Mind; will; purpose; intention.
Interchangit. Exchanged.
Interdyte. Interdict. *p.* Interdytit.
Intermell. Commingling; mellay; to meddle.
Intermissioun. Share; part; interference.
Interprysit. Undertook boldly.
Intersit. Intersection.
Intertryik. Complicate; perplex.
Into. Intill. In.
Intrusit. Usurped; intruded.
Invey, Inveife. Declare; wage war.
Invie. Envy.
Invinsall. Invincible.
Inwart. Inward. Inwart with. Intimate with.
Inwith. Within; close to.
Irk, Irkit. Tire; tired.
Ire, Yre. Anger; rage.
Irnis. Irons.
Ische, Ise. Ice.
Ischit. Issued; went forth; caused to go out.
It. That.

J.

Jannes. Genoa.
Jasink. Jacynth.
Jelosy. Suspicion.
Jesp. Jasper.
Jo. Joy.
Joiss. Enjoy.
Jone, June. Join.
Jonit. Joined.
Jornay. Battle; single combat; work.
Jow. Jew.
Jowellis. Jewels.
Jure. Law.
Jus. Juice.
Just, Justing. Joust; tilt.
Justice Air. Circuit courts for administering justice.
Justifeit. Executed; put to death.
Justit. Joustit; tilted.

K.

Ka. Jackdaw.
Kaill. Broth made with cabbages or coleworts; the common soup in Scotland; also the plant itself.
Kaip. Cope.
Kant, Cant. Lively; merry.
Kant. Cheerful. *Idem ac* Canty.
Keild, Keillit. Killed.

KEIP. Care; attention; to keep.
KEIPIT. Kept.
KEMP. Knight.
KEN. Teaching; information; to know. *p.* KENNAND.
KENDLIT. Kindled.
KENE. Bold.
KENNIT, KEND. Known; made known.
KEST. Cast; threw.
KID. Manifested; showed.
KINRIK. Kingdom. *pl.* KINRIKIS.
KIRK. Church.
KIRKDUR. Church-door.
KIRKMEN. Churchmen; clergy.
KIST. Chest. *pl.* KISTIS.
KITCHING. Any thing eaten with bread.
KNAIF. Knave; servant.
KNAK. Taunt; gibe.
KNAP, *v.* KNAIF.
KNAPPIT. Broke; struck; commonly applied to denote the breaking of stones for repairing roads.
KNAWIS. Knows.
KNE. Knee.
KNEILLAND. Kneeling.
KNET. United; knit.
KNICHT. Knight. *pl.* KNICHTIS.
KNOK. Knocked. *p.* KNOKKIT.
KNOK. Notch; trigger.
KNOKIS. Knocks; blows.
KNOPPIS. Buds.
KNOW. Knoll; hill; *tumulus.*
KNYCHTHEID. Knighthood.
KNYFE. Dagger.
KNYT. Knotted; tied.
KOFT, COFT. Purchased.
KOW. Cow. *pl.* KY.
KYIS. Cows.
KYN. Kind. ALL KYN KIND. Redundant for *all kinds whatever.*
KYND. Kind; nature; kindred.
KYNDLIE. Natural.
KYTH. Shew; make appear.

L.

LABORUS. Labouring.
LACH. To take. *p.* LACHIT.
LACHIT. Slit; cut.
LAICH. Low.
LAID. Load.
LAID STAR. Pole-star.
LAIK. A lake. *pl.* LAIKIS.
LAIK. A plain.
LAIK ? l. 50,179.
LAIKAST. Worst.
LAIR. Learn; learning; burying-place.
LAIRD. A landholder; a proprietor.
LAIRGIS. Largs.
LAIST. Laced.
LAITH. Loath; reluctant. *c.* LAITHAR.
LAITHLIE. Loathsome.
LAITIS. Manners; behaviour.
LAK, LAKIS. Blame, reproaches.
LAK. To blame. *p.* LAKIT.
LAM. Lamb.
LAMEN, LEMAN. Lover; sweetheart.
LAMPIT, LIMPIT. Lamed; maimed?
LANE. Conceal. I BID NOCHT LANE. Will not conceal or deny it. Concealment; falsehood.
LANG, LANGAR. Long; longer.
LANGIT. Belonged; appertained.

Langour. Dejection.
Langsum. Tedious; weary.
Lantrynis. Lanterns; lamps.
Lap. Lapped.
Lappit. Lopped.
Lard. Laird; land proprietor.
Large. Liberal; munificent.
Larges. Wealth; liberality; abundance.
Lasar, Laser. Leisure.
Lat. Let; forbear. Lat be. Leave off.
Latene. Latin.
Latony. Litany.
Laubour. Labour.
Lauch. Law.
Lauchfull, Lauchtful. Lawful.
Laud. Faith? *lawte.*
Laue, Lave, Law, Laif. The rest.
Lauerok. Lark.
Laulie. Lowly.
Laureat. Laureated. Lippis laureat. Bearing off the palm for elegance.
Lautie. Loyalty.
Lavatar. Lavatory.
Law. Low; a hill.
Lawage. Boastful; vapouring.
Lawand, *p. p.* Lowering; bringing down.
Lawer. Laver; dish.
Lawing. Reckoning; tavern-bill.
Lawit. Reduced.
Lawmen. Lawyers.
Lear. Liar.
Lectioun. Election.
Ledder. Ladder. *pl.* Ledderis.
Ledder. Leather.
Ledrit. Seized; caught.
Legacie. Legateship.
Le. Peace; tranquillity.
Le, On le. A-lee.
Le, Ley. Field; plain.
Leich, Lytch. Surgeon; physician. *pl.* Leichis.
Leichit. Doctored; cured.
Leid. People; lied; lead; rule; govern.
Leif, Leve. Live.
Leig. League.
Leill. Loyal.
Leind. Abide; dwell.
Leir. Learn; teach. *p.* Leirit.
Leische. Leish.
Leis. Harm; wrong.
Leiss. Lose.
Leit. Let; permitted.
Leithand. Slow; indolent.
Lemit. Shone; gleamed.
Len. Lend.
Lene. Lean.
Len3e. Slender; limber; active.
Lesing. Lie; falsehood.
Lesmorens. Lismore.
Lest, Lestis. Last; lasts.
Let. Stop; delay.
Letabund. Joyful.
Let saill. Slackened or hauled down sails.
Lett. Reckon; esteemed.
Letting. Waiting; delay.
Leuch. Laughed.
Levand. Living.
Lever. Rather; the liver.
Levis. Leaves.
Levit. Left; permitted; believed.
Ley. Unploughed; uncultivated.
Liand, Lyand. Lying.
Lib. Geld; castrate.
Libell. A writing; a book.
Licherie. Lechery.

Licherous. Lecherous.
Licht. Light.
Licht lyver, Leuer. Light armed.
Lichtis. The lungs.
Lichtit. Alighted.
Lichtlie. Lightly; easily.
Licoir. Liquor; fluid.
Lidder. Delay; lazy; sluggish.
Lie, Lee. Shelter; security; peace; ease.
Lift. The firmament.
Lig. Lie. *p.* Liggand.
Likkit. Cut off.
Lill for law (lall). Tit for tat.
Ling. Line. In ane ling. Straight forward; without interruption.
Lipper. Leper.
Lippin. To trust. *p.* Lipnit.
Lippis. Lips.
List. Readiness; promptitude.
List, Lest. Please.
Lith. Joint.
Lithen, Lathen. Indolence.
Loch. A lake.
Loir. Lore; learning.
Loisit. Lost.
Lokkit. Locked.
Lokman. Public executioner.
Londisia. Lindsey.
Lone. Supply; loan.
Lone, Lown. Calm; serene. *c.* Lownar.
Lordschip. Power; dominion.
Loremair. Lorimer; bit or bridle maker.
Lose. Loss.
Louin. Sheltered from cold.
Loun. Rogue; worthless fellow; scoundrel; scapegrace; vagabond.
Loup. Leap. *pl.* Lowpis.
Lous, Lowss. Loose; dissolute; wicked.
Lout. Stoop; bend.
Loving. Praising; commending.
Low. Flame.
Lowage. Haughty.
Lowe. Love.
Lubrik, Lubrius. Lascivious.
Lucent. Bright; shining.
Lucerne. Lantern.
Lude, Lute. Loved; liked.
Ludge. Lodge.
Ludging. Dwelling; lodging.
Ludgit. Lodged; quartered.
Lufe. Love.
Luffe. Luff; keep close to the wind.
Luifaris. Lovers.
Luit, Lut, Lute. Let.
Luke. Luck; good fortune; look.
Lukkit. Lucked. It lukkit. It fortuned.
Lurdan. A worthless person.
Lurkand. Lurking.
Lustie. Beautiful; handsome; pleasant.
Lusum. Agreeable; loveable.
Lychlie, Lychtlie. To slight; undervalue; despise.
Lym, Lyme. Limb. *pl.* Lymmis.
Lyme. Lime.
Lymmer. Rogue; rascal; jade. *pl.* Lymmeris.
Lyn, Lynd. Linden or lime tree.
Lyne. Lain.
Lynit. Inclined; lined (covered, as a bitch).
Lynning. Linen.
Lynt. Lint.
Lyoun. Lion.

LYRE, LYIR. Flesh, properly the colourless portion.
LYTE. A short while.

M.

MA, MAIR. More.
MA, MAY. Maid; virgin.
MACILENT. Lean; worn to a shadow.
MACULAT. Stained.
MADENIS, MADYNNIS. Maidens.
MAGER. Thwarting; opposition.
MAGIR. Maugre; in spite of.
MAGNIFIE. Increase.
MAGREE. Maugre; in spite of.
MAHOUN. The foul fiend; the devil.
MAID. Mad.
MAIK. Mate; consort; match; equal. THE MAIK. The like; the same.
MAILL. Male.
MAILLIS. Tribute; taxes.
MAIRATTOUIR. Moreover.
MAIS. Makes.
MAISSAR WAND. l. 41,053. Masterly stroke?
MAIST, MEST. Most.
MAISTRES. Victory; authority; skill; art.
MAISTRES. Mistress.
MAIT. Companion; mate.
MAK. To compose verses; manner; fashion.
MAKAND. Making.
MAKARIS. Poets.
MAKDOME. Shape; elegance of form.
MALDOSENS. Meaux.
MALEPART. Malapert.
MALESOUNE. Curse; malison.
MALICE. Trouble.
MALIE. Murrain.
MALING. Injury; wrong.
MALINGIS. Maligns; defames.
MAMANTIS. Idols.
MAMMITRIE, MAMOUTRIE. Idolatry.
MAMORIE. Mumming.
MAN, MON. Must.
MANASSING. Menacing.
MANASSIT. Menaced.
MANEIR, MANER. Manner.
MANESWORNE. Perjured.
MANGIT. Frantic; delirious.
MANKIT. Maimed; mutilated.
MANSAILL, MANESALL. Mainsail.
MANSUETE. Meek; gentle.
MANSUETUDE. Meekness; gentleness. (Also as *adj.* l. 34,623.)
MANTEINE. Maintain; support.
MANTILL. Plaid.
MAREIT. Married.
MARETYMS. People resident on the coast.
MARGRETIS. Pearls. Fr. *margarites*.
MARKIT. Aimed; marked; observed; or, perhaps, set; planted. *Vide* Jamieson, Suppl., *s. v.* MARK.
MARRES. Marsh; morass.
MARRIT. Injured; destroyed.
MARROW. Companion.
MARTERIS. Martyrs.
MARTERIT. Martyred.
MASAR. Macer.
MATCHIT. Strove.
MATENIS. Mattins.
MATER. Matter.

Mavis. Thrush.
Mayne. Main; ocean.
Meaning, Maning. Mourning; lamentation.
Medicinar. Physician.
Medit lyne. Meridian.
Meid. Reward; recompence; meadow.
Meill. Meal.
Meind. Meant; intended.
Meind. Esteemed; valued.
Meir. Mare.
Meis. Mess; to ripen or mature.
Meisit, Misit. Appeased; pacified; mitigated; allayed.
Meiss. Mess; dish.
Meit. Mild; modest; fitting; meet; meat.
Mekill. Much.
Melle. Battle.
Mel3ie. A coin of insignificant value.
Mel3e, Mail. *pl.* Mal3eis, Mel3eis.
Mell. Meddle; contend in battle.
Mellifluat. Mellifluous.
Melt. The spleen.
Memoir. Memory.
Menand. Bewailing.
Menast, Manist. Menaced; threatened.
Mendis. Satisfaction; amends.
Mendit. Repaired; amended.
Mendit, Meneit. Regarded; noticed.
Mene. Means.
Mene, Menit. Lament.
Meneist. Diminished; lessened.
Menerall. Mineral.
Menetyme. Meantime.
Mengit. Mixed.
Menische. Lessen; diminish.
Menkynd. Male people.
Menstrallis. Minstrels.
Menswoir. Perjured; manswore.
Ment. Meant.
Men3ie. Company; retinue.
Mercat. Market.
Mercatlike. Of consequence or importance.
Mercat-steid. Market place.
Merche. March.
Merche. March; boundary; division. *pl.* Merchis.
Meris. Bounds; confines.
Merkis. Marks.
Merschandrice. Merchandise.
Merschill. Marshal.
Mertrik. Marten.
Mes. The service of the mass. *pl.* Messis.
Mesour. Measure.
Met. Mate; friend; companion; measure.
Methamatik. Mathematics.
Metis. Meets.
Meticulois. Full of fear; cowardly.
Metrost. Rhymer.
Mettell. Metal.
Meyne. Attempt; endeavour; intend.
Michtfull. Omnipotent.
Mid. Middle.
Middis. Midst.
Midmest. Central; middle.
Midsyde. Inside.
Millane Mel3eis, Mulan Maill. Mail of Milan.
Min, Myn, *adj.* Less.
Mirk. Dark.
Mirkand. Darkening.
Mirknes. Darkness.

Mirrie. Merry; agreeable.
Misaventure. Mishap; danger.
Mischevit. Hurt.
Mischewe. Mischief; suffering.
Miseritie. Misery.
Misgane. Gone, or done, wrong.
Misgouerance. Misgoverment.
Misgydaris. Misleaders.
Miskend, Miskent. Unknown.
Misknawis. Does not know.
Misleivit. Suspicious.
Mist. Missed.
Mister. Need; want; occasion.
Mo. More.
Mocht. Might.
Moder. Mother. *pl.* Moderis.
Modereid. Midriff.
Moir. More.
Mold. Earth; ground.
Mon. Must.
Monarchia. Sovereignty.
Mone. Lamentation.
Moneist. Admonished; warned.
Monisioun. Advice; warning; importunity.
Monkis. Monks.
Mont, Montane. Mountain. *pl.* Montanis.
Mony. Many; moncy.
Morne. Morrow; morning.
Mort. Deadly.
Mortiferus. Deadly; fatal.
Mos. Marsh.
Mot. May; might.
Mot raptyue. *Motus raptus* (of the spheres).
Motioun. Motive; cause.
Mour. Delay.
Mow. Mock; jest. *pl.* Mowis.
Mow. Mouth; mould; earth.
Mude. Mind; mood.
Mufand. Moving.
Mukilwort, Mekilwort. Deadly nightshade; *Atropa bella-donna.*
Muldis. Earth.
Mul3eonis. Millions.
Mune. Moon.
Muneles. Moonless.
Muntbell. Beaumont.
Mure. Moor.
Murnit, Murning. Mourned; mourning.
Musat, Musall. Mizen.
Mustour. Muster.
Mute. To speak; to plead.
Muthe. To move.
Muyn. Movement.
Mycht, Micht. Might.
Mychtis. Power.
Mydding. Dunghill.
Myll. Mile. *pl.* Myllis.
Myln. Mill.
Mynglit. Mixed.
Mynd. Mind; resolution; determination.
Myre. Quagmire.
Myte. Mite; morsel; smallest bit.

N

Na. No; noi; than.
Naikit. Naked.
Nain, Nane. None.
Naiprie. Table linen.
Nalit, Naillit. Nailed.
Nanis. Nonce.
Nar, Narrest. Near; nearest.
Nardus specarye. Spikenard.
Naturall. Applied to offspring in a sense the very reverse of to

what it is in England, signifying legitimate as opposed to illegitimate issue.

NAVIN. Navy.

NAY. Denial.

NEGARTIE. Meanness; niggardliness.

NEGROMANCIE. Necromancy.

NEIDFYRE. Spontaneous combustion.

NEIF, NAIF. Fist. *pl.* NEVIS.

NEIRAND. Near hand; nigh.

NEIRIS. The kidneys.

NEIST. Next.

NEK. Neck.

NEPOS. Nephew; grandson.

NERETHELES. Nevertheless.

NES. A promontory.

NEUSTRIA. Normandy.

NEVOY. A great grandson; a nephew; any descendant. Frequently applied in the signification of niece by the present chronicler, *e.g.* to Margaret, the maiden of Norway; the daughter of Charles Earl of Anjou, the *fiancée* of young Edward Baliol; also to Matilda, Queen of England, &c.

NICHTBOUR. Neighbour.

NIP. Pinch.

NOCHT. Not.

NOIS. Nose.

NOITTIS. Notes.

NOK, *v.* KNOK.

NOLT. Oxen.

NONE, NUNE. Noon.

NONE. Than.

NOR. Than.

NORROWAIS. Norwegians.

NOTHER, NAITHER. Neither.

NOVERK. Step-mother.

NOY. Trouble; annoyance; noise *pl.* NOYIS.

NOYIT. Fretted.

NUBELUS. Cloudy.

NUCYWE. Necessitous.

NUIK. Corner; nook. *pl.* NUKIS.

NUNNIS. Nuns.

NUREIS. A nurse; to train; to bring up.

NURISCHIT. Nurtured.

NYCHT, NICHT. Night.

NYISS, NYS. Strange; nice.

NYIT. Deny it.

O.

OBEDIENS. Obedient; subject to rule.

OBFUKKIS. Obfuscates; darkens.

OBLEIS. Oblige.

OBLISSING. Obligation.

OBLIST. Obliged.

OBSERVANCE. Religious worship.

OBTEMPER. Mitigate.

OCCIDENT. The west.

OCHT. Ought; aught.

OF. Off.

OFFERAND. Offering.

OFFERAND DA. Festival of a saint.

OFFICIAR. Officer. *pl.* OFFICIARIS.

OFTSYIS. Oftimes.

OLDEOUS. Odious; offensive.

OLIPRANCE. Jollity.

ONE. Estimation; high value or consequence.

ONFOUCHTEN. Unfought.

ONFOWLLIT. Untired.

ONFREIND. Inimical; unfriendly.

ONIS. Once.

ON-LOFT. Above; on high.

ONLYVE. Alive.
ONSATISFEIT. Insatiate.
ONSEMAND. Unbecoming.
ONSLANE. Unslain.
ONTANE. Free; not taken.
ONTIL. Until.
ONTRED. Betrayed.
ONWORTHY. Unworthy.
ONY. Any.
OPNIT. Opened.
OR. Before; ere.
ORABILL. Horrible.
ORATOUR. Messenger; envoy; oratory.
ORDINANCE. Order.
ORDOURLIE. Orderly; regularly.
ORESOUN, ORISOUN, ORATIOUN. Oration; speech; prayer.
ORIȝUNT. Horizon.
ORLIANCE. Orleans.
OST, OIST. Host; army.
OSTAGE. Pledge; hostage.
OUIR. Over; too.
OUIRFRET. Fretted with or over.
OUIRGAT. Overtook.
OUIRHARLD. Overcome.
OUIRHYIT. Overtook.
OUIR-SAW. Overlooked; neglected.
OUIRSCHOT. Threw aside.
OUIR-SYLD. Covered; hid.
OULE. Owl.
OURE. Our.
OURHEILD. Bespread; covered.
OURIS. Hour's; hours (prayers).
OURSELL. Ourselves.
OUTFLAW. Flew from, or out of.
OUTHIR. Either.
OUTRAVE. Burst out; gave way.
OUTWAILL. Refuse; scum.
OWSOUN WATER. The river Ouse.
OXTARIS. Arm-pits.
OY. Grandson.

P.

PACE, PASCH. Easter.
PADDOKIS. Frogs.
PAGE. A boy.
PAICE, PAIS. Weight; penalty.
PAIP. The Pope.
PAIR. Pare; strip.
PAIRT. To part; divide. *part.* PAIRTAND.
PAIRT. Part.
PAIS. Pace; land; country.
PAIT. Paid.
PAITHMENT. Pathway; pavement; ground.
PAK. Pack; wallet; purse.
PALIT. Paled; striped.
PALK. Trick; wile.
PALLAT. Head; skull.
PALȝEOUNIS. Tents; pavilions.
PAMFRA, PAMFRAY. Palfrey; steed.
PANCE. Think; meditate.
PANCHIS. Tripe.
PAND. Pledge; pawn.
PANE. Penalty; pain.
PANETIT. Painted.
PANGIT. Curbed; put down.
PANS, PANSIS. Kneeplates. PISSANT PANS. Kneeplates of Pisan manufacture.
PARAGE. Parentage; lineage.
PARAMOUR, PERAMOURIS. Courtship; lover; love.
PARFYTTEST. Most perfect.
PARIS. Pairs.
PARIT. Pared; reduced.

Park. Field.
Parkit. Enclosed.
Paroche. Parish.
Particeps. Accomplice.
Pasla. Paisley.
Passage. Departure.
Passand. Passing.
Pastance. Pastime; pleasure.
Pat. Put.
Pater. To repeat continuously.
Patruall. Cousin-german.
Peax, Pece, Peis. Peace. O peis. Silence!
Pecwnios. Well supplied with money; rich.
Peild. Peeled; skinned; bald.
Peillit. Peeled; skinned.
Peir. Pear; equal.
Pelf, Pelfe. Wealth; property; money.
Pellat. Pellock; porpoise.
Pelt. Stroke; blow.
Pend. An arch.
Pensit. Conceited; vain of anything.
Pensioun. Tribute.
Penuritie. Deficiency; want.
Pepill. People.
Perelus. Dangerous.
Perfyte. Perfect.
Perfytar. More perfect.
Perle, Peirle. Pearl. *pl.* Perlis.
Perlustrit. Surveyed.
Peroney. The Pyrenees.
Perplexitie. Trouble; confusion.
Perqueir. Exact; accurate; by heart; off hand; perfectly. Fr. *par-cœur.*
Perreist. Perished.
Persand. Piercing.
Persit. Pierced.
Pert, Perth. Bold; rash.
Pertinax. Obstinate.
Pertlie. Promptly; openly.
Pertrebit ? l. 11,953.
Petieous. Pitiful; sorrowful.
Pier. Peer; equal.
Piete. Pity.
Pig. An earthen jar; vase.
Pik. Pitch.
Pilgremaris. Pilgrims.
Pinsall. Pennon; flag.
Pirnit. Striped.
Pissant. Powerful; strong.
Pissen. Gorgets.
Pittie roy. *Petit roi.*
Pith. Force; strength.
Pla. Play. *pl.* Plais.
Placebo. The office of the dead.
Plaig. Plague. *pl.* Plaigis.
Plaigis. Pledges.
Plaist. Placed.
Plaittis. Breastplates; armour.
Plane. Plain. In plane. Clearly; plainly.
Planeist. Occupied; diffused; spread.
Planeist. Furnished; plenished; stocked.
Planeplait. Full armour; panoply.
Plantit. Set.
Plastrit. Plaistered.
Platlingis. Flat; broadways.
Playit. Played.
Pleicht. Consequences.
Plenȝe. Complain.
Plesand. Pleasing; pleasant; agreeable.
Plet. Folded.
Pleuch. Plough.
Pleven plait. Warranted plate-armour.

Plew. Plough.
Pley. Quarrel; debate; pleading.
Plowkie. Pimpled.
Plukkit. Plucked; robbed.
Plumbet. Pommel of a sword.
Pluralitie. Excess.
Pointis. Conditions.
Pois. Store; pose.
Poleist. Polished.
Police. Govern; regulate affairs? l. 23,294.
Policie. Office; benefice.
Politioun. Pollution.
Poll. The pole; Poland.
Populos. Numerous.
Port. Harbour; gate. *pl.* Portis.
Porterit. Pourtrayed.
Portingall. Portugal.
Posseid. Possess.
Possessand. Giving possession.
Postpone. Set aside.
Postrum. Gate; postern.
Pot. Put.
Pot. Pit; hole. *pl.* Pottis.
Potestate. Power; might.
Potingar. Apothecary.
Pouderit. Powdered; *semée.*
Pow. Head. *pl.* Powis.
Power. Army; multitude.
Powlder. Powder.
Poynt. Condition.
Pra, Pray. Prey.
Pran? l. 4996.
Prattical. Practical.
Prattie. Pretty; handsome.
Prattik. Practical; practice.
Prattisis. Practices.
Precell. Excel; surpass.
Preching. Preaching.
Precident. President.
Preclare. Famous; celebrated.
Prefalie, Prevalie. Privily.
Prefer. Excel; exceed.
Preif. Proof.
Preiking, Preikand. Riding hard; pricking.
Preis. To urge; to attempt; heat of battle; throng.
Prene. Pin.
Prent. Engrave; print; likeness.
Prenteis. Apprentice.
Prescribit. Proscribed.
Presoun. Prison.
Presuppose. Imagine.
Pret. Ready; prepared.
Pretend. Prepare.
Prevaill. Outstrip; get the better of.
Prevat. Private.
Prevene. Anticipate; prevent. *p.* Prevenit.
Previe. Private.
Prewe, Preve, Previt. Prove; proved. *p.* Preiffand.
Prick. A wooden skewer or spike; fragment; minutest portion.
Prickit. Fastened as with a bodkin or skewer.
Probatioun. Proof.
Process. Proceeding.
Prodigus. Lavish; prodigal.
Profer. Proposition; offer.
Promp. Ready; skilled.
Promute. Promise.
Pronevoy. Great-grandson.
Propone, Proponit. Propose; proposed.
Prostrand. Prostrate.
Proud. Man of distinction? l. 20,855
Provest. Mayor, or chief magistrate of a town.

Provisioun. Preparation; providing; consideration.
Provokit. Challenged.
Prow. Profit; advantage.
Prowyde. Provide.
Prute. Proved.
Pryf. Prove; discover; ascertain.
Pryis. Price.
Prys, Pryiss. Praise.
Prysit. Praised.
Psalmistrie. Psalmody.
Ptolomon, Ptolomey. Ptolomais.
Publicat. Published.
Puir. Pure.
Puirlie. Poorly; simply.
Pulchritude. Beauty.
Pulver. Powder.
Pund. Pound. *pl.* Pundis.
Pundit. Distrained; arrested.
Pungative. Sharp; pungent.
Punitioun. Punishment.
Pure, Puir, Puirest. Poor; poorest.
Purpure, Purpoir. Purple.
Pursevantis. Poursuivants.
Pyip. Pipe; tube.
Pykrie. Theft of trifles.
Pyn. Knocker.
Pyn. Pin. *pl.* Pynnis.
Pynd. Wasted; shrivelled.
Pyne. Pain.
Pynit. Pained; shrunk.

Q.

Quadrent, Quadrans. Quadrant.
Quaikand. Quaking.
Quantitie. Size.
Quarris, Quairis. Quires.
Quart. Good spirits.
Quarterit. Quartered.
Queir. Choir.
Quellit. Killed.
Quent. Accustomed; familiar.
Quentance. Acquaintance; intimacy.
Quhair. Where.
Quhairby. Whereby.
Quhairfoir. Wherefore.
Quhairon. Whereon.
Quhalis. Whales.
Quhat. What.
Quheill. Wheel.
Quheit, Quhit. Wheat.
Quhen. When.
Quhilis. Sometimes; whiles.
Quhilk, Quhilkis. Which.
Quhill. Until.
Quhill, Quhile, Quhyle. While.
Quhin. Whin; ragstone.
Quhisland. Whistling.
Quhit. White.
Quho, Quha. Who.
Quhois, Quhais. Whose.
Quhome. Whom; which.
Quhow. How.
Quhy. Cause; reason; wherefore; why.
Quidder, Quither. Whether.
Quik. Alive; sensible part of the flesh.
Quit comonis. To retaliate; requite; revenge.
Quoy. Quiet.
Quyt. Entirely; quite.
Quyte. Quit; freed; requite; repay.

R.

Ra, Raa. Roe.
Rabell. Disordered.
Rache. A dog; hound. *pl.* Rachis.
Ragis. Rags.
Raid. Road for ships.
Raif. To rave; to tear; tore; raved.
Raikis. Marauders.
Raikit. Went; rode.
Raip, Rope. *pl.* Raipis.
Rair. Roar; cry.
Rais. Rise; lift. *p.* Rose.
Raiss. Arose; race.
Rak. Care; matter. The far less rak. The less consequence.
Rak, Rakkis To regard; care for; reck. *p.* Rakit.
Rakit. Cared; regarded; recked.
Rakles. Careless; graceless; reckless.
Rakleslie. Rashly.
Raknit. Recounted; narrated.
Raletis? l. 5873.
Rammall. Brushwood.
Rampand. Rampant.
Rander. Render.
Randoun. Swift course (of riding).
Rane. Rain.
Rane? l. 50,983.
Rang. Reigned.
Rangat. Disorder; crowd.
Rank. Strong; powerful.
Rap. Strike; struck.
Rappit. Struck, or thrown out, violently.
Rapt. Rape.
Raschit. Rushed; beat; dashed.
Rasure. Razor.
Ratland. Rattling.
Raucht. Reached; given.
Ravis. Rivets.
Raw. Row.
Rawe. Rave.
Rax. To stretch; to reach. *p.p.* Raxit.
Ray. Array. *p.* Rayit.
Rayit. Arrayed; ranged.
Reat. Guilt; offence.
Rebalkit, *v.* Rebutit.
Rebell. Rebellion.
Rebous. Delay.
Rebous. Injury; violent repulsion.
Rebutit. Rebuked; repelled.
Reche. Rich.
Recogneis. An expression peculiar to the ancient feudal law of Scotland, in reference to land forfeited by the vassal, from whom, in consequence of his act, it might be reclaimed by the superior. *Vide* Skene, de Verb. Sig., *sub voce* Recognition.
Recompance. To compensate for.
Record. Understand.
Recreat. Refreshed; rested.
Recry. Recal; revocation.
Red. Afraid; ready; to be aware; to know; to read; read.
Red, Reid, Rede. Advice; counsel.
Red, Red up. To put in order; arrange; to clear. *p.p.*, in order.
Redound. Resound.
Redundit. Redounded.
Reforme. Restore; reform; repair. *p.* Reformit.

Reft. Stolen; deprived.
Refuge. Means of deliverance; protection.
Refute. Refusal; opposition.
Regalite. Territorial jurisdiction granted by the sovereign.
Regiment, Regimen. Rule; government.
Regres. Return.
Reid. Ride; to determine; to read.
Reid, Rit. Red.
Reid-hand. Caught in the act; a forensic term, specially applied to murderers, taken with the blood of their victims upon them.
Reid-wod. Furious; distracted.
Reif. Robbery; pillage; to rob. *p.* Reiffand.
Reik. Smoke.
Reill. Turmoil; confusion.
Reingres. Re-entry.
Reird. Clamour; noise; shout.
Reist. Arrest.
Rejectit. Apostate; cast out.
Rejosit. Rejoiced.
Relaxand. Remitting; giving leave.
Releif. Relief. A term in feudal law, signifying a sum payable by an heir upon entering with the superior.
Relict. Relic.
Religiositie. Religion.
Relyngis. Shoes made of undressed hides with the hair on them.
Remanand. Balance; residue.
Remeid. Remedy.
Remoif. Remove. *p.* Remoifit.
Remord. Remember with regret. *p.* Remordit.
Rentis. Possessions; revenue; income.
Ren3eis. Reins.
Repellit. Repelled; divorced.
Repit. Vehement? l. 7151.
Repit, Rapit. Burst out, or forth.
Repowe. Report.
Reprove. Blame; censure.
Repruiff. Reprove.
Repungis. Is repugnant.
Reput. Esteemed; considered.
Requyrit. Enquired.
Reskew. Rescue.
Respett. Respite; delay.
Respyre. Refresh; support? l. 17,892.
Ressave. Receive. *p.* Ressavit.
Resset. Refuge; habitation.
Ressone. Inscription; legend; motto.
Ressone. Reason.
Rest. Raced; chased; pursued.
Restand, Reistand. Roasting.
Restand. Remaining.
Restis. Profits; emoluments; rents.
Restitat. Severed.
Restren3e. Restrain.
Restren3eand. Restraining; preventing.
Retrak. Defer; postpone.
Retreittit. Recalled; retracted.
Reule, Rewle. Rule.
Reuth. Pity; compassion.
Reveir. Prey? l. 16,839.
Rever. River.
Reverentlie. Respectfully.
Revery. Robbery.
Reveschit. Ravished.
Revin, Rivin. Torn.

Revolwand. Revolving.
Revyne. Kingdom. 1. 43,988.
Rew. Rue; repent. *p.* Rewid.
Rewden? 1. 4780.
Rewene. Ruin.
Rewling. Ruling; governing.
Riall, Ryall. Royal.
Ribbis. Ribs.
Richteous. Rightful.
Rin, Ryn. Run.
Ring. Reign.
Ringand. Reigning.
Ringit-rangat. Ribble-rabble; rascallions.
Rit. Red.
Rithorie. Rhetoric.
River, Revar. Robber; spoiler. *pl.* Revaris.
Roche. Rock. *pl.* Rochis.
Rod. Road; wild; unmanageable.
Roik. Vapour; mist; dense fog.
Roit. Wheel.
Roittin. Rotten; decayed.
Rok. Distaff; rock. *pl.* Rokis.
Rome-raiker. Trafficker in relics or pardons. Pardoner (Eng.)
Ron. Shrub; bush.
Ront. Blow; stroke; cry; roar.
Rosat. Rosin.
Ross, Rois. Rose.
Rostand. Roasting.
Rostit, Roistit. Roasted.
Rouch, Rouche. Rough.
Roume. Portion.
Roun, Round. Whisper.
Rous. Clamour.
Roust. Rust.
Roustie. Rusty.
Roustit. Rusted.
Rout. Crowd; company.
Rowane. Rouen.
Rowis. Rolls.
Rowit. Rowed.
Rowmar. Larger; more spacious.
Rowme. Place; room; large; spacious.
Rowmes. Kingdoms.
Rownit. Raised.
Rowstit. Rusted; settled; fixed. 1. 24,109.
Roy. King.
Rubrie. Robbery.
Rude. Rode; the Cross; rood.
Rude. Strong; stout.
Rudlie. Violently.
Ruif. Roof.
Ruittis, Ruttis. Roots; takes root.
Ruke. Rook; crow.
Rumour. Noise.
Rusar. Boaster.
Rusche. Rush.
Ruse. To praise.
Ruse, Ruis. Boast; praise.
Ruther. Rudder.
Ryaltie. Royalty; crown-revenue.
Ryce. Brushwood.
Rycht. Right. *p.* Rychtis.
Rydand. Riding.
Ryfe. Abundant; frequent.
Ryfe, Ryve. To tear.
Ryit. Rite; ceremony.
Ryke. Rich.
Rynis. Runs; the Rhine.
Rynk. Stout man; a course; a race; position of a party in a tournament.
Rynnand. Running.
Rypit. Searched.
Ryss. Twig; branch; rise.
Ryssin. Risen.

S.

Sa. Say.
Sa, Sua, Swa. So.
Sabill. Sable.
Sacreit. Consecrated.
Sad. Grave; severe.
Sadill, Saidill. Saddle.
Sadlie. Closely; strictly; firmly; solemnly; gravely.
Said. Sad; dull.
Saik. Sake.
Saikles. Innocent; guiltless.
Saillit. Assailed.
Sail3ie, Sal3ie. Assault.
Sair, Sar. Sore. *pl.* Sairis.
Sais. Says.
Saisit. Infeft; settled.
Sait. Seat; place; see.
Salbe. Shall be.
Sald. Sold.
Saling, Saland. Sailing.
Salit. Sailed.
Sall. Shall.
Salt. Assault.
Salust, Salussing. Saluted; salutation.
Salviour. Saviour.
Sand. Shore; coast.
Sane. Save.
Sang. Song. *pl.* Sangis.
Sarar. Sorer.
Sark. Shirt.
Sathnes. Satan.
Satlit. Settled.
Sattill. Give away.
Saturitie. Repletion.
Saul. *pl.* Saullis. Soul.
Sauld. Sold.
Saulfe. Save.
Saw. Saying; word; proverb. *pl.* Sawis.
Sawin. Sown.
Sax, Sex, Saxt. Six; Sixth.
Scalbert, Scalbart. Scabbard.
Scalen, Skailling. Dispersion.
Schadow. Shadow.
Schaft. Spear.
Schaftis. Shafts.
Schaip, Schupe. To purpose; intend; endeavour; contrive; prepare; direct one's course.
Schair. Share; cut.
Schairp. Sharp; strict; peremptory.
Schald. Shallow.
Schalmis. Shalms; a species of pipe or hautboy.
Schame. Shame.
Schamitlie. Shamefully.
Schane. Shone.
Schankis. Legs.
Schap. Shape; form.
Schavin. Shaven.
Schaw. To shew.
Schaw. Wood; grove. *pl.* Schawis.
Schawand. Shewing.
Schawin. Shewn.
Schawit? l. 47,330.
Sched. Severed; divided; cut; shorn.
Sched. Separated; scattered.
Scheild. Sewer; drain of a privy.
Scheip. Sheep.
Scheittis:

"*Scheittis*, which in modern spelling is *shytes*, is the name of the ropes at the lower end of a sail; and, when a square sail is

at right angles to the keel, the ship is then between the shytes, and sails with a stern wind, or, as it is called, before the wind." —Dr. John Anderson to Pinkerton, Correspondence, I. 195.

SCHENE. Beautiful; lovely; gorgeous attire.

SCHENE, SCHEND. Shone.

SCHENT. Kill; destroy; destroyed.

SCHERAND. Shearing; cutting.

SCHERETIS. Turves.

SCHILL. Shrill.

SCHIP-BROKIN. Shipwrecked.

SCHIPBURD. Shipboard.

SCHIPIS. Ships.

SCHIR, SCHIRRIS. Sir; sirs.

SCHIRREFFIS. Sheriffs.

SCHLANDER, SCLANDER. Slander.

SCHO. She.

SCHO. Shoe. *pl.* SCHONE.

SCHOD. Shod.

SCHOIR. Shore; menace; threat.

SCHORNE. Cut.

SCHORT. Abrupt; decided; peremptory.

SCHORTLIE. Shortly.

SCHOT. Shoot; shot; thrust; shoved. NEW SCHOT NEW BOD. An expression signifying to begin a thing *de novo*.

SCHOUDER AND SCHOW. Jostling and pushing, as in the turmoil of a mob.

SCHOUR. Shower. *pl.* SCHOURIS.

SCHOW. Push; shove; dash.

SCHREVIN. Shriven; confessed.

SCHREW. A worthless person. *pl.* SCHREWIS.

SCHRINK. Shrink.

SCHRO. Shrew; worthless fellow.

SCHROUD. Dress; armour.

SCHROUDIT, SCHRUDIT. Covered; protected.

SCHROUDRIT. Driven.

SCHRUIKIS. Shrieks.

SCHUIK. Shook.

SCHUIKAND. Shaking.

SCHULDERIS, SCHOULDERIS. Shoulders.

SCHULTING. Shooting.

SCHUNDER. Sunder.

SCHURE, SCHORNE. Cut.

SCHUTTING. Shooting.

SCHYRE. Shire; county.

SCITIE. City.

SCLEW. Slew.

SCORPIT. Mocked; derided.

SCREVIN. Confessed.

SCRIPTOUR. The Scriptures; inscription; author.

SCROG. Thicket, chiefly of brushwood.

SCRUNT. The stump of a worn-out besom.

SCRYMMING. Skirmishing.

SCRYMPLIT. Wrinkled; creased.

SCUIR (STUIR ?). Turbot.

SCULE, SCUIL. School. *pl.* SCUILLIS.

SE. Sea; see.

SECREIT. Sacred.

SEGE, SEIG, SEIGING. Siege.

SEGIT. Besieged.

SEID. Seed.

SEIGARIS. Besiegers.

SEIKAND. Seeking.

SEILL. Seal. *pl.* SEILLIS.

SEIS. Search.

SEISSING. Quieting; settling.

SELCH. Seal.

SELLAR. Cellar.

Semele. Multitude; assembly.
Semlit. Assembled.
Semony. Simony.
Sempillest. Humblest.
Sempilnes. Simplicity.
Sempiterne. Everlasting.
Sen. Since.
Sendand. Sending.
Senid. Signed.
Sens. Incense.
Sensin. Censed, with incense.
Sensyne. Since then; thereafter.
Sen3eorie. Government; command.
Sen3eour. Lord. Sen3eour and syer. Lord and master.
Sermone. Discourse; conversation.
Seruand. Servant. *pl.* Seruandis.
Seruiall. Servile.
Seruis. Deserves; deservest.
Serwyne. Sarum.
Sesit. Settled.
Sessone. Season; portion.
Set. Seated; appointed; to become one. Ill set. Unbecoming.
Sett. See; manner; fashion.
Setterda. Saturday.
Settis. Seats; nets; snares.
Sevint, Seyvint. Seventh.
Sewintie. Seventy.
Shynand. Shining.
Sib. Related.
Sibnes. Relationship; connexion.
Sic. Sick; such.
Sich, Sichinc. Sigh; sighing.
Sichit. Sighed.
Siclike. In like manner.
Signifer. The zodiac.
Sikker. Secure.
Sikkerlie. Securely.
Simpill. Humble; lowly.
Sindrie. Sundry.
Sing. Sign; token. *pl.* Singis.
Singill. Alone; unattended. Ouir singill. With too few attendants.
Singular. Individual; personal.
Sinkand. Sinking.
Sirffeitnes. Profusion; extavagance; waste.
Sisma. Schism; division.
Sistercens. Cistercians.
Ska. To scathe, or injure.
Skaffe. Skiff; boat.
Skaill. To disperse; separate; disband. *p. p.* Skaillit, Skalit.
Skaillit. Scaled.
Skalit. Diffused.
Skantie. Scarcely.
Skar. Cliff; rock; scared.
Skayth. Harm; damage; injury.
Sklyng? l. 16,756.
Skowdryt. Scorched; parched; discoloured through inflammation.
Skrill. Shrill.
Skynnis. Skins.
Skyrmyng. Skirmish; skirmishing.
Sla. Slay.
Slaik. Slacken; draw off.
Slak. A mountain pass, or defile.
Slake, Slaik. To quench; appease; abate. *p.* Slaikit.
Slauchter. Slaughter.
Sle. Sly; cunning.
Sle-band. A band of iron which strengthens the ploughbeam where the coulter is inserted.

Sleif. Sleeve.
Sleipry. Drowsy.
Slelie. Dexterously; skilfully; carefully.
Sleuth. Sloth ; neglect.
Slicht. Contrivance; stratagem; artifice; trick; sleight.
Slidder. Slippery.
Slie. Sly, cunning.
Slo. Slay.
Slokin. Quench; slack. *p.* Slok-nit.
Slung. A sling. *pl.* Slungis.
Sma, Smaw. Small.
Smaik. Low fellow; rascallion.
Smet. Smote.
Smord. Smothered; suppressed.
Smorit. Smothered.
Smyttit. Infected.
Snapper. Stumble.
Snaw. Snow.
Snell. Keen; sharp.
Snorand. Snoring.
Snude. Fillet; female head-dress.
Soband. Sobbing.
Sober. Tender ; mild ; small ; humble; quiet; secure ? l. 25,315 ; to compose ; to calm.
Soberlie. Quietly.
Socht. Sought.
Soft. Calm.
Soir. Sore.
Soirand. Aching; sore.
Sok. Ploughshare.
Sokkat. Point of a spear.
Solist. Solicitous; desirous.
Somer. Summer.
Somes. Ploughshares.
Sone. Soon.
Sone. Son. *pl.* Sonis.
Sons. Prosperity; luck.
Son;eit. Cared; regarded.
Son;ie. Excuse.
Son;ie, Sun;e. Care ; anxiety ; diligence.
Sopit. Lazy; sluggish to intensity.
Sorar. Sorer.
Sorrow. Trouble.
Sorte. Sward ; earth ; ground.
Souerance. Sufferance.
Souerlie. Securely.
Souir. Suffer.
Sound. Smooth.
Soverance. Assurance ; safe conduct.
Sow, *pl.* Sowis. A sow; a military engine employed in sieges, resembling the *Vineæ* or *Crates* of the Romans.
Sow. To smart.
Sowand. Smarting.
Sowkand. Sucking.
Sowit. Sewed.
Sowme. Swim; sum.
Sowpit. Drenched; steeped; supped.
Spaid. Spade.
Spaill. Splinter; chip of wood.
Spair. Refrain.
Spait, Spate. Flood; inundation.
Spald. Shoulder.
Spalis. Splinters; chips; shavings.
Span. Spun.
Span;e land. Spain.
Span;e reid. Spanish reed; cane.
Speciositie. Splendour ; beauty; elegance.
Sped. Settled; determined; carried into effect.
Speid. Speed.
Speir. To ask ; to enquire. *p.* Speirit.

Speit. Spit.
Spill. Perish; go to ruin.
Splendaris. Splinters.
Sporne, Spurne. Spur; spurring? l. 24,614. "Lidder speid cumis of airlie spurne." *i. e.* The more haste the worse speed.
Sprayis. Twigs; branches.
Spreidand. Spreading; as applied to flowers, blowing.
Spreitis. Spirits.
Sprois, Spruce, Spruiss. Prussia.
Spul3ie, *p.* Spul3eit. Plunder; plundered.
Spurne. Stumble? l. 11,477.
Spurne, l. 47,364. Journey?
Spurning. Spurring.
Spurnis. Spurs.
Spurrit. Spurred.
Spycarie, Specarye. Spicery.
Spyis. Spies.
Squeilland. Squealing.
Squiar. Esquire.
Stabilitie. Constancy.
Stabill. Sure; stable.
Stablit. Settled; established; placed.
Staitly Stylis. Mighty words; high compliments.
Staik. A stake.
Staill. Troop; division of an army; main body of an army.
Stait? State.
Stak. Stuck.
Stakkis. Stacks.
Stalf. Staff; crosier.
Stall, Staw. Stole.
Stanche. To stem; extinguish; assuage; abate; satisfy; stop. *p.* Stanchit.
Stand. Stood; a complete suit of vestment, or armour.
Standertis. Standards.
Stane. Stone. *pl.* Stanis.
Stang. Sting.
Stank. Ditch; moat. *pl.* Stankis.
Stankit. Ditched.
Stant. Stinted.
Stapillis. Staples; fastenings.
Starge. Strong. l. 41,337.
Stark. Strong; stiff; stout; staunch; loyal, l. 40,098.
Statenitie. Pomp; state.
Staw. Stole.
Stayit. Prevented.
Sted. Farm; farm-house; placed; situated.
Steid. To provide; serve as supply; support; aid.
Steid, Sted, Steyde. Place; station.
Steikit, Stickit, Stokkit. Stabbed; stuck.
Steill. Steal; steel.
Steir. Stir; commotion. On steir. In a state of commotion.
Stend. Leap; spring.
Steir. Disturbance; commotion.
Stent. Taxation.
Stentit. Stretched. Stentit thair pal3eounis. Pitched their tents.
Stepbarne. Stepchild.
Stepill. Steeple; spire.
Sterage. Stirring.
Sterit. Stirred; managed; handled.
Sterne, Sterris. Star; stars.
Stervit. Died.
Stevin. Sound; cry.
Stickit. Stabbed.

STING. A pole; a pike or spear.
STIRK. A young bullock.
STOB. Stab.
STOBBIS. Stumps of wood, stakes.
STOIBBIT. Covered; thatched.
STOIR. Sheep or cattle; store.
STOK. Stick; stock; family.
STOMATAK. Offended; resentful, as implying resistance.
STONEIST. Astonished.
STOP. Step.
STOPIT. Stopped; prevented.
STORIE. History.
STORMESTED. Storm-staid.
STOUND. Time; hour; season.
STOUR. Storm; battle; fight; tumult; dust.
STOURE, STOWR. A stake; strong pole.
STRA. Straw. TO LAY A STRAW. To rest for an instant? 1. 652.
STRAIF. Strove.
STRAIK. Struck; a stroke.
STRAIST. Distressed; stressed.
STRAIT. Close; strong.
STRAITAR. Stronger; tighter.
STRAMP. Tread; stamp.
STRAND. Rivulet; stream; brook.
STRANG. Strong; strange; foreign.
STRAUCHT. Strait; straight.
STRAWE. Strove.
STRAX. Strokes.
STREIKAND. Stretching.
STREIKIT. Stretched; extended.
STREK, STREIK. Struck.
STREMARIS. Streamers.
STRENTH. To strengthen.
STRENTH. A stronghold; a fortified place. *pl.* STRENTHIS.
STRENTHE. Strong.
STRENTHEAR. Stronger.
STRENUETIE. Fortitude.
STRES. Restriction; burden; distress.
STRETIS. Roads; streets.
STRICKIN. Struck; coined.
STRO. Straw.
STRYK. Strike.
STRYND. Kindred; special disposition or character; stream; rivulet.
STUDE, STUUDE. Place.
STUDE. Stood.
STUDEIT. Reflected.
STUDIE. Thought; reflection; school of learning.
STUDY. Perplexity; meditation.
STUF, STUFFE. Dress; armour stiff.
STUFE. Materials.
STUFFIT. Supplied; furnished.
STUILL. Stool; church-seat; *prie-dieu.*
STUIR, STURE. Strong; robust; hardy.
STUPEFAT. Stupefied.
STUPRION. Rape.
STURT, STORD. Trouble; disturbance. *pl.* STURTIS, STORDIS.
STURT. To vex; trouble.
STYLE. Pen.
STYME. Glimpse. NOT TO SEE A STYME. Unable to distinguish anything.
STYNT. Stop.
SUA, SWAY. So.
SUADRIK. Sweden.
SUAGE. Assuaged.
SUAMPIT. Exhausted.
SUBBIT. Subdued.
SUBDEWIT. Subject; amenable.
SUBJECTIT. Subdued; vanquished.

Subjungat. Subject; subjugated.
Subscriuit. Subscribed; signed.
Subsume. Record; relate; add to.
Succeidand. Succeeding.
Sucker. Help; protection.
Suckin. Sunk.
Sueir. Swear; indolent; reluctant.
Sueirand. Swearing; protesting.
Sueit. Sweat; sweet.
Suelt. Swooned; suffocated; died.
Suey. A crow for raising stones; a crane.
Suffeis. Satisfy.
Sufficians, Sufficience. Sufficiency.
Suffrage. Prayer for the dead.
Sugeorne. Sojourn; delay; stay.
Sugrit. Sugared.
Suir. Sure.
Suirit. Assured.
Suith, Suithfast. Truth; truthful.
Suithning. Assurance.
Suittis. Law-suits.
Suld, Soud, Sould. Should.
Suldeouris. Soldiers.
Sul3e. Soil; country.
Sund. Sound; whole.
Suoir. Swore.
Superfacialitie. Superficially.
Superseid. Defer; postpone.
Supple. Cure; remedy; supply; assistance.
Suppois, Suppose. Although.
Supponit. Supposed; proposed.
Supportatioun. Support.
Supportit. Abetted.
Surance. Assurance; protection.
Sustene. Sustain.
Sutheroun. An Englishman (Southern).
Suyper. Nimble; swift.
Suyth. Quickly.
Swalloun. Swallow.
Swame. Swam.
Swap. Smart, rapid stroke.
Swapit, Swappit. Struck.
Swappand. Thrown violently.
Swaue. Sweet.
Sweit. Swiftly; to perspire; perspiration.
Swerd. Sword.
Swey. Stroke; sweeping blow.
Swidder. To doubt; l. 21,808. seems to imply *to be agitated.*
Swoir. Swore.
Swolt. Died; were suffocated.
Swome. Swim.
Swoun. Faint; swoon.
Swydder. Rock; reel; tremble.
Swyir. Hollow of a hill.
Swyng. Blow; stroke.
Swyngeouris. Idle, lazy rascals.
Swyth. Quickly.
Sycht, Sicht. Sight.
Syer, Syir. A person.
Syis. Times; jury; assize.
Sylar. Ceiling; canopy.
Symmer. Summer.
Sympill. Humble; common.
Syne. Since; afterwards; then; late.
Synk and Syss. *Cinq* and *six* (at dice).
Sypar-tre. Cypress, or rather cedar wood.
Syper. Cyprus; "a thin transparent stuff, now called crape."—Nares. *Sed qu.* silk embroidered with gold? *v.* Michel,

Recherches sur le Commerce, &c. des Étoffes de Soie, &c., II. 371.

Syre. Lord; master; owner.

Syte. Grief.

T.

Ta, Tay. Take.

Ta. To.

Ta. Toe. *pl.* Tais.

Tabillis. Tables.

Taborne, Tabborne, Talborne. Drum; tabor.

Taid. A toad.

Taill. Account; estimation; tale.

Tairis, Teiris. Tears.

Tak. Take; talk.

Takill. Tackle.

Takyn, Taikynyng. Token. *pl.* Takynis.

Takynnit. Betokened.

Talkand. Talking.

Talloun. Tallow.

Tal3e. Entail.

Tane. Taken.

Tangis. Tongs.

Tant pro tant. Tit for tat; a Roland for an Oliver.

Tapetis. Hangings; tapestry.

Targe. Target.

Tarie. Tarry; delay.

Tauche. Tallow.

Tavert. Exhausted; wearied.

Tawr. Taurus.

Taxt. Tax.

Tedius. Tiresome; disagreeable.

Teiche, Teche. Teach.

Temit, Tumit. Emptied.

Tene, Teyne. Anger; rage.

Tent. Care; heed; attention. Tak tent. Beware; pay attention.

Tentit. Observed; detected.

Terme. Period of time.

Testament. Will.

Teuche. Tough.

Text. Substance.

Teyndis. Tithes.

Thane. An ancient title, generally considered equivalent to Earl.

Thankfull. Pleasing; agreeable.

The. Thee.

Thickit, Thekit. Roofed.

Thie. Thigh.

Thikfald. In crowds; in great number.

Thin. Few; scanty.

Thir. These.

Thirling. Subjection.

Thirlit. Enthralled; enslaved; pierced; divided? l. 19,991.

Thocht. Thought.

Thoil, Thole. Endure; suffer. *p.p.* Thoillit.

Thoir. There.

Thoucht, Thocht. Although.

Thowmes. Thumbs.

Thra. Bold; pertinacious.

Thrafullie. Boldly; pertinaciously.

Thralie. Eagerly.

Thrall, Thraw. Short space of time.

Thrang. Difficulty; straits; battle; pressed; thrust. *p.* of Thring.

Thrang. Throng; crowd; busy.

Thraw. Cast; throw.

Threfald. Triple; threefold.

Threip. Pertinacious argument; dispute; to allege; argue; pertinaciously affirm.

Threttene. Thirteen.

Thretty. Thirty.

THREW. Thrust.
THRID. Third.
THRING. To press; to thrust.
THRIST. Thirst; difficulty; danger; thrust.
THROTTIS. Throats.
THRYFE. Thrive.
THRYIS. Thrice.
TIGIRNES. Ferocity.
TILL. To.
TILTHE. Culture; husbandry.
TINT. Lost.
TIRANNITIE. Tyranny.
TIRRANE, TIRANNE. Tyrant.
TO. Too; with.
TOCHER. Dowry.
TOD. Fox. *pl.* TODDIS.
TOGIDDER. Together.
TOLBUITH. Prison.
TOLLOS, TULLOIS. Toulouse.
TONE, TOUN. The one.
TOPAS. Topaz.
TORMENT. Tournament.
TORSS? l. 4153.
TOTHIR. The other.
TOUME. Tomb.
TOUN. Town.
TOW. Rope; twine. *pl.* TOWIS.
TRADUCT. Drain.
TRAIK. To become weak; decline in health.
TRAILLIT. Dragged.
TRAIST, TRIST. Trust; trusty.
TRAMORT. Dead body; corpse.
TRAMPAND. Trampling.
TRANE. Stratagem; art.
TRANSLAITTAND. Removing; transferring.
TRANSLATIT. Transferred; given over.
TRAPPIT. Trapped; ornamented.
TRASOUR. Treasure.
TRATLARIS. Tattlers; tell-tales.
TRATLING. Gossip.
TRATOUR. Traitor. *pl.* TRATOURIS.
TRATOURLIE. Treacherously.
TRATTAS. Old woman.
TRAVELL. Fatigue; labour; trouble.
TRE. Wood; timber; tree.
TRED. Track; footsteps.
TRESSET. Tressure.
TRESSOUN. Treachery; treason.
TRESTIS. Beams.
TRETIE. Entreaty.
TRETIT, TRATIT. Treated.
TREWIS. Truce.
TRIGLAND, TRINGLAND. Trickling.
TRIMILL. Tremble.
TRIMLIT, TRUMLIT. Trembled.
TRINE. Train; retinue; state.
TROBILL. Trouble.
TROWANIS. Truants.
TRUBILL. Trouble.
TRUCOUR. Deceiver.
TRUETAND. Believing; trowing; trusting.
TRUMPATOUR. Trumpeter; minstrel.
TRUMPOURIS. Deceivers; misleaders.
TRUNCHOUN. Shaft.
TRUNE, TRONE. Throne. IN TRONE. Exalted position.
TRYNCHIS. Trenches.
TRYST, TRYIST. A rendezvous, or appointed meeting. To TRYST. To appoint a meeting. *p.* TRYSTIT.
TUA. Two.
TUELF. Twelve.
TUELT. Twelfth.

Tuichit. Touched.
Tuke. Took.
Tul;e. Quarrel; fight.
Tume. Empty.
Tume. Time.
Tummill. Tumble; fall.
Tunnis. Barrels.
Turattis, Turetis. Towers; turrets.
Turcas. Turquoise; pincers.
Turens. Tours.
Turr. Quarrelsome; crabbed.
Tutorie. Wardship.
Tutour. Protector; guardian.
Tuyss. Twice.
Twyn, Twynnit. To part; parted.
Twynnis. Twins.
Twyss. Twice.
Tyde. Tide; time.
Tydenis. Tidings; news.
Tymmer. Timber. *pl.* Tymmaris.
Tyke. Dog.
Tyne. To lose. Tynis. Loses.
Tynsall. Loss.
Tynt. Lost. *p.* and *p. p.* of Tyne.
Tyrit. Tired; wearied.
Tyst. Entice.
Tyte. Directly; quickly.
Tytest. Most prompt; speedy.
Tythandis, Tydenis. Tidings.

U.

Umquhill. The late; of late; formerly.
Umschew, Vmschew, Umbeschew. To avoid; escape.
Unabasit. Unabashed.
Unauisit. Unadvisedly.
Uncouth. Unknown.
Undantit. Unsubdued; untamed; wild.
Undertane. Undertaken.
Uneis. Uneasiness.
Unful;eit. Unsoiled; unfatigued.
Unganand. Unbefitting.
Unhappie. Unlucky.
Unlefull. Unlawful.
Unmensurabill. Immeasurable.
Unpleneist. Unstocked; unfurnished.
Unreft. Undeprived.
Unricht. Injustice; wrong.
Unsikkar. Uncertain.
Unsocht. Unsought.
Unspyit. Unseen; unexamined.
Unsuir. Uncertain; unsafe.
Unwyss. Unwise.
Uphalie day. The Epiphany.
Uprais. Uprose.
Uprycht. Upright.
Ure. Ore.
Uyce. Vice.

V.

Vaik. To be vacant; unoccupied.
Vaill. Valley; value; worth. Vaillis nocht. Is of no value, or effect.
Vaillit. Availed.
Vail;eand. Valiant.
Valis. Vallies.
Valour. Worth; value.
Vane. Vain.
Vaneist. Vanished.

VANGAIRD. Vanguard.
VANIS. Veins.
VANT. Vaunt.
VARIANCE. Varying; variation; inconstancy.
VARIEAND. Varying; changing.
VASSALAGE. Valour; great achievement.
VENERIE. Venery.
VENNUM, VENNOUN. Venom.
VENNUS. Venice.
VENUS WERKIS. Amorous pleasure.
VER. Spring.
VERIFEIT. Verified.
VERRA. Very.
VERRAMENT. Sooth; truth.
VESCHELL, VESHELL. Vessel.
VESEIT. Viewed; visited.
VESTIMENT. Vestments.
VETTIGALE, VICTOGALL, (Lat. *vectigal*). Tribute; collector of taxes.
VICIUS. Wicked.
VICTUALL. Provisions.
VILIPENDIT. Vilified.
VILIPENSIOUN. Injury; contempt.
VILITIE. Vileness; worthlessness.
VINCUST. Vanquish; vanquished.
VIPROS. Viperish.
VISIE. Visit.
VIVARIE. Manner of living.
VLTON. Ulster.
VMBESET. Surrounded.
VMBETHOCHT. Bethought.
VNBIGGIT. Unbuilt.
VNBLEKKIT. Unblemished.
VNCERTIFIEIT. Uncertain; doubtful.
VNCONSONAND. Inconsistent.
VNESELIE. Painfully; with difficulty.
VNFAYTHFULL. Infidel.
VNFEIRE. Infirm; incapable of exertion.
VNFENETLIE, UNFEINȝEITLIE. Unfeignedly.
VNFYLLIT. Pure; clean; unsullied.
VNGUDELINES. Worthlessness.
VNHAILLIT. Not cured.
VNHAP. Misfortune.
VNKNAWIN. Unknown.
VNOUIRTHRAWIN. Unconquered; free.
VNPERSEWIT. Free from persecution; unpursued.
VNREDDY. Rough.
VNREUOCABILL. Irrevocable.
VNSATURABILL. Insatiate.
VNSCHAWIN. Hidden; unseen.
VNSEMAND. Unseemly.
VNTHANKIS. Evil; injury; displeasure.
VOCE. Voice. *pl.* VOCIS.
VORAX. Voracious; fierce.
VOUST. Boast.
VOUSTING. Boastful.
VOWIT. Vowed.
VPHALD. Upholding; supply.
VPHALDAND. Holding up.
VPSTRAUCHT. Upraised; outstretched.
VPWITH. Uphill.
VTENCELL. Utensils; furniture.
VTER, VTTER. Outer.
VTHER. Other.
VULT. Countenance.
VYLD. Vile; low.
VYLDAR. Viler.
VYSMENT. Consideration; consultation.

W.

WA. Way; woe; woeful.
WADDER, WEDDER. Weather.
WADDIT. Wedded; married.
WAGIT. Paid; had in pay.
WAID. Wade.
WAIFFAND. Waving.
WAIGEOURIS. Mercenary soldiers.
WAIK. Weak.
WAILL, WALE. To choose or select. *p.* WAILLIT.
WAILL. Very. WAILL FEW. Very few. WAILL HONORABILL. Conferring highest honour.
WAILLAND. Lamenting.
WAIR. To expend; to waste.
WAIRD. Expended; spent.
WAIST, WAISTIT. To waste; wasted.
WAIST. Waste.
WAISTOURIS. Pillagers; thieves.
WAIT. Hunt; persecute; wit. GOD WAIT. God knows.
WAITTAND. Waiting.
WAITTIS. Persecutes.
WALD. Possessed; held; would.
WALDIN. Yielding; bending; pliable; powerful; able; strong.
WALK. Wake; watch.
WALKIS. Goes; reaches.
WALKNIT. Awoke; wakened; watched.
WALKRYFE. Vigilant; wakeful.
WALL. Well.
WALLIT. Walled.
WALLOW, WALLOWIT. Withered; faded.
WALTERAND. Weltering.
WALX. Wax.
WAMBE, WAME. Belly; womb.
WAN. Stroke; blow; won; black; gloomy; dark-coloured.
WAND. Rod; sceptre; authority; wrapped; winded; hoisted. UNDER THE WAND, *idem ac* UNDER THE LIND. In the open fields or woods.
WANDER. Sorrow; danger.
WANDIS. Rods; twigs.
WANE. Thought; opinion; habitation; dwelling; course; waggon; wain; manner; style; fashion.
WANES. Sorrow.
WANGAIRD. Vanguard.
WANTAND. Wanting.
WAPYNIS. Weapons.
WAPNIT. Armed.
WAR, WAIR. Worse. PUT TO THE WAR. To worst; overcome.
WAR. Wary; cautious; were.
WARDANE. Warden.
WARDIS. Wardships of land during the minority of the heir.
WARDOURIS. Prisoners.
WAREAND. Cursing.
WAREIT, WARIT. Cursed.
WARIT. Well advised?
WARK, WERK. To ache; to be stiff, or sore. *p.* WARKIT.
WARKAND, WERKAND. Aching.
WARLD. World.
WARLDLIE. Worldly.
WARLIE. Warily.
WARNIT. Refused; thwarted; summoned.
WARPIT. Thrown; surrounded; swallowed up.
WARRAND. Warrant; guarantee; safe-conduct.
WAT, WAIT. Know.
WATHAND. Waiting.

WATTER. A river.
WAUCHT. To drink deeply; carouse. *p.* WAUCHTAND.
WAUIT. Waved.
WAW, WALL. Wave. *pl.* WALLIS.
WAW. Wall. *pl.* WAWIS.
WAXIT. Swollen; increased.
WE. Little; small. ANE LITILL WE. A short time, or distance.
WECHT. Weight.
WED. Pledge.
WEDDER, WODDER. Weather.
WEDDIT. Wedded; married.
WEDOW. Widow.
WEID. Clothing; dress; attire; weed.
WEILD. Possess.
WEILDING. Command; possession.
WEILFAIR. Welfare; abundance of good.
WEILL. Well.
WEILSUM. Woeful.
WEIPIT. Wept.
WEIR, WEIRIS. War; wars.
WEIR. Doubt; to wear; to wield.
WEIRIS. Defends.
WEIRLIE. Warlike; military.
WEIRLIKE. Warlike.
WEIRMEN. Soldiers; warriors.
WEIT. Wet; rain.
WELL, WALE. Choice.
WELTH. Wealth; abundance.
WEMEN. Women.
WEND. Go.
WENT. Wend; go.
WER, WEIR. Fear; apprehension.
WERD. Fate; destiny.
WERIOURIS. Warriors.
WERK, WARK, WIRK. Work.
WERSS, WERST. Worse; worst.
WES. Was.
WEY. Weigh; regard; consider.
WEYCHT. Weight.
WEYND. Think.
WEYNE. Ween; believe.
WICHIS. Witches.
WICHT. A creature; a person; courageous; strong; stout; powerful.
WICKIT. Wicked.
WIDDIE, WIDEY. A rope; a halter.
WIDDILL. Curse; anathematize.
WIDRIT. Withered.
WILD. Bewildered; at a loss.
WILL. Pleasure. PUT INTO WILL. Place at disposal.
WILL. Bewildered. TO GANG WILL. Go astray. WILL OF WANE. At a loss what to do; in uncertainty.
WINDOK. Window.
WIN. Won; gained. WIN IN. Get to; arrive at.
WIRSCHIP. Worship; honour; renown.
WIRTH. Worth; value.
WIRTOUR. Virtue; valour.
WIT, WITHT. With.
WIT. Wisdom; knowledge.
WITCHIT. Bewitched.
WITH. By.
WITHOUTIN. Without.
WITS. Senses.
WITTAND. Knowing.
WNADVERTEIST. Unaware.
WNBAPTEIST. Unbaptized.
WNBOCHT. Unbought.
WNBLEKKIT. Unspotted; unstained.
WNDECYDIT. Undecided.
WNDERMYND. Undermine.
WNENDIT. Not ended.
WNFANE. Sorrowful; not glad.
WNHID. Uncovered.
WNKEND. Unknown.

WNLAUBORIT. Untilled; uncultivated.
WNLETTERIT. Unlettered; ignorant.
WNMANIFEST. Unknown; unperceived.
WNPLENEIST. Unplenished; unfurnished.
WNREDDIE. Difficult.
WNREMOVIT. Fixed; unshaken.
WNRYCHT. Wrong; injury.
WNSCHAWIN. Unseen.
WNSEMAND. Unseemly; improper.
WNSOWPIT. Supperless.
WNSPILT. Undisturbed.
WNSTEIRD. Undisturbed.
WNSTURTIT. Undisturbed.
WNTHIRLLIT. Unfettered; unrestricted.
WNWARNEIST. Unapprised.
WNWISDOME. Folly.
WNWITTANDLIE. Unforeseen; unknown.
WNWRAITH. Wrongfully.
WO. Woeful; sorrowful.
WOD. Wood; mad; raging; furious.
WOD-AX. Woodman's axe.
WODDERCOK. Weathercock.
WODDIR. Whether.
WODE. Pledge; wager.
WODERIS. Weathers.
WODNES. Madness.
WOIK. Woke; watched.
WOIR. Wore.
WOLTERIT. Turned about, or was restless, in bed.
WOLL. Wool.
WONE. Strengthened? l. 11,737.
WORD. News; intelligence.
WORDY. Worthy.
WORREIT, WIRREIT. Strangled; choked; killed.
WORSILL. Wrestle.
WOUN. Reside; dwell.
WOUNDER. Wonderful.
WOUNDRET. Wondered.
WOW. Woo.
WOX. Waxed.
WRACCHIT. Wretched.
WRACHITNES. Meanness; stinginess; wretchedness.
WRAIT, WREIT. Wrote.
WRAITH, WRAYTH. Wroth; angry.
WRAK, WRAIK. Wreck; ruin; retribution.
WRANG. Wrong.
WRANGIT. Wronged.
WRANGUS. Wrongous; wrongful.
WRANGUSLIE. Wrongfully.
WRICHT. Carpenter.
WRINGAND. Wringing.
WRINK. Trick; fraud.
WRIT. Writing. *pl.* WRITTIS.
WROCHT. Wrought; worked.
WROKIN. Revenged.
WRY. To cover; turn or twist. UPOUN WRY. Askant; away from.
WRYIS. Covers; conceals.
WUK. Woke.
WYFE. Woman. *pl.* WYFFIS.
WYIR. Wire.
WYIT, WYTE. Blame.
WYLE. Wile; stratagem. *pl.* WYLIS, WYLLIS.
WYN. Wine; get; gather in.
WYND. Wound; wrapped.
WYNDILL. To twist; to writhe with pain. l. 19,545.
WYNNING. Gains; profits.
WYNT. Wont.
WYS. Wise; wis; experienced.
WYSE. Manner.
WYSLEAR. More wisely.

Wyslie. Decently; becomingly.
Wyss. Manner; fashion; guise.
Wytles. Innocent; free from blame.

Y.

Ydill. Idle.
Ydilnis. Idleness.
Ydolrie. Idolatry.
Yis. Ice.
Yle, Ylis. Island; islands.
Ymulis. Emulous.
Yrne. Iron. *pl.* Yrnis.

ȝ.

ȝairdis. Yards.
ȝallow. Yellow.
ȝarning. Yearning; inclination.
ȝe. Yes; ye.
ȝeid. Went.
ȝeild. Barren.
ȝeill? l. 39,958.
ȝeill. Ye will.
ȝeir, ȝeiris. Year; years.
ȝet, ȝettis. Gate; gates.
ȝing. Young.
ȝisternycht, *v.* ȝistrene.
ȝistrene. Yester-even; last night.
ȝit. Yet.
ȝok. Yoke; ploughshare. *pl.* ȝokkis.
ȝokkit. Yoked.
ȝoldin. Yielding.
ȝond, ȝone. Yon; yonder.
ȝoung. Young; immature.
ȝouth, ȝouthheid. Youth.
ȝoutting. Shouting.
ȝow. You.
ȝowling. Howling; yelling.

INDEX.

INDEX.

A.

Abercromby, name of, first introduced in Scotland, II. 664.

Aberdeen, the bishopric of Lowmorthlock (Mortlach), transferred to, by David I., II. 708.

Abernethy, the nine daughters of Donewaldus, the hermit, established in a convent there by king Garnardus, II. 330.
the bishopric transferred to St. Andrews by Kenneth II., 425.

Abirbrothok (Arbroath) abbey, founded by William the Lion, III. 35.
its first abbot, Reginald, sent ambassador to pope Alexander III., 35.

Achayus, son of Ethfyn, succeeds Solwatheus, II. 341.
forms an alliance with Charlemagne, 352.
sends his brother Guillielmus, *alias* Gilmour, as ambassador to France, 354.
assists Hungus, king of the Picts, against Ethalstone, 360.
dies, 368.

Acho, king of Norway, invades Scotland, III. 115.
is defeated by Alexander III. at the Largs, 119.
dies in Orkney, 121.

Ada, youngest sister of Aurelius Ambrosius, marries Conranus, prince of Scotland, II. 189.
dies in premature confinement, 190.

Adama, daughter to the earl of Warren, marries Henry, son of David I., II. 708.
founds the abbey of Haddington, III. 35.
dies, 35.

Adamus (Aidanus), son of king Conranus, carried to Ireland by his mother after the murder of his father, II. 249.
brought back by St. Columba, and is crowned on the resignation of his brother Kynnatell, 274.
appoints three judges in Scotland, 275.
defeats the king of the West Saxons, 283.
and Brudeus, king of the Picts, 286.
kills Edelfred, king of Northumberland, 290.
dies, 295.

Adrian, the emperor, comes into Britain, I. 438.
crosses the Tyne, 439.
builds the Roman wall, 441.
returns to Rome, 442.

Agatha, daughter to the king of Hungary, marries Edward, son of Edmund Ironside, II. 668.
takes the veil, 682.

Agone (Haco), prince of Norway, with Elrik (Eric), prince of Denmark, invade Buchan, and are defeated, II. 507.
Agricola (Julius), sent into Britain, I. 343.
defeats the Picts, 345.
and Ordulucians, 346.
goes to the Isle of Man, 347.
to Vicomagia (Stirlingshire), 349.
builds a bridge over the Forth, *ib.*
besieges Benarthy, 350.
which he takes, 352.
visits the north of Scotland, 357.
builds a bridge over the Tay, 367.
his navy wrecked in the Pentland Frith, 373.
his address to his army, 378.
sent for by Domitian to Rome, where he is poisoned, 391.
Aidan, bishop of Northumberland, reproves Corman's preaching, II. 309.
baptizes fifteen thousand people in seven days, 309.
dies, 313.
Alaricus, king of the Goths, captures Rome, II. 19.
sends Fergus to Sicily, 21.
in succeeded by Ethaulphus (Athaulphus), 22.
Alarude, *v.* Elarud.
Albiane, lord of the Isles, supports the proposed alliance between Achaius and Charlemagne, II. 349.
Aldbrig (Vipont), Allan, and Sir James Lamby, captains of the castle of Lochlevin, destroy their besiegers by inundation, III. 317.
Ale, sold by weight during the great frost in time of king William the Lion, III. 61.
Alectum, called Dundee after the safe arrival there of David, earl of Huntingdon, III. 53.
Alena (Helena), daughter of Coell, a British lord, marries the emperor Constantius, and bears to him Constantine the Great, I. 572.
Alexander I., succeeds his brother Edgar, II. 701.
executes summary justice on the insurgents of Moray, and the son of the lord of Mearns, 702.
defeats the attempt to murder him at Balledgar, 703.
found the abbeys of Scone and Inchcolm, 704.
bestows the Boar's-rink on the church of St. Andrews, 705.
dies, 707.
Alexander II., born, III. 59.
succeeds his father, 73.
causes a general mourning for him over Scotland, 74.
bestows Forfar on his mother, Ermengard, *ib.*
joins Louis the dauphin in London, and proceeds with him to Boulogne to meet Philip Augustus, 81.
takes Carlisle and besieges Norham unsuccessfully, 85.
marries Jane [Joan], sister of Henry III., 93.
makes acquaintance with St. Dominick while in France, and requests him to send a colony of his order to Scotland, 96.
goes on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury, 99.
marries Mary, daughter of the earl of Gower, 100.
dies, 103.
is interred in Melrose, 104.
Alexander III., crowned after the death of his father, III. 104.
a Highlander narrates to him his pedigree from Gathelus, 105.
translates the relics of St. Margaret, 106.
founds the monastery of Trinity Friars at Peebles, 108.
marries Margaret, daughter of Henry III. 109.
defeats Acho, king of Norway, at the Largs, 115.

Alexander III.—*cont.*
betroths his daughter, Margaret, to Henry, prince of Norway, 124.
sends troops under the earl of Carrick to the Holy Land, 129.
goes with his queen to the coronation of Edward I., 131.
marries a second time, 133.
is killed, 135.
Alexander, eldest son of Alexander III., marries, III. 133.
dies, 133.
Alexander, lord of the Isles, forgiven by James I., but confined in Tantallon, III. 529.
Alkwyne (Alcuin), clerk, one of the embassy to Charlemagne, II. 356.
Allan, lord of Galloway, constable of Scotland, III. 74.
dies, 97.
his bastard son ravages the country, and is discomfited and slain, 98.
Allectus, the Roman legate, murders Carentius, king of Britain, and assumes the crown, I. 569.
is slain in battle by Asclepiodotus, 570.
Alnwick, siege of, where Malcolm III. was killed, II. 685.
Alpynus (Alpin), son of Achaius, urged to deprive Conwallus of the crown, which he refuses to do, II. 371.
defeats Feredeth at Restennot, 380.
defeated by Brudus, 388.
beheaded, and his head stuck on the walls of Camelidone, *ib.*
his head removed and interred in Iona, 392.
Amazon, found among the slain of the duke of Gueldres' army, III. 329.
Ambrigillus (Ambirkeleth), succeeds Eugenius VI., II. 325.
slain *dum cacans*, 326.
Ambrose, St., II. 23.
Amphibalus, bishop of Sodor, the first who occupied a see in Scotland, I. 578.
Andrew, St., his arm bone brought to Scotland by Regulus, I. 614.
honourably worshipped by Hargustus, the king of the Picts, 616.
appears to Hungus, king of the Picts, and display of his cross in the sky, II. 363.
Androan (Androgen), king of Armorica, sends his son Constantine to assist the British, II. 113.
Androgeus, ambassador from Cassibelan, king of the British, to Ederus, I. 133.
his oration, 134.
captured in a second engagement by Julius Cæsar, 153.
Angus, the district so named after Angustius, an officer of the army of Kenneth II., II. 415.
Angus, earldom first created, II. 664.
Angus, lord of Galloway, rebels, is defeated by Gilchrist, earl of Angus, takes sanctuary in Whithern, and becomes a canon of Holyrood, III. 12.
Angus of Strathearn and Angus of Murray, great battle and slaughter between them and their retainers, III. 534.
Angustiane (Angusianus), nephew to Carthlyntus, crowned, I. 599.
defeats the Roman legate, 600.
slain in battle with Nectanus, king of the Picts, who is also killed, 607.
Anna, eldest sister of Aurelius Ambrosius, marries Lothus, king of the Picts, II. 189.
Annabel, queen of Robert III., dies, III. 473.
Anselm, bishop of Canterbury, flies to Rome from William Rufus, II. 684.
Antoneus (Antoninus), son of Severus, appointed general of the army, I. 493.
makes peace with the Scots and Picts, 502.
slays his brother Geta, 503.

Antonius (Lucius), legate in Britain, I. 426.
defeated by Mogallus, 435.
Antwerp, a hospital for Scotsmen, founded there by two knights of Brabant after the battle of Bannockburn, III. 240.
Argadus, lord of Argyll, made governor of Scotland on the deposition of Conarus, I. 451.
marries the daughter of the lord of Otholyn without consent of his nobles, 452.
institutes the court of justiciary, 454.
appointed lieutenant of all Scotland on the accession of Ethodeus to the crown, 455.
represses disturbances in the Isles, 456.
slain there, 477.
Argyll, Somerled, lord of, defeated by the earl of Dunbar and March, III. 101. (*v.* Symmerleid).
Armorica (Brittany), subdued, and peopled from Britain, by Maximian, II. 68.
Arnaldus, bishop of St. Andrews, urges Malcolm IV. to marry, but in vain, III. 15.
Arthur, begot by Vter upon the wife of Gothlois, lord of Cornwall, II. 203.
crowned king of the British, 222.
besieges York, which he captures through treason, 227.
forms alliance with Loth, king of Picts, and engages that after his death Loth and his descendants shall rule Britain, 229.
defeats Occa, 223, 233.
violates his treaty with Lothus, 251.
is slain, 260.
Arthur, prince of Scotland, son of Adamus (Aidan), slain in battle against the Picts, II. 277.
Arthur's Hufe, destroyed by Edward I., III. 193.
Arveragus, crowned after the death of his brother Guyderus, I. 188.
repudiates his queen Voada, sister to Caractacus, and marries Genissa, a Roman lady, 193.
with Plantius attacks the Tegenians and Cambrians, 195.
repents, and abandons the Romans cause, 213.
meets Caractacus at York with thirty thousand men, 219.
submits to Vespasian, 224.
Asclespiadok (Asclepiodotus), sent from Rome against Allectus, I. 569.
is slain in battle by Coell, 571.
Atholl, earldom first created, II. 664.
Atholl, David Cuming, earl of, holds Scotland for Edward, III. 320.
compelled by John Randolph, earl of Murray, to swear fealty to David, 324.
rebels again, and is defeated and slain by Alexander Gordon, 332.
Atholl, Patrick, earl of, murdered by John Bissart, III. 100.
Atholl, Walter Stewart, earl of, causes James I. to be murdered, III. 556.
his terrible execution, 561.
Atholus, one of Fergus' nobles, receives the lands named after himself Etholia (Athole), I. 39.
Audreane (Adrian), bishop of St. Andrews, martyred in the Isle of May, II. 449.
Augustine, St., II. 22.
preaches the gospel in England, 293.
Augustus Cæsar, sends an ambassador to Kymbalan, king of the British, and to Metellanus, king of the Scots, desiring universal peace, I. 169.
is presented with a gold crown by the latter prince, 170.
Aurelius Ambrosius, son of Constantine, comes from Armorica to Wales, where he besieges Vortigern, who with his wife and family are burnt to death, II. 180.

Aurelius Ambrosius—*cont.*
forms alliance with the Scots and Picts, 183.
conquers and slays Hengist with his own hand, 186.
restores Christianity in Britain, 188.
bestows upon the Scots and Picts all the lands between the Humber and the Tweed, 189.
gives his eldest sister, Anna, in marriage to Lothus, king of the Picts, and his youngest, Ada, to Conranus, prince of Scotland, 189.
becomes dangerously ill, 192.
nevertheless gives battle to Occa, and discomfits him, 195.
is poisoned by a monk, 196.
Awales (Avalassus, Anlaff), son of Cithricus, defeated by Athelstan, II. 496.
with whom he subsequently forms an alliance against the Scots, 499.

B.

Bagy (Beaujé), battle of, III. 506.
Baldred, St., dies, II. 294.
the competition for his remains by three parishes miraculously settled, *ib.*
Baliol, Edward, marries the daughter of the earl of Anjou, III. 147.
detained as a hostage by Edward I., 159.
invades Scotland during the minority of David II., and is crowned, 298.
defeated at Annan, 299.
besieges Lochleven castle, 316.
goes to England with Edward III., 339.
resigns all his rights to Edward, 376.
Baliol, John, his contention with Robert Bruce for the crown, III. 140.
the question is referred to Edward I., 141.
Baliol, John—*cont.*
who decides in favour of Baliol, 144.
is crowned, 145.
refuses to join with Edward against France, 146.
sends an embassy to Philip IV., 147.
his son Edward marries the daughter of the earl of Anjou, 147.
defeated by Edward and Bruce at Dunbar, 153.
resigns his crown to Edward, who imprisons him and his son in London, 159.
goes to France, and dies in the castle of Gaillard, 159.
Balloch (Donald), brother of Alexander, lord of the Isles, slays the earl of Caithness, and ravages Lochaber, III. 531.
is defeated by James I., and flees to Ireland, 532.
is slain there by O'Donnell, 533.
Balus, king of Orkney, ravages Ross and Caithness, I. 128.
is conquered by Ewenus, and kills himself, 129.
Bannockburn, the battle of, fought, III. 234.
Banquho, ancestor to the royal house of Stuart, assaulted while collecting the king's rents, II. 621.
leads the second division at the battle of Culross, 627.
his pleasant hospitality to the Danes, 630.
with Macbeth defeats the Danes at Kinghorn, 635.
meets the witches with him, 636.
is treacherously murdered by Macbeth, 644.
Bar, a valiant officer, leads the vanguard of Kenneth's army against Druskin, II. 409.
the castle of Dunbar named after him, 415.
Barrie, in Angus ; the Danes defeated by king Malcolm there, II. 605.

Bartha (Perth), inundated by the rivers Almond and Tay in the time of William the Lion, III. 66.
called Perth, after Perthus, 67.
is rebuilt on a more secure site, and called St. Johnstoun, *ib.*
Basso (William à Bosco), bishop of Dumblane, and chancellor of Scotland, III. 74.
Bastoun, a Carmelite friar, and "metrost," is brought by Edward II. to Scotland, for the purpose of recording his victories in verse, III. 224.
but instead thereof, has to sing the praises of Bruce, 238.
Bawstane (Ball-stone, *Testiculorum collis,*) Craig; so called from the scrotal deposit made there, III. 95.
Beanus, the first bishop of Mortlach, II. 617.
Beatrix, daughter of Edward, king of England, marries Cithricus, king of the Danes, II. 492.
murdered by her stepsons in a very peculiar way, 494.
Beid (the Venerable Bede), referred to, I. 4.
Berigone, city of, founded by Fergus, I. 40. "Berigonium castellum in Loquha-" bria, Hebridum prospectu, Doun-" stafage, id est, munitioni Stephani " proximum." Boece mistook Ptolemy's Berigonium in Galloway, and places his imaginary city at a spot called Dun-Mac-Sniochain, about six miles from Oban, and two from Dunstaffnage. *Vide* Pennant's Tour in Scotland, ii., p. 412.
battle between Dowalus and Ferquhard there, 69.
besieged and taken by the British, 80.
Bewfurd, John, duke of Somersyde (Beaufort, earl of Somerset), his daughter Joanna marries James I., III. 520.
Bissart, John, and his family, banished for the murder of the earl of Atholl, III. 100.
Bisset, family come into Scotland, II. 675.
"Black Agnes," gallantly defends the castle of Dunbar, III. 342.
Black Cove, the place where king Constantine was beheaded, so called, II. 455.
Blasens (Blois), Theobald, earl of, goes with Philip to the Holy Land, III. 47.
Boniface, St., buried in Rosemarky, II. 299.
Boniface VIII., pope, interferes between Edward I. and the Scots, in support of the latter, III. 184.
Boris-rink (Boar's-rink), the lands of, bestowed by Alexander I. on the church of St. Andrews, II. 705.
Borthwick, family come into Scotland, II. 675.
Brechin, utterly destroyed by the Danes, II. 602.
Brechin, sir David, nephew to king Robert Bruce, executed, III. 249.
Bredus, brother of Gillus, invades Argyll, is routed and slain, I. 132.
Bredus (Brudus), crowned king of the Picts after Kenneth, II. 383.
defeats and slays Alpin, 388.
dies, 391.
Brenna, daughter of Oswyn, king of the West Saxons, revenges the death of her husband, Dorstolog, II. 373.
Brennus, Irish chieftain, slain, II. 475.
Brenyus, lord of the Isle of Man, slain, II. 287.
Bridus (Brudus), eldest son of Feredeth, king of the Picts, succeeds his father, II. 381.
and is slain for his pusillanimity, 382.
Brigantia, now called Compostella, built by Gathelus, I. 13.
besieged by the Iberiens, 14.
who are defeated, 15.
British, the, expel the Scots and Picts out of their own countries for thirteen years, I. 74.
are conquered by them, II. 96.
and become their tributaries, 98.

British, the—*cont.*
the commons rebel against the lords, 105.
three years famine and mortality among them, succeeded by abundance and great corruption of manners, 106.
recover their freedom after thirty years subjection, 109.
relapse into idolatry by associating with the Saxons, 205.
but reconverted by Germanus and Severus, *ib.*
several thousand baptized on one day in Easter, 211.
Brounynfield (Brunanburgh), victory gained by Athelstan there, II. 496.
Bruce, David, prince of Scotland, marries Jane (Johanna), sister of Edward III., III. 269.
Bruce, Edward, brother to king Robert, defeats Donald of the Isles at the water of Deer, III. 216.
besieges the castle of Stirling, 220.
is made king of Ireland, 243.
slain there, 244.
Bruce, Robert the, his claim to the throne of Scotland rejected by Edward I., III. 144.
is reconciled to Edward, and takes his part against Baliol on the promise of the former to make him king, 153.
confederates with Cuming, who betrays his plans to Edward, 196.
slays Cuming in the church of Dumfries, 199.
is crowned, 201.
defeated by Aymer de Valence, 203.
his perils and distress, 204.
his three brothers captured and executed, 126.
his wife taken by William Cuming, and sent prisoner to England, 206.
besieges, and takes his castle of Carrick, 208.
and those of Inverness and Glennesk, 208.
Bruce, Robert the—*cont.*
assisted by James Douglas, 211.
defeats the earl of Buchan near Aberdeen, 216.
and Edward at Bannockburn, 235.
marries to second wife Elizabeth, daughter to the earl of Hulsister (Ulster), 241.
who dies, 268.
is afflicted with leprosy, 269.
dies, 271.
his heart conveyed by Douglas to the Holy Land, 286.
Brudeus, king of the Picts, invites St. Columba to convert his people, II. 268.
defeated by Aidan, 286.
ravages Northumberland, 322.
"Brunt Candilmes," III. 378.
Bryde (St. Bridget), II. 220.
Buchan, earldom of, first created, II. 664.
Buchan, Alexander Stewart, earl of, burns the cathedral of Elgin, III. 442.
is called the "Wolf of Badenoch," 442.
great-great-grandfather of the author, *ib.*
Buchan, John Cuming, earl of, defeats Gillespie, and beheads him, III. 94.
Buchan, John Cuming, earl of, defeated by Bruce near Aberdeen, III. 216.
Burgundy, Odo, duke of, goes with Philip to the Holy Land, III. 47.

C.

Cadallanus, lord of Brigantia, son of Cadallus, sent by Ederus with ten thousand men into Britain to assist Cassibelan against the Romans, I. 139.
replies to Cæsar's herald, 161.
captures Murkthetus, 164.
made governor on deposition of Ewenus, 167.

Cadallus, admiral of king Ewenus, sails to Ireland, and slays Gillus, I. 122.
the most part of his navy destroyed by a storm on his return, 124.
his sons quarrel after his death, but are reconciled by Ewenus, who raises a statue to his memory, 130.
Caithness, the bishop of [John], cruelly murdered by Harold, earl of Orkney and Caithness, III. 58.
Caithness, the bishop of [Adam], burned by his refractory people, III. 94.
four hundred of the miscreants captured and hanged, and all their sons castrated, *ib.*
Caithness, the earl of, forgiven by Alexander II. for not avenging the murder of bishop Adam, III. 96.
is subsequently murdered, *ib.*
Caithness, the earl of, slain by Donald Balloch, III. 530.
Calder, name of, first introduced in Scotland, II. 664.
Calphurnius, nephew to Agricola, sent into Britain, I. 463.
is recalled, 467.
Camelidone (Camalodunum), Doncaster, erroneously placed by Boece on the bank of the river Carron, I. 42.
besieged and utterly destroyed by Kenneth II., II. 420, 423.
the bishop's crozier spontaneously takes fire there during mass, 424.
Camelon, king of the Picts, builds the city of Camelidone on the river Carron, I. 42.
Campan (Champaigne), Henry, earl of, goes to the Holy Land, III. 47.
Campbell (John Campbell), referred to, I. 4.
Camus, cousin of Sueno, and admiral of the Danes, is slain at Camustoun, so called after him, II. 605.
Canterbury, the [arch] bishop [Baldwin], goes with Richard I. to the Holy Land, III. 47.
Canulfus, bishop of Durham, deprived of his see for treason, II. 700.
Canutus, brother of Sueno, invades Scotland, and lands in Buchan, II. 610.
is routed by Malcolm at Cruden, 611.
Canutus, second son of Sueno, made king of Denmark, II. 624.
his single combat with Edmund Ironside, 625.
his navy defeated at Kinghorn by Macbeth and Banquho, 635.
succeeds to the entire sovereignty of England on the death of Edmund Ironside, 659.
sends Edward and Edwin, the sons of Edmund, to Sweden, *ib.*
dies, *ib.*
Caracon, Carrecone, Carraccoun, *pro* Carractoun, a town of the Silures, now the district called Carrick, I. 172.
Caranus (Caron), lord of Argyll, suggests the election of Ewenus as king after the death of Drustus, I. 114.
Caratak (Caractacus), son of Cadallan, by Europia, sister of king Metellanus, is crowned after death of the latter, I. 171.
his advice to Guyderus as to repelling the Romans, 178.
elected governor of all Albion by the confederated princes of Wales, 199.
meets them at York, 202.
attacked by Plantius and Arveragus, 204.
his harangue to his army, 205.
urged by Plantius to abandon the British and join the Romans, 208.
his reply, 209.
defeated by Plantius, 235.
his reply to Vespasian's letter, 238.
attacks Plantius and is again defeated, 241.
defeated finally by Ostorius, and betrayed by Cartumandia, his stepmother, *ib.*
with his wife and family, is conveyed to Rome by Ostorius, 254.
is pardoned and returns to Scotland, 257.
dies and is interred at Caraccone, A.D. 54; 259.

Carentius, brother of king Fyndocus, being suspected of his death, takes refuge in Britain, I. 529.
returns to Britain with a great army, 550.
sends a herald to his nephew Crathlyntus, 551.
meets him and king Thelargus, and vindicates himself from the charge of accession to his brother's death. 556.
his speech to these two kings, 558.
appointed commander-in-chief, 563.
crowned king of the British, 568.
murdered by Allectus, the Roman legate, 569.
Cargill, name of, first introduced in Scotland, II. 664.
Carlisle, besieged and taken by Corbredus, I. 300.
Carmelites, order of, brought into Scotland, III. 108.
Caron, Alexander, the standard-bearer of Malcolm III., receives the name of Scrymgeour, II. 681.
Carrick, the earl of, dies in the Holy Land, III. 129.
his daughter and heiress, Martha, marries Robert, lord of Annandale, father of Robert the Bruce, 130.
Cartandes, queen of Eugenius, found sitting on her husband's grave, and is taken to Maximus, who dismisses her with rich gifts, 645.
is robbed and ill-treated by the Picts, *ib.*
who seek her expulsion from Scotland, 646.
is protected and restored to her rights by Maximus, 648.
Carthlyntus (Crathlyntus), son of king Fyndocus, revenges the murder of his father by slaying the usurper Donald, I. 536.
is crowned, 537.
his speech to the lords, 538.
forms an alliance with Thelargus, king of the Picts, 540.
Carthlyntus—*cont.*
which is broken by the misconduct of some young lords of the latter nation, 545.
but is renewed, 549.
suppresses Druidism and establishes Christianity, 578.
dies, 579.
Cartumandia, the step-mother of Caractacus, betrays him to Ostorius, I. 251.
marries Venetius (Venusius), 275.
imprisons her husband and his friends in Epiacum, 276.
is captured and buried alive, 276.
Cassibelan, king of the British, sends to Ederus for assistance against the Romans, I. 133.
his oration to his troops, 141.
defeats the Romans, 144.
is in turn conquered, 153.
and becomes tributary to Rome, 154.
Castius, succeeds Planctius (Placidus) as legate in Britain, II. 48.
is defeated by Fergus, 52.
Catnes (Caithness), earldom first created, II. 664.
Catus, protector of Britain, defeated by Corbredus, I. 305.
Cecilius (Sisillius), king of the British, son of Oenus, slain in battle with Reuthar, king of the Scots, I. 85.
Cecyneus (Caius Sisinnius), brother of Trebellianus, I. 393.
Celidane (Caledon) castle, now Dunkeld, I. 73.
wood, 75.
Cemeda (Thamete or Tenew), daughter of Lothus, king of the Picts, mother of St. Mungo (Kentigern), II. 221.
Chairlis the Mane (Charlemagne), sends to king Achaius, desiring an alliance, II. 344.
Charles VI., of France, sends to Scotland for aid, III. 501.
his daughter marries Henry V., 503.
Charles VII., of France, sends an embassy to James I., III. 552.

Cheldrick, one of the Saxon leaders, slain, II. 231.
Christ, the nativity of, I. 170.
Christian, sister of Edgar and of queen Margaret, takes the veil, II. 682.
Cithircus (Cithricus, Sightric), king of the Danes, marries Beatrix, daughter of Edward, king of England, II. 492.
contrives the death of Edmund (Edwin), his wife's uncle, 492.
devises that of his father-in-law, who, being apprised thereof by his daughter, causes Cithricus to be poisoned, 493.
Clankayis and Clanquheweill, combat between these turbulent savages, III. 452.
Clarence (Thomas), duke of, slain at the battle of Bagy (Beaujé), III. 507.
Claudius Cæsar, sends Plantius and Sentius into Britain, I. 174.
comes with Vespasian into Britain, 186.
returns to Rome, visiting Orkney *en route*, and taking with him its king, Ganus, 190.
Claudoweus (Clovis), king of France, baptized by Remigius, II. 190.
Clement, clerk, one of the embassy to Charlemagne, II. 354.
a founder of the university of Paris, 356.
Clement IV., pope, sends to Alexander III. for pecuniary aid against the Turks, III. 127.
Clifford, lord (Thomas), instigates the murder of William Douglas of Nithsdale, III. 449.
Cneo (Cneus Trebellius), sent into Britain, I. 392.
deposed from his authority by the Romans, 400.
Coell, a British lord, rebels against the Romans, I. 571.
and is defeated by Constantius, 572.
who receives him into his favour and marries his daughter, 573.
Coilus, king of the British, causes dissension between the Scots and the Picts, I. 32.
Cokburne (Cockburn), name of, first introduced in Scotland, II. 664.
Colanus, chief of the Novantians, slain at Berigone, I. 79.
Coldingham, given by Edgar as a cell to Durham, II. 700.
Colgernus (Congermus), comes from Saxony to aid Occa, II. 215.
defeats Vter, 218.
reproves king Loth, 232.
whom he unhorses, 234.
is slain, 234.
Colman, bishop, in Scotland, II. 190.
Colman, succeeds Fynnan as bishop of Northumberland, II. 314.
by reason of a pestilence, goes to the Isles, where he builds an abbey and remains for the rest of his life, 316.
Columba, St. (or Colm), comes from Ireland to visit king Convallus, II. 267.
is invited by Brudeus, king of the Picts, to come and convert his people, 268.
dies, 292.
Comus, prince of Wales, advises the confederated princes to elect Caractacus king in room of Arveragus, I. 199.
Conan, a lord of Brigantia, governor of Scotland during the exile of Thereus, resigns on the death of the latter, I. 92.
Conan Camber, prince of Wales, exhorts the British to make peace with the Scots and Picts, II. 84.
for which he is slain, 85.
Conan, son of the preceding, exhorts the British to recover their liberty, II. 101.
his second oration, 110.
sent as ambassador to Androan, king of Brittany, 111.
and dies on the voyage, 112.
Conarus, son of Mogallus, crowned, I. 447.
is dissatisfied with his revenue, *ib.*
deposed and imprisoned, 451.
dies, 454.

Congallanus (Convallanus), abbot of Icolmkill, his prophecies, II. 220.

Congallus, son of Dongardus, king of Scots, crowned after the death of his uncle Constantine, II. 124.
unites with Galanus, king of Picts, against the British and Saxons, 137.
dies, 191.

Congallus (Convallus), succeeds his cousin Achaius, II. 369.
dies, 370.

Congan, abbot, II. 340.

Conkestus, king of the Picts, with Caractacus, meets the British princes at York, I. 202.

Conranus, brother to the king of Scots, leads the left wing of the army against Hengist, II. 185.
marries Ada, youngest sister of Aurelius Ambrosius, 189.
crowned on the death of his brother, 191.
murdered, 247.

Constable of Scotland, the office of, bestowed on the Hays of Errol, on the forfeiture of the descendants of Roger de Quincy, III. 98.

Constantiana (Constance), council of, held, III. 500.

Constantine, son of Androan, king of Brittany, sent to assist the British, II. 113.
and is made their king, 114.
is defeated by the Scots and Picts, 120.
is murdered, 123.

Constantine, succeeds his brother Dongardus as king of Scots, because of the minority of his nephew Congallus, II. 120.
his profligate character, 121.
is slain, 124.

Constantius, the emperor, marries the daughter of Coell, a British lord, by whom he has Constantine the Great, I. 572.
dies in York, 576.

Constantius, eldest son of Constantine, king of the British, taken out of a monastery by Vortigern, and crowned, II. 125.
is murdered at his instigation, 126.

Constantyne, succeeds Martius as legate in Britain, and is slain by Constantius, II. 26.

Constantyne, son of Cadrochis (Cadoris), prince of Cornwall, substituted as successor to Arthur, instead of Modred, II. 251.
is crowned after the death of Arthur and Modred, 262.
kills the children of the latter, 263.
goes to Ireland, where he becomes a monk, and is martyred in Cantyre, 265.
is patron saint of Kinnoull and Govan, *ib.*

Constantyne, son of Kenneth II., crowned after the death of Donald, II. 443.
his statutes against vice and luxury, 445.
defeated by the Danes, and beheaded, 454.

Constantyne, king of the British, defeated by Gregory and slain at Lochmaben, II. 467.

Constantyne III., son of Ethus Alapes, crowned, II. 490.
compels Edward to make peace, 491.
resigns the crown to Malcolm, and becomes a canon at St. Andrews, where he dies, 498.

Constantyne IV., son of Culenus, crowned after the death of Kennethus, II. 573.
he and Kennethus, brother of Malcolm, prince of Cumberland, mutually slain at Cramond, 577.

Convallus, second son of Congallus, king of Scots, II. 191.
crowned after the death of his brother Eugenius, 266.
is visited by St. Columba, 267.
dies, 272.

Convallus, disciple of St. Kentigern, interred at Inchinnan, near Glasgow, II. 295.
the author has gone in pilgrimage to his tomb there, and seen his relics, 295.
Coranatus (Charanatus), king of the Picts, assists Corbredus against the Romans, I. 296.
slain in an attempt to allay a dispute among his people, 360.
Coranus (Dowallus), brother to king Fynnan, I. 121.
Corbredus, brother of Caractacus, crowned after death of the latter, I. 261.
enters Brigantia, 273.
gives battle to Nausica, 278.
with Coranatus takes Carlisle, 300.
defeats Catus, 305.
dies, 315.
Coremyn, now called Shrewsbury, the princes of Britain assemble there, I. 197.
Cormac, archbishop of Dublin, advises its surrender to Gregory, and negotiates peace with him, II. 481.
Corman, brought by king Oswald to convert the Northumbrians, II. 306.
his unsuitable mode of preaching reprehended by bishop Aidan, 307.
Cornath (Cornach), one of the nobles who accompanied Fergus to Scotland, receives the lands named after himself, Cornana, now Caithness, I. 38.
Corneill (Cornelius Hibernicus), referred to, I. 4.
Corneill (Cornelius), Irish chieftain, defeated by Gregory, king of Scots, II. 475.
made lieutenant-governor of Ireland; takes refuge in Dublin, 477.
is wounded in the eye, and takes to flight, 478.
Corpus Christi, the festival of, instituted, III. 108.
Couper castle, vacated by the English soldiers, who are drowned in crossing the Forth, III. 343.
Cowpland (Copland), sir John, takes David II. prisoner at the battle of Durham, III. 369.
Craw (Crawar), Paul, burnt at St. Andrews for heresy, III. 545.
Crawfurd, David Lyndsay, earl of, vanquishes lord Welles in single combat, III. 456.
twits the English with their parentage, 458.
Crawmound (Cramond), battle of, II. 576.
Cre, water of, battle of the Scots and Romans there, I. 622.
Creichton, sir William, sent as ambassador to Denmark, III. 551.
Crichton, family come into Scotland, II. 675.
Crowden (Cruden), a church built by king Malcolm there, and dedicated in honour of St. Olave, to commemorate the defeat of the Danes, II. 613.
Cruthlynthus (Cruthnethus), lord of Angus, slain by his grandson Cruthlynthus, II. 555.
Cruthlynthus, son of Fenella, slays his grandfather Cruthnethus, and destroys his castle of Dalbogy, II. 555.
is taken and executed, 557.
Culenus, lord of Angus, his nine sons slain in the battle between Donald and Robert, II. 438.
advises the Scots to make peace with the English, 439.
Culenus, son of Indulphus, made prince of Cumbria and successor to Duffus, II. 510.
vows not to be crowned until he has revenged the death of his predecessor, 527.
is crowned, 532.
leads a life of shameful debauchery, and is victim to the "*gentlemannis-ill*," 534.
slain by the thane of Methven for violating his daughter, 535.
Cullan (Culman), lord of Mar, opposes the alliance with Charlemagne, II. 347.

Culrois (Culross), battle between Duncan and Sueno there, II. 627.
Cuming, sir John, chosen to be governor of Scotland, III. 184.
slays the English, 184.
defeats Redulphus, 185.
betrays Bruce's designs to Edward, 196.
is slain by Bruce in the church of Dumfries, 199.
Cuming, Walter, earl of Monteith, is poisoned by his wife, III. 107.
Cuming, William, sends the wife of Robert Bruce prisoner to England, III. 206.
Cutha, son of Fynlin (Cenlin), king of the West Saxons, slain, II. 287.
Cuthbert, St., his banner displayed by Edgar at the battle of Durham, II. 695.
warns David II. in a dream not to invade his territory, III. 365.
Cyprus, island of, taken by Richard I., III. 48.

D.

Danes, those slain at Kinghorn interred in Inchcolm, II. 635.
their large number, *ib.*
a cross marks the sepulture of their chief, *ib.*
great massacre of them, *temp.* Harold Harefoot, 661.
Dardan, great-grandson of Metellanus, crowned after the death of Corbredus, I. 316.
attempts to murder the sons of Corbredus, 318.
is slain, 320.
David, brother of Alexander I., marries the heiress of Huntlyngtoun (Huntingdon), and becomes thereby earl of Huntingdon and Northumberland, II. 705.
succeeds his brother, 707.
his numerous ecclesiastical endowments and benefactions, 708.
David, brother of Alexander I.—*cont.*
his queen dies, 709.
refuses allegiance to Stephen, 712.
defeats Stephen at Allerton, *ib.*
concludes peace with him at Roxburgh, 715.
his grief at the loss of his son, and Christian resignation, 720.
knights Henry, his nephew, at Carlisle, 722.
his pious death, 723.
David, youngest son of Alexander III., dies, III. 133.
David II., succeeds his father Robert, III. 272.
is sent with his queen to France on the invasion of Edward Baliol, 298.
brought home with great honour, 354.
invades England, 361.
refuses peace with Edward, 363.
taken prisoner at the battle of Durham by Copland, 369.
miraculously cured of his wounds at the shrine of St. Monan, 369.
is ransomed, 382.
his queen dies, 386.
marries Margaret Logy, *ib.*
dies, 387.
Debalyn (Dublin), besieged by Gregory, king of the Scots, II. 479.
surrendered to him, 481.
Dedius (Aulus Didius), sent into Britain as successor to Ostorius, I. 269.
his address to the Romans, *ib.*
dies, 287.
Deonethus, son of Octaveus, king of the British, marries the sister of Fergus II., II. 49.
crowned king of Britain after the defeat of Castius, 52.
is vanquished by Maximian, and flees to Cambria, 59.
his youngest (*eldest*) daughter, Othilia, married to Maximian, 62.
Deueintius (Divinicus), archdeacon, II. 340.

Dewar (Durward), John, arranges with Oliver the delivery of Acre to the Scots, III. 50.
Dioclesiane (Diocletian), the emperor, kills himself, I. 570.
Dominick, St., founds the order of Black Friars, III. 73.
sends a colony of his monks to Scotland, 96.
Donald, lord of Atholl, treasonably effects the murder of king Conranus, II. 246.
Donald, brother of Kenneth, leads the centre of the army against Drusken, II. 410.
crowned after his brother's death, 426.
defeated and captured by Osbret, 432.
is ransomed, 440.
on account of his vices, thrown into prison, where he kills himself, 443.
Donald V., son of Constantine II., crowned after the death of Gregory, II. 486.
suppresses internal divisions in Ross and Morayshire, 488.
dies, 489.
Donald Bay (Bane), second son of king Duncan, claims and obtains the crown after the death of Malcolm, his brother, II. 689.
defeated by Duncan, bastard son of Malcolm, and forced to take refuge in the Isles, 692.
causes Duncan to be murdered, and re-possesses himself of the crown. 693.
defeated by Edgar, and dies in prison, 695.
Donald (Dowal), lord of Argatill (Argyle), sent by Ederus with Cadallanus into Britain, I. 140.
Donald, lord of the Isles, ravages Lugia (Ross-shire), and is defeated by king Fyndocus, and drowned, I. 524.
Donald, son of the preceding, ravages Argyle, is defeated, and takes refuge in Ireland, I. 525.
employs two men to murder king Fyndocus, 526.
Donald, son of the preceding—*cont.*
murders king Donald, 532.
crowned king of Scots, *ib.*
and is slain by Carthlyntus, son of king Fyndocus, 536.
Donald, younger brother of king Fyndocus, crowned, I. 530.
murdered by Donald, lord of the Isles, 532.
Donald, lord of the Isles, claims the earldom of Ross, III. 495.
is defeated by the earl of Mar at Harlaw, 496.
Donald, a retainer of the earl of Crawfurd, challenges any Englishman to fight with him on his plaid, III. 457.
Donaldus, brother of Ethodeus, crowned, I. 485.
the Scots receive Christianity in his reign, 504.
dies, 505.
Donewaldus, youngest son of Eugenius IV., succeeds his brother Ferquhard, II. 302.
makes Gadwallane (Cadwallo), king of the British, restore Eufred, the son of Ethelfred, to his kingdom, 303.
drowned accidentally in the Tay, 311.
Donewaldus, a holy hermit among the Picts, II. 329.
his nine daughters become nuns, and are established in a convent at Abernethy by Garnardus, king of the Picts, 329.
Donewaldus, captain of the castle of Forres, murders king Duffus there, at the instigation of his wife, II. 523.
is torn to pieces with horses, 530.
Dongallus, son of Solwatheus, crowned after the death of Conwallus, II. 370.
drowned accidentally in the Spey, 378.
Dongardus, brother of Eugenius II., succeeds him, II. 108.
his excellent character, *ib.*
his speech to the army, 115.
is slain in battle with Constantine, 119.
and interred in Iona, 120.

Dongarus, son of Aidan, slain, II. 287.
Dornadilla, eldest son of Maynus, crowned after the death of his father, I. 57.
his cynegetic laws, 57.
his death, 59.
Dorus, brother of Ethorton, takes refuge in Pictland with his three nephews, Fyndocus, Carentius, and Donald, I. 515.
Douglas, Archibald, earl of, confined in Stirling, III. 537.
his son William knighted by James I., 537.
Douglas, Archibald, earl of, enmity between him and the earl of March, III. 467.
founds the collegiate church of Lincluden, 471.
dies, 471.
Douglas, sir Archibald, governor of Scotland, defeated and slain at Halidon Hill, III. 311.
Douglas, James, earl of, slain at Otterburn, III. 430.
Douglas, James, comes to the assistance of Bruce, III. 211.
takes Roxburgh castle, 219.
surprises Edward III. in Northumberland, 266.
conveys the heart of Robert Bruce to the Holy Land, 286.
on his return is driven by a storm on the coast of Spain, and assists the king of Arragon against the infidels, 288.
is slain, 290.
Douglas, sir William, surprises the castle of Edinburgh, III, 346.
goes to France, and returns with large supplies, 349.
takes Edinburgh castle by stratagem, 352.
seizes Alexander Ramsay in the church of Hawick, 359.
Douglas, William, (natural) son of Archibald, lord of Galloway, his gallantry at Carlisle, III. 413.
marries Eufamea (Egidia), daughter of Robert II., 416.
Douglas, William—*cont.*
besieges Carlingford, 417.
treacherously murdered at Dantzic, 449.
Dowalus, lord of Brigantia, slays king Nothatus, I. 61.
causes Reuthar to be crowned, 63.
and married to the daughter of Gethus, king of the Picts, 66.
gives Ferquhard battle at Berigone, 69.
and is slain, 72.
Dowgall (Dongallus), leads the left wing of Kenneth's army against Drusken, II. 410.
Drasken (Drusken), crowned king of the Picts after the death of his brother Brudus, II. 391.
defeated by Kenneth II., 400.
comes with an army to Scone, and has an interview with Kenneth, 405.
again defeated by the latter, and slain, 413.
Drostolog (Dorstolog), king of the Picts, succeeds his father Hungus, II. 369.
is murdered by his brother, 373.
who marries his widow, and is in turn slain by her, *ib.*
Drustus (Durstus), crowned king of the Scots after the death of his father Fenan, I. 102.
marries Agasan (Agasia), daughter of the king of the British, *ib.*
repudiates her; his infamous conduct, 103.
his nobles conspire against him, 104.
invites them to a banquet at Berigone, at which he causes them to be murdered, 108.
slain, 110.
his sons flee to Ireland, 110.
Drustus (Durstus), son of Hargustus, crowned king of the Picts, II. 12.
is vanquished, and sent to Rome by Victorinus, 14.
Drustus (Durstus) III., slain in battle with Maximian, II. 59.

Duffois (Duffus), son of Malcolm I., succeeds on the death of Indulphus, II. 510.
his vigorous suppression of malfeasances in the Isles, 511.
is afflicted with grievous sickness, 512.
which is discovered to proceed from witchcraft, 515.
recovers on the death of the enchantress, 517.
is murdered in Forres by Donewaldus, captain of the castle there, 523.
signs and wonders in the heavens thereon, 526.
his body taken up incorrupted, and interred in Iona, 531.
Dunbar, George, earl of, and March, maternal great-great-grandfather of the author, III. 443.
slighted by Robert III., takes refuge in England, 468.
his son George forfeited, 547.
refuses the earldom of Buchan, 548.
Dunbar, Patrick, created earl of March, and receives the lands of Colbrandspath for his services, II. 666.
Dunbar castle, gallantly defended by its countess, "Black Agnes," III. 342.
Duncan, bastard of Malcolm III., defeats Donald Bane, and obtains the crown, II. 692.
is murdered at his instigation, 693.
Duncan, the youthful king of Ireland, is made ward of Gregory, king of the Scots, II. 484.
Duncan, grandson of Malcolm, succeeds him, II. 620.
his army discomfited by Sueno at Culross, 627.
but amply revenged, 633.
makes his son Malcolm (Canmore), prince of Cumberland, 637.
is slain by Macbeth, 640.
Dundas, name of, first introduced in Scotland, II. 664.
Dundee, formerly called Alectum, III. 53.
Dunsenan (Dunsinnane) castle, built by Macbeth, II. 645.
Dunstan, abbot, II. 340.
Duplene (Dupplin), battle of, III. 294.
Durham, battle of, III. 368.

E.

Ebar (Hiber, or Yber), son of Gathelus, I. 16.
sent with his brother Hemecus to Ireland, which he conquers, and returns to Spain, 19.
crowned after the death of his father, 21.
Ebba, daughter of Ethelfred, king of Northumberland, after her father's death, miraculously transported in a boat to a rock at the mouth of the Forth, called after her St. Abb's head, II. 298.
Ecolumkill (Icolmkill) abbey, in Iona, the burial-place of the early Scottish kings; the historical muniments kept there, I. 4.
Edelfred, king of Northumberland, induces Brudeus, king of the Picts, to make war with the Scots, II. 281.
is slain, 289.
Ederus, third nephew of Durstus, crowned after the death of Ewenus II., I. 131.
a mighty hunter, *ib.*
destroys Bredus and his army who invade Argyle, 132.
receives an embassy from Cassibelan, king of the British, 133.
his speech to Androgeus, the ambassador, 137.
sends a messenger with him to Gethus, king of the Picts, 138.
sends Cadallanus, lord of Brigantia, with ten thousand men, into Britain to assist Cassibelan against the Romans, 139.
receives a herald from Julius Cæsar, 155.
his reply, 156.
a second herald sent to him, 158.
dies, and is interred at Ewone, 165.

Edfred, king of the Saxons, defeated and slain, II. 321.
Edgar, son of Malcolm III., defeats Donald Bane at Durham, by the miraculous aid of St. Cuthbert, II. 695.
is crowned, 696.
first anointed king of Scotland, *ib.*
bestows the barony of Coldingham and town of Berwick on the church of Durham, 700.
dies, *ib.*
Edilfred (Ethelfred), king of Northumberland, slain, II. 297.
his seven sons fly to Eugenius for refuge, *ib.*
Edinburgh, called the Maiden Castle, II. 423.
Edmound Irnesyid (Edward Ironside), engages with Canute in single combat, II. 625.
they divide England between them, *ib.*
murdered *dum cacans* by Edrik, 658
Edmund (Edwin), brother of king Edward, drowned, II. 492.
Edmund, son of Athelston, succeeds, II. 503.
assisted by Indulphus, king of the Scots, against the Danes, who are defeated, 505.
Edmund, son of Edmund Ironside, dies in Hungary, II. 668.
Edmund (Edgar), grandson of Edmund Ironside, going with his sisters to Hungary is driven by a storm into the Frith of Forth, II. 673.
returns to England and surrenders his rights to the crown, 683.
brings the family of his brother-in-law Malcolm to England on the usurpation of Donald Bane, 690.
accused by Organus of treason; is acquitted of the charge, 691.
Edrecus (Edrik), murders Edmund Ironside, in the hope of propitiating Canute, who rewards him with the gibbet, II. 658.
Edward (Edmund), king of Norfolk and Suffolk, slain by the Danes, II. 456.
Edward, king of England, succeeds his father Alarud, II. 490.
constrained to make peace with Constantyne, 491.
his daughter marries Cithricus, king of the Danes, 492.
whom he causes to be poisoned, 493.
is slain in battle with the sons of Cithricus, 495.
Edward, the Martyr, sends an ambassador to Kennethus in reference to the princedom of Cumberland, II. 559.
Edward, the Confessor, sends for his nephew Edward from Hungary, and offers to resign the crown in his favour, II. 669.
dies, *ib.*
Edward, son of Edmund Ironside, marries Agatha, daughter of the king of Hungary, II. 668.
comes to England on the invitation of his uncle Edward, who offers to resign the crown to him, which he refuses, *ib.*
dies, 669.
Edward I., decides in favour of Baliol, III. 144.
besieges Berwick, 148.
which he captures by stratagem, 150.
defeats Baliol at Dunbar, 153.
breaks his promise to Bruce, 156.
defeated by Wallace, 170.
induces Bruce to take his part against the Scots and Wallace, 172.
Stirling surrenders to him, 191.
destroys the Scottish records and expels the men of learning from Scotland, 192.
destroys "Arthur's Hufe," 193.
summons a council at St. Andrews, where he makes the Scottish lords swear fealty to him, and removes the marble stone from Scone to Westminster, 194.
dies at Burgh-on-the-Sands, 213.
an English knight sees in a vision his soul carried to hell, 214.

Edward II., after the death of his father, summonses the Scotch lords to Dumfries, and makes them renew their fealty to England, III. 214.
collects a large army from all parts of the continent, and invades Scotland, 223.
is defeated by Bruce at Bannockburn, 235.
and by sir James Douglas on the borders, 244.
his army commit horrible sacrilege at Melrose, 254.
is defeated by Bruce at Byland, 258.
is murdered, 261.
Edward III., makes truce with Robert Bruce, III. 262.
is surprised by sir James Douglas, 266.
resigns to Bruce all claims on Scotland, 268.
besieges Berwick, 303.
defeats Douglas at Halidon Hill, 311.
returns to England with Baliol, 320.
comes to the relief of Lochindorb, 335.
his cruel devastations, 336.
kills his brother John of Eltham in the church of Perth, 338.
seeks peace with David II., 362.
invades Scotland and pillages Haddington, 377.
Elarud (Eldred), king of Suffolk, defeats Hungar and Hubba, II. 456.
defeats Rasenus, king of the Danes, 463.
confederates with Gregory, king of the Scots, 470.
defeats Gormond, king of the Danes, 488.
Elben Gerentere (Eugene de Garanteres), brings supplies from John II. of France, III. 374.
Eldreid, slays Harold and siezes the crown of England, II. 624.
is slain by Canute, *ib.*
Eleank (Fleance), son of Banquho, escapes at the time of his father's murder to Wales, II. 645.
Eleank—*cont.*
seduces the prince's daughter, by whom he has a son, Walter, 678.
is killed, *ib.*
Elgaryn, governor of Northumberland, gives over the fortresses to Avalassus, and takes his part against Edmund, II. 504.
taken prisoner, and torn to pieces by four wild horses, 506.
Elgone (Elgonus), king of the British, I. 57.
Elrik (Eric), prince of Denmark, invades Buchan, II. 507.
Elynthereus (Eleutherus), the British become Christians during his pontificate, I. 483.
Emangard, Armengard (Emengarde). daughter of the earl of Muntbell (Beaumont), marries William the Lion, III. 37.
her son, Alexander II., bestows Forfar upon her, 74.
Emecus (Hemecus), son of Gathelus, I. 16.
governs Ireland, which he names after his brother Yber, 22.
Emeneus (Hermoneus), youngest son of Metalleus, king of Scots, in Spain, I. 23.
Emma, widow of Eldred, goes to Normandy with her sons Alarud and Edward, II. 626.
Enetus, captain of the Danes, slain by king Malcolm at the battle of Mortlach, II. 599.
Epiacum (Hexham), the chief city of the Brigantes, I. 126.
besieged by Wodicia, 333.
Erroll, in the carse of Gowrie ; the lands bestowed upon the Hays, ancestors of the earls of Erroll, II. 554.
Ethalstone (Athelstan), invades Northumberland and Lothian, II. 361.
is defeated and slain, 365.
Athelstaneford, where he fell, named after him, 365.
Ethalstone (Athelstan), bastard son of king Edward, succeeds his father, II. 496.

Ethelmacus (Fethelmacus), nephew to Carthlyntus, crowned, I. 608.
treasonably slain, 613.
Etheus (Etius), the Roman legate in France, sends Maximian into Britain to assist the Romans, II. 53.
declines to assist the British because of his scant ability to defend himself in France, 91.
Ethfyn, son of Eugenius VII., succeeds Murdo, II. 331.
dies, 333.
Ethodeus, nephew to Mogallus, crowned after the death of his cousin Conarus, I. 455.
engages with Aulus Victorinus, whom he discomfits, 461.
conquers Trebellius, 470.
crushes insurrection in Argyle, 478.
his laws, 480.
murdered, 482.
Ethodeus II., crowned after the death of Donaldus, I. 506.
slain, 506.
Ethodeus, brother of king Eugenius, defeats the Picts, I. 632.
banished to Denmark, 642.
his grandson, Fergus (II.), crowned king of Scotland, II. 31.
Ethorton (Athirco), son of Ethodeus II., crowned, I. 507.
violates the daughters of Nathologus, lord of Argyle, 508.
flees to the Isles, 510.
and slays himself, 511.
Ethus, brother of Constantine, crowned after his death, II. 455.
dies in prison, 457.
Eufred, son of Ethelfred, restored to his kingdom in Northumberland by Cadwallo, II. 303.
marries the daughter of Osric, 303.
renounces Christianity, 304.
defeated by the Christian princes of Albion, and slays himself in prison, 305.
Eugenius, eldest son of Fyncormacus, (erroneously called *the second* of that name), crowned, I. 613.
discomfits Maximus, the Roman legate, 622.
his speech to his army, 628.
is at length conquered by Maximus, and slain, 635.
Eugenius (II.), son of Fergus, crowned, II. 62.
commences his reign by removing the remains of his father to Icolmkill with funeral honours, 63.
makes peace with Maximian, 64.
meets Drustus (Durstus) at Calidone wood, 71.
his speech to the Scots and Picts there, 72.
dies, and is interred in Icolmkill, 107.
Eugenius (III.), prince of Scotland, son of Congallus, comes to assist Arthur, II. 237.
crowned after the death of Conranus, 248.
assists Modred, king of the Picts, against Arthur, 254.
dies, 265.
Eugenius (IV.), son of Aidan, succeeds to the throne on the death of Kynnethus Keir, II. 296.
dies, 298.
Eugenius V., son of Dongarus, succeeds on the death of his uncle Maldowyn, II. 317.
defeats the Saxons, 321.
dies, 323.
Eugenius VI., son of Ferquhard, crowned, II. 323.
dies, 324.
Eugenius VII., succeeds his brother Ambirkeleth, II. 326.
marries Spontana, daughter of Garnardus, king of the Picts, 327.
causes the chronicles of his country to be written, and preserved in Iona, 328.
dies, 330.

Eugenius VIII., son of Murdo, succeeds Ethfyn, II. 333.
on account of his vices, slain, 335.
Europia (Europeia), sister to king Metellanus and wife of Cadallanus, lord of Brigantia, I. 171.
Ewenus, cousin-german of Drustus, crowned after his death, I. 114.
assists the Picts against the British, 116.
builds Ewone (Dunstaffnage), 118.
his excellent character, *ib.*
dies, *ib.*
Ewenus (II.), son of Coranus (Dowallus), and nephew to king Fynnan, crowned king of Scots, I. 121.
marries Siora, daughter of Gethus III., king of the Picts, 127.
conquers Balus, king of Orkney, 129.
builds Inverlochy and Inverness, *ib.*
falls sick after the death of Cadallus, and sends to the Isle of Man for Ederus, 130.
dies, and is interred at Epiacum, 131.
Ewenus (III.), crowned after the death of his father Ederus, I. 165.
his lasciviousness and wicked reign, 166.
institutes the *mercheta mulierum*, *ib.*
is deposed, and murdered in prison, 167.
Ewenus (Evanus), a noble of the Isles, rebels against Constantine, II. 446.
is subdued and hanged, 447.
Ewfame, queen of Robert II., dies, III. 392.
Ewonia (now Dunstaffnage), used as synonymous with Berigone, I. 106.
the Scottish nobility slain there by order of Drustus, 108.

F.

Farchart (Ferquard), king of Ireland, sends his son Fergus with troops to assist the Scots against the Picts and British, I. 35.
Feacreus, second son of Eugenius IV., refuses the crown on the death of his brother Ferquhard, and leads an anchorite's life in France, II. 299.
Feancorus, Sanct, of Meldosens, (St. Feacre of Meaux,) the abbey of, plundered by Henry, III. 513.
Fenanus (Fynnan), king of Scots, crowned after the death of his father Josina, I. 99.
restores idolatry; establishes the Druids in the Isle of Man, 100.
dies, and is interred at Berigone, 102.
Fenella, mother of Cruthlyntus, her residence at Fettercairn, II. 568.
marvellous statue there, by the concealed machinery of which she puts king Kennethus to death, 571.
escapes to Ireland, 572.
Feredeth, chosen king of the Picts after the death of Drostolog, II. 375.
is slain in battle with Alpin, 380.
Feretaris (Feritharis), brother to Fergus I., crowned, I. 49.
renews alliance with the Picts, *ib.*
offers to resign in favour of his nephew, 52.
is slain at his instigation, 54.
Fergus, son of Ferquard, king of Ireland, comes to Scotland, bringing with him the marble stone, I. 35.
is chosen king, 37.
divides the lands among his nobles, 38.
builds the city of Berigone, 40.
drowned on the coast of Ireland on his voyage thither to settle differences between the king and nobles of that country, 41. [According to Boece, *on his return.*]

Fergus (Ferlegus), eldest son of Fergus I., because of his non-age not permitted to succeed to the crown, I. 42.
requests his uncle to resign, 50.
Fergus (II.) son of Fergus (Erthus), the son of Ethodeus, by Rocha, a Danish princess, made captain of the Danes, II. 18.
the greater portion of his navy lost in their voyage to Sicily, 22.
is sent for by the Picts, 24.
comes from Denmark with a large army, 28.
renews peace between the Picts and Scots, 31.
and is crowned by the latter, 31.
holds a council in Argatilium, 39.
defeats Planctius (Placidus), 43.
divides Scotland a second time, and newly names the various districts, 45.
restores religion and builds the abbey of Icolmkill, 46.
with the Picts ravages Westmoreland, 48.
defeats Castius, 51.
defeated by Maximian, and slain, 59.
his body interred in Icolmkill by his son Eugenius II., 63.
Fergus III., son of Ethfyn, succeeds Eugenius VIII., II. 335.
on account of conjugal infidelity murdered by his wife, 336.
who commits suicide, *ib.*
Fergussana (Fergusiana), sister to Achayus, marries Hungus, king of the Picts, II. 359.
Ferquard (Ferqhard), lord of Novantia, son-in-law to Nothatus, excites the council against Dowalus for murder of that king, I. 64.
and flies to the Isles, I. *ib.*
fights with Dowalus at Berigone, and is killed, 72.
Ferquhard, son of Eugenius IV., succeeds his father, II. 299.
his vicious life, 300.
is dethroned, and slays himself in prison, 301.
Ferquhard II., son of the preceding, and nephew of Donewaldus, succeeds his uncle, II. 311.
his abominable life, 312.
dies from the effects of a wolf-bite, having previously repented and been shriven by bishop Colman, 313.
Fethikran (Fotheringham), family come into Scotland, II. 675.
Fettercairn, king Kennethus killed there, II. 571.
Fiendis Cave, the place where king Constantyne was beheaded, so called, II. 455.
Fife, earldom of, first created, II. 664.
earls of, have the privilege of conducting the kings of Scotland to the throne, and crowning them, 665.
also that of leading the vanguard of all armies when the king goes to war, *ib.*
and that no man of their clan shall be tried for his life but by his chief, *ib.*
Flanders, [Philip] earl of, goes with Philip to the Holy Land, III. 47.
Fleming, Robert, rewarded by king Robert Bruce with the lands of Cumbernauld for his faithful services, III. 240.
Fordwy (Fordun), St. Palladius interred there, II. 567.
king Kenneth makes a pilgrimage to his tomb, *ib.*
Forfar, the Danish ships brought there for safety (!) I. 371.
Fothadus, bishop of St. Andrews, mediates between Grime and Malcolm, II. 580.
Francis (St.), founds the order of Grey Friars, III. 73.
they are introduced into Scotland, 97.
Frathaus (Francthaus), a lord of Brigantia, proposes that Feretaris (Feritharis), the brother of Fergus I., shall succeed to the crown, I. 46.
Freris Bryane (Bryan de Jaye), slain by Wallace in the battle of Falkirk, 179.

Frost, great, in reign of William the Lion, when ale sold by weight instead of by measure, III. 61.

Fulgentius, a noble of the blood royal, asserts his right to be crowned king of the British, I. 486.
supported by Donaldus, 488.
defeats Severus, 496.

Fultre (Fulke), Thomas, surrenders Perth, III. 350.

Fyn Makcoule, a great giant, II. 99.

Fyncormacus, cousin of Carthlyntus, crowned, I. 579.
defeats the Romans, 586.
dies, 594.

Fyndocus, eldest son of Ethorton, crowned, I. 523.
suppresses the insurrection of Donald of the Isles, 524.
and of Donald's son, 525.
murdered at the instigation of the latter, 528.

Fynlynus (Cenlin), king of the West Saxons, conquered by Aidan, king of Scots, II. 283.
is slain, 291.

Fynnan, succeeds Aidan as bishop of Northumberland, II. 313.
baptizes Penda, king of Marches (Mercians), 314.
dies, and is succeeded by Colman, 314.

G.

Gadanus, king of Denmark, sends his brothers Hungar and Hubba to assist the Picts against the Scots, II. 448.

Gadwallane (Cadwallo), king of the Britons, restores Eufred to his kingdom in Northumberland, II. 303.

Galanus, king of the Picts, unites with Congallus against Vortigern, II. 128.
is conquered by Hungest, 136.

Galdus, son of Corbredus, crowned, I. 320
attempts, but in vain, to abolish the *mercheta mulierum*, 322.
his speech to his army, 327.
is wounded in an engagement with Petelius, 330.
defends Siluria against Fronticius, 339.
made governor of the Scots and Picts, 365.
his harangue, 377.
engages with Agricola, 382.
attacks and beats the Romans, 395.
and again, 402.
and finally, 408.
dies, 421.

Gallio (Ravennas), sent into Britain by Valentinian, to aid the British, II. 75.
repairs the Roman wall, 76.

Galloway, name of, first introduced in Scotland, II. 664.

Ganus, king of Orkney, carried with his wife and family to Rome by Claudius Cæsar, I. 191.

Garmardus (Garnardus), crowned king of the Picts, 362.
destroys Colenum or Inchcuthell, 368.

Garnardus, king of the Picts, attacks Amberkeleth, II. 325.
his daughter Spontana marries Eugenius VII., 327.

Gathelus, son of Nealus, king of Achaia, goes to Egypt and is welcomed by king Pharaoh, I. 6.
appointed commander-in-chief against the Ethiopians, whom he subdues, 7.
marries Scota, daughter of Pharaoh, 8.
arrives in Spain, 10.
builds Brigantia, now called Compostella, 13.
dies, 20.

Gawane (Walwane), son of Lothus, king of the Picts, II. 221.
slain, 260.

Gayws (Gaius), martyred in the Isle of May, II. 449.

Genissa, a Roman lady, married by Arveragus, I. 193.
confined prematurely, and dies of grief, 214.
Germanus, bishop, brought from France by Vortimer to convert the British II. 169.
brought again by Vter to reconvert them, 205.
enables Vter, by miracle, to defeat the Saxons, 212.
Gervatius (Gervadius), bishop of Moray, II. 369.
Geta, son of Severus, made governor of Britain, I. 493.
Gethus, king of Picts, his daughter married to king Reuthar, I. 66.
is killed at Berigone, 72.
Gifford, family come into Scotland, II. 675.
Gilbert, son of Fergus, lord of Galloway, rebels, and mutilates his brother, III. 31.
defeated by Gilchrist, earl of Angus, *ib.*
Gilbert, a Scottish clerk, defends the liberty of the Scottish church against the pope's legate, III. 33.
rewarded with the bishopric of Caithness, 34, 95.
canonized, *ib.*
Gilder (Gueldres), duke of, comes in support of Edward III., and is defeated by the lord Stewart and earl of Murray, III. 328.
Gildo, general of the Danes, comes from Denmark with an army in support of the Scots and Picts, I. 369.
his meeting with Garmardus, 370.
is slain in battle with the Romans, 386.
Gillecristus (Gilchrist), earl of Angus, defeats Somerled, III. 4.
also Angus, lord of Galloway, 12.
defeated by Gildo in Morayshire, 13.
married to the sister of William the Lion, 21.
whom he hangs for suspected adultery, 36.
Gillecristus—*cont.*
flies to England, but returns to Scotland, where he supports himself as a common labourer, 37.
is found by Alexander making "dykes," 41.
who forgives him, 44.
bestows his property on Arbroath abbey, and dies, 45.
Gillelmus *alias* Gilmoure, brother of king Achaius, goes as his ambassador to Charlemagne, II. 354.
his valiant deeds in Italy, and restoration of Florence, 357.
founds fifteen abbeys on the continent, conditionally, that their abbots shall always be Scotsmen, 358.
Gillespie, ravages the north and burns Inverness, III. 93.
is defeated by John Cuming, earl of Buchan, who beheads him and his two sons, 94.
Gillus, bastard son of Ewenus, kills the latter's two lawful sons, I. 119.
promises to give the Isles of Scotland to the princes of Ireland on condition of their supporting him to regain his assumed crown, 120.
invades and ravages Islay, *ib.*
Glacianus, archbishop, II. 369.
Glammis, king Malcolm murdered there, II. 619.
Glamoir, Glomorens (Gloucester), the earl of, reproves Edward for his unjust decision against Bruce, III. 144.
warns the latter of Edward's designs, 197.
killed at Bannockburn, 237.
Glasgow, cathedral of, completed by William (de Bondington), bishop of that see, III. 110.
Glassinbery (Glastonbury), angelic visitors there on the evening before the battle of Bannockburn, III. 238.
Glassingawe, Hew (Hugh Cressingham), appointed governor of Scotland by Edward, III. 159.
slain at Stirling by Wallace, 165.

Glodanus (Glodianus), martyred in the Isle of May, II. 449.
Godefryde, son of Cithricus, II. 494.
Godfrid, erle of Antigaif (Godfrey, earl of Anjou), marries Matilda, daughter of Henry I. and widow of the emperor Henry, II. 710.
Godowyn (Godwin), marries Canute's daughter, II. 661.
poisons Alarud (Alfred), brother of Edmund Ironside, *ib.*
is pardoned by Edward, 662.
is choked while in the act of perjury, 663.
Godric, bishop of St. Andrews, crowns Edgar, II. 696.
Godwyn, Goldowe (Gildo), rebels in Moray, III. 12.
defeats Gilchrist, earl of Angus, but is subsequently vanquished and slain, 13.
Gordon, name of, first introduced in Scotland, II. 664.
Gormond, king of the Danes, defeated by Eldred, II. 488.
Gothlous (Gothlois), lord of Cornwall leaves the field because Nathaleodus is preferred to the captaincy over him, II. 199.
his wife debauched by Vter, and himself put to death, 203.
Gothra Bullen (Godfrey of Bouillon), made king of Jerusalem, II. 698.
Grampione (Grampians), a great hunting by the Scots and Picts there, I. 542.
the Pictish lords steal king Carthlyntus' best hound, 543.
which causes a deadly battle between the nations, 545.
Gratianus, emperor, slain by Maximus, II. 6.
Gregory (son of Dongallus), crowned after the death of Etheus, II. 457.
besieges and takes Berwick, 460.
vanquishes Harduntus, 462.
defeats Constantine, king of the British, at Lochmaben, 467.
confederates with Herbert, king of the British, 469.
Gregory—*cont.*
and with Eldred, king of Suffolk, 470.
goes to Ireland to revenge the invasion of Galloway by the Irish, 472.
takes Dongard and Pontus, 476.
besieges Dublin, 479.
which is surrendered to him, 481.
his solemn entry therein; appointed tutor to Duncan the youthful king of Ireland, and all the fortresses of that country given in pledge to him, 484.
dies, 485.
Gremus (Grime), on the death of Constantine, assumes the crown, II. 577.
lays a plot to slay the lords who reprove his misconduct, which fails, 583.
defeated by Malcolm, and dies, 586.
Gryme (Graham), attacks and discomfits the workmen employed in repairing the Roman wall, II. 37.
which he destroys, and it is named after him, 79.
Gualo, cardinal, an avaricious and simonaical prelate, supports John in his extortionate tyranny, III. 78.
lays Scotland under interdict, 86.
the Scottish clergy appeal against him to the pope, who mulcts him properly, 90.
Guanora, queen of Arthur, after his death kept prisoner in Dun-bervy, where she dies, and is interred at Meigle, II. 261.
Guitilyn [Gwitell], prince of Cambria, slain in battle with Congallus and Galanus, II. 132.
Guyderus (Guiderius), son of Kymbalan, succeeds his father, I. 172.
rebels against the Romans, 173.
sends a herald to Caractacus for aid against the Romans, 176.
defeated by Plantius, and slain, 184.
Guytillene (Guitellinus), bishop of London, sent ambassador to Androan, king of Brittany, II. 111.

H.

Haddington abbey, founded by Adama, mother of William the Lion, III. 35.
Haddington, the White Church of, pillaged by the navy of Edward III., III. 377.
miraculous punishments in consequence, 377, 378.
Hailstorm, great, on Midsummer day, and extraordinary darkness in the following September, in the time of William the Lion, III. 34.
Hamiltons (originally Hamptoun), their beginning in Scotland, III. 259.
Harbert (Herbert), succeeds his brother Constantine as king of the British, II. 467.
a confederacy between him and Gregory, king of the Scots, 469.
Hardrustan, brother of Hargustus, attacks the Picts, and is defeated, I. 652.
Harfordus, official of Glasgow, seized and imprisoned by Twynam, III. 285.
Hargustus, king of the Picts, crowned, I. 610.
honours the relics of St. Andrew, 616.
subdued by the Romans, and from grief slays himself, II. 11.
Hart, a marvellous one killed at the hunting of king Conranus in Atholl, II. 192.
Hay, and his two sons, gain the field of Luncarty, II. 550.
are rewarded with the lands of Erroll, and are ancestors of the earls of that name, 554.
Heirdecanutus (Hardyknute), succeeds his brother Harefoot, II. 660.
his excessive tyranny, *ib.*
slays himself, 661.
Heirduntus (Herduntus), Danish leader, vanquished by Gregory, II. 462.
Heldoll, the only Briton who escapes from the massacre at Salisbury, II. 176.
Henry, son of David I., marries Adama, daughter of the earl of Warren, II. 708.
dies, 718.
Henry I., king of England, marries Matilda, sister of Edgar, II. 699.
his three children drowned on their voyage from France, 706.
Henry (II.), son of Matilda, marries Eleanor of Picardy (Poitou), comes to England to support his mother's rights, II. 718.
is knighted at Carlisle by his uncle, David I., 722.
requires homage from Malcolm IV., III. 5.
and from William the Lion, 17.
does penance for the murder of St. Thomas à Becket, 28.
dies, 46.
Henry (III.), son of John, crowned by cardinal Gualo, III. 84.
invades Scotland, taking Berwick and ravaging the country as far as Haddington, 86.
his sister Jane marries Alexander II., 93.
Henry IV., crowned, III. 460.
invades Scotland, 471.
his humanity, 472.
Henry V. marries Katharine, daughter of Charles VI., III. 503.
takes James, prince of Scotland, with him to France, 508.
plunders the abbey of St. Feacre of Meaux, 513.
dies, 514.
Heraclius, sent by the emperor Honorius against Victoryne, II. 41.
Herald (Harold), son of earl Godwin, by the daughter of Canute, made duke of Oxford by Edward, the Confessor, II. 662.
crowned, 670.
marries the daughter of the duke of Normandy, whom he shamefully abuses, 671.
and is killed by William, 672.

Herald (Harold), earl of Caithness, puts out the eyes of the bishop of Caithness, III. 58.
is hanged, and all his followers castrated, 59.
Heraldus (Harold), second son of Sueno, king of England, slain by Eldred, II. 624.
Heraldus (Harold), surnamed Harefoot, son of Canute, succeeds his father, II. 659.
reigns only two years, 660.
Herculeus, a Roman legate, slain by Octaveus, lord of Tegen, I. 580.
Hiltamis (John of Eltham), burns the church of Lesmahago with a thousand people in it, III. 338.
killed by his brother, Edward III., in the church of Perth, 339.
Hircius, the Roman procurator in Britain, slain, I. 567.
Hobell (Hoel), chief of the Armoricans, assists Arthur against Occa, II. 223.
Homyltoun (Homildon) Hill, battle of where the Scots are defeated, III. 480.
Honan, earl of Gloucester, slain at the siege of Toulouse, III. 7.
Honorius (III.), pope, sends a legate [Ægidius] to Scotland, to collect money for war with the Turks, of which he obtains a considerable sum, and under the pretext of being robbed by brigands, returns penniless to Rome, III. 92.
Hubba, brother of the king of Denmark, sent by him to aid the Picts, II. 448.
killed, 456.
Hubert (De Burgh), grand justiciary of England, marries the sister of Alexander II., III. 93.
Hugh, bishop of Durham, induces Henry II. to restore Edinburgh castle to William the Lion, III. 37.
Hungar, brother of Gadanus, king of Denmark, sent by him to aid the Picts, II. 448.
killed, 456.
Hungast (Hengist), with his brother Orsa, come from Saxony to assist Wortigern, II. 133.
defeats Galanus, king of the Picts, 136.
obtains the district of Lindsey, in Lincolnshire, for his followers to settle in, 144.
is defeated by Vortimer, and flees to Saxony, 169.
returns after Vortimer's death, 171.
meets Vortigern at Salisbury, and takes him prisoner, causing the British to be slain treasonably, 176.
attacked by Aurelius Ambrosius, with the Scots and Picts, and slain by the hand of Aurelius, 186.
Hungus, king of the Picts, declines alliance with Charlemagne, II. 353.
defeats Athelstan, 365.
builds the church of St. Andrew, and munificently endows it, in gratitude for his victory, 367.
by reason of age and infirmity resigns the crown to his son Dorstolog, and dies, 369.
Huntlyngtoun (Huntingdon), the heiress of, marries David, brother of Alexander I., II. 705.
David, brother of William the Lion, created earl, III. 47.
goes with Richard I. to the Holy Land, *ib.*
takes Acre through the treachery of Oliver, 50.
wrecked on the coast of Egypt, 52.
lands after many storms near Dundee, 53.
founds the abbey of Lindoris, 55.
with his brother, king William, visits Richard I. on his return from captivity, 56.
dies, 91.

I.

Ilinthear (Thara), king of the Picts, slain, I. 224.
Inchcolm, the abbey of, plundered by the English, III. 326.
and again, 336.
the church set on fire by one of the navy of Richard II., but miraculously preserved, 407.
the incendiary goes mad, *ib.*
Indulphus, son of Constantine III., succeeds to the crown on the death of Malcolm, II. 503.
slain by an arrow in battle with the Danes, 509.
Ingell, earl of Gower (Ingelram de Couci), his daughter marries Alexander II., III. 100.
Innocent III., pope, lays England under interdict, III. 71.
Irish, ten thousand, come to aid the Scots against Maximus, and are defeated, I. 654.
the rest of their countrymen are glad to make peace with him, *ib.*
invade Galloway, II. 471.
and again, III. 417.
Isobel, youngest daughter of William the Lion, betrothed to the son of king John, III. 63.
is married to the earl of Norfolk, 99.

J.

Jakis Stro (Jack Straw), his insurrection, III. 404.
James I., while prince of Scotland, taken prisoner in England, III. 493.
taken to France by Henry V., 508.
plays at "the catche," 509.
his wise reply to the request of Henry, 510.
returns from France, 520.
marries Joanna Beaufort, *ib.*
James I.—*cont.*
is crowned, 522.
executes justice in Inverness, 526.
and over Scotland, 533.
completes the cathedral of St. Andrews, 538.
introduces organs into Scotland, 540.
visits a woman of great longevity in Kinnoull, who had known Bruce and Wallace, 540.
founds the charterhouse at Perth, 546.
his daughter marries the dauphin of France, 553.
murdered at Perth, 558.
his character, 559.
execution of the murderers, 561.
Jane (Joan), sister of Henry III., marries Alexander II., III. 93.
dies in England, 99.
Jerome, St., II. 23.
Joan, queen of David II., dies in England, III. 386.
Joanna, daughter of the earl of Somerset, marries James I., III. 520.
is delivered of twins, 537.
John, clerk, one of the embassy to Charlemagne, II. 354.
a founder of the university of Paris, 356.
John, bishop of St. Andrews, sent as ambassador to pope Alexander (III.), III. 35.
John, succeeds his brother, Richard I., on the throne of England, III. 59.
makes peace with William the Lion, 63.
quarrels with pope Innocent III., 70.
reconciled by Philip (Pandulph), 72.
his great avarice and extortion, 75.
dies, 82.
John II., of France, taken prisoner by Richard, prince of Wales, and sent to England, III. 379.
dies there, 385.
Josina, crowned king of Scots after the death of his brother Thereus, I. 92.
dies, and is interred at Berigone, 99.

Julius Cæsar, first comes into Britain, I. 140.
gives battle to Cassibelan and is discomfited, 144.
his harangue to his army, 146.
leaves Britain, B.C. 60 ; 148.
returns from France and conquers Cassibelan, 153.
sends a herald to Ederus, 155.
and again, 158.
goes to suppress insurrections in France, 163.
Julius Fronticius (Frontinus), sent into Britain, I. 335.
attempts to subdue Siluria, 338.
loses his health, and returns to Italy, 342.
Jurmaurik (Jurminrik), king of the Saxons, II. 265.
dies, 280.

K.

Kenneth II., crowned after the death of his father Alpin, II. 389.
his device to induce his nobles to make war with the Picts, 395.
defeats Drusken their king, 400.
his speech to the latter, 407.
and address to his own army, 408.
defeats Drusken, 412.
besieges Camelidone, 417.
which he utterly destroys, 423.
dies, 425.
Kennethus, son of Feredeth, crowned after the death of his brother Brudus, II. 382.
flies from the field, and is slain by a shepherd, 383.
Kennethus, son of Malcolm, and cousin to Duffus, crowned after the death of Calenus, II. 536.
his excellent sway, 537.
summons a council at Scone, 538.
his address to his nobles, 540.
executes justice on offenders at Perth, 544.
Kennethus—*cont.*
defeats the Danes at Luncarty, 552.
causes the heir-apparent, Malcolm Duff, prince of Cumberland, to be poisoned, in order that his own son may succeed to the throne, 557.
receives an ambassador from Edward the Martyr, 559.
a vision appears to him, 565.
goes on a pilgrimage to the tomb of St. Palladius at Fordun, 567.
killed by Fenella's singular statue at Fettercairn, 571.
Kennethus, natural brother to Malcolm, prince of Cumberland, resists Constantyne at Stirling bridge, II. 574.
they are mutually slain at Cramond, 576.
Keyth, kills Camus, the Danish admiral, at Barrie ; ancestor of the earls marshall of Scotland, II. 607.
Kilflos, or Flour Kirk (the church of flowers), built on the spot where king Duffus was interred after his murder, II. 531.
Kinloss abbey, built on the site of the church of Kilflos, II. 531.
Kinloss, king Malcolm wounded at the battle there, II. 595.
Kirkpatrick, Roger, makes sure the death of Cuming, III. 199.
Kneus (Cneius Sentius), sent by Claudius Cæsar into Britain, I. 174.
Kneutus, *v.* Canutus.
Kymbalan (Cymbeline), king of the British, receives an ambassador from Augustus Cæsar, I. 169.
succeeded by his son Guyderus, 172.
Kynnatill, youngest son of Congallus, king of Scots, II. 191.
resigns the crown in favour of his brother Aidan, and dies, 273.
Kynnethus Keir, son of Convallus, crowned after the death of Aidan, II. 295.
dies, *ib.*
Kynricus (Kenrik), comes from Germany with Terdix to assist Occa, II. 206.

L.

Labiane (Labienus), the Roman legate in France, I. 162.
Lamby, sir John, *v.* Aldbrig.
Lauchlat (Luthlat), son of Macbeth, obtains himself to be crowned at Scone, II. 665.
his faction suppressed and himself slain by Macduff, earl of Fife, 666.
Lauder, name of, first introduced in Scotland, II. 664.
Leicester, David, earl of, governs Scotland during the captivity of his brother William, III. 29.
sends an embassy to Henry in France for the redemption of his brother, 29.
Leirmond, name of, first introduced in Scotland, II. 664.
Leirmonth, Thomas, called the Rhymer, prophecies the death of Alexander III., III. 136.
Lelgothe, one of Fergus' nobles, receives the lands named after himself Lelgone, now Lennox, I. 39.
Lennox, earldom, first created, II. 664.
Leslie, name of, first introduced in Scotland, II. 664.
Lesmahago, church of, burnt by John of Eltham, III. 338.
Lesmorens (Lismore), erected into a bishopric by William I., III. 65.
Libertoun, name of, first introduced in Scotland, II. 664.
Liburne (Lilburn), Sir John, taken prisoner (by Stewart said to have been *killed*), III. 396.
Lincluden, because of the vicious lives of the nuns therein, made a collegiate church by the earl of Douglas, III. 471.
Livius (Titus), chosen governor by the Romans in room of Cneo, I. 400.
Lochmaben, Constantine, king of the British, defeated and slain there, II. 467.
Logy, Margaret, daughter to Sir John Logy marries David II., III. 386.
is divorced from him, 387.
Lokart (Lockhart), name of, first introduced in Scotland, II. 664.
Loncardy (Luncarty), defeat of the Danes there, II. 552.
Loncastell, earl of (John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster), invades Scotland, III. 406.
Lothus, king of Picts, unites with Aurelius Ambrosius against Hengist, and leads the vanguard on the day of victory, II. 185.
marries Anna, eldest sister of Aurelius Ambrosius, 189.
applies to Conranus, king of Scots, for assistance against Vter, but is refused, 209.
claims the crown of Britain, which is given to Arthur, 221.
dies, 251.
Lotorth (Lutorth), one of Fergus' nobles, receives the lands named after himself Lugia, now Ross, I. 38.
Lovell, family come into Scotland, II. 675.
Lucius, king of the British, sends to pope Eleutherus, and, with all his people, receives Christianity, I. 483.
dies, 485.
Lues (Louis, son of Philip Augustus), lands in England, III. 79.
crosses with Alexander II. to Boulogne, 81.
sends to him for assistance in his crusade, 103.
is captured by the Soldan, *ib.*
Lues (Louis), dauphin of France, marries Margaret, daughter of James I., III. 553.
Lugtatus, son of Galdus, crowned, I. 421.
slain on account of his wickedness, 423.
Lumfanane (Lumphanan), Macbeth slain by Macduff there, II. 657.
Lundoris (Lindores), abbey, founded by David, earl of Huntingdon, III. 55.

Lupus, bishop, brought from France by Vortimer to convert the British, II. 169.
Lyndesay, James, of Glenesk, made earl (baron) of Crawfurd by Robert II., III. 392.
slays John Lyon, lord of Glammis, 403.
Lyndsay, family come into Scotland, II. 675.
Lyndsay, James, murders Roger Kirkpatrick, III. 381.
Lyndsay, of Wauchope, takes Matthew Redman prisoner, III. 432.
Lyon, John, lord of Glammis, slain by James Lyndesay, earl of Crawfurd, III. 403.

M.

MacGlawus, his insurrection suppressed, II. 679.
Mahomeit (Mahomet), dies, II. 311.
Makcarius (Machar), St., II. 340.
Makcobey (Macbeth), grandson of Malcolm II. by his second daughter, leads the vanguard at the battle of Culross, II. 627.
knocks the drunken Danes on the head, 632.
with Banquho, defeats them at Kinghorn, 635.
meets the witches with him, 636.
his wife persuades him to murder Duncan, 639.
which he does, 640.
and is crowned in his stead, 641.
governs the kingdom efficiently, and crushes the rebel Makgallus, 643.
treacherously murders Banquho, 644.
builds Dunsinnane castle, 646.
murders Macduff's wife and children, 648.
is slain by him, 657.
Makdonald, Banus, lord of Tyree, rebels against king Solwatheus, II. 337.
defeated and slain, 338.
Makdonald of Ross, his horrible cruelty, III. 535.
put to death, 536.
Makdould, rebels against king Duncan in Lochaber, and slays Malcolm, II 622.
kills his own wife and children, and then himself, while besieged by Macbeth, 623.
who cuts off his head and sends it to the king at Perth, 623.
Makduff, thane of Fife, flies from Macbeth to Malcolm Canmore, II. 647.
his wife and children slain by Macbeth, 648.
prevails on Malcolm to take the field against Macbeth, 654.
who is slain by Macduff at Lumphanan, 657.
created earl of Fife, 664.
slays Luthlat, 666.
Makduncan, his insurrection in Morayshire suppressed, II. 680.
Malcolm, son of Donald V., succeeds to the throne of Scotland on the resignation of Constantyne, II. 498.
peace concluded between him and Athelstan, 501.
is murdered, 502.
Malcolm, son of Kennethus, made prince of Cumberland, II. 563.
defeats Grime, 586.
is crowned, 587.
wounded at the battle of Kinloss, 595.
kills their captain, Enethus, and defeats the Danes at Mortlach, 600.
and again at Barrie, 605.
engages with Canutus at Cruden, and defeats him, 611.
builds a church there to St. Olave, *ib.*
calls a convocation of the clergy at Perth, 614.
and a council at Scone, *ib.*
builds a church at Mortlach in honour of St. Moloc, 616.
is murdered at Glammis, 619.

Malcolm III. (Canmore), made prince of Cumberland by his father Duncan, II. 637.
after his murder, takes refuge in Cumberland, 641.
seeks the protection of Edward in England, 647.
is crowned, 663.
a conspiracy to kill him while hunting defeated by his coolness and courage, 667.
marries Margaret, Edgar's sister, 674.
rebuilds the cathedral of Durham, 683.
erects the church of Dunfermline, where the kings of Scotland subsequently interred, 684.
besieges Alnwick, and is slain there, 687.
Malcolm IV. (the Maiden), grandson of David I., declared prince of Scotland, II. 721.
crowned after the death of David, III. 3.
renders homage to Henry, under protest, 6.
goes to France with him against Louis VI., 7.
founds the abbey of St. Andrews, 15.
and of Cupar, 16.
dies, *ib.*
Malcolm, the king's lieutenant in Lochaber, slain by Makdouald, II. 622.
Maldowyn (Malduin), son of Donewaldus, succeeds Ferquhard II., II. 315.
is murdered by his wife, who is burnt for her crime, 317.
Man, the Isle of, submits to Bruce, III. 219.
Mangnes (Magnus), king of Norway, occupies the Scottish isles, II. 694.
Manlius (Manlius Valens), commands the Roman forces after the death of Ostorius, I. 268.
defeated by the Picts, 269.
Mar, Alexander Stewart, earl of, defeats Donald, lord of the Isles, at Harlaw, III. 496.
dies, 548.
his character, 549.
Mar, earldom, first created, II. 664.
Mar, name of, first introduced in Scotland, II. 664.
Marble stone, the, on which the kings of Scotland were in use to be crowned, brought by Simon Brek from Spain to Ireland, I. 26.
and by Fergus to Scotland, 35.
Margaret, sister of Edgar, marries Malcolm III., II. 674.
her virtuous deeds and death, 688.
miracle attending the translation of her relics, III, 106.
Margaret, sister to Malcolm IV., marries Florence, earl of Holland, III. 14.
Margaret, eldest daughter of William the Lion, betrothed to the son of king John, III. 63.
Margaret, daughter of Henry III., marries Alexander III., III. 109.
dies, 133.
Mowbray, sir Philip, refuses the bribe of Edward Bruce to surrender Stirling castle to him, III. 220.
Margaret, daughter of Alexander III., betrothed to Hungo, prince of Norway, III. 124.
dies, 133.
Margaret, the Maiden of Norway, dies, III. 139.
Margaret, daughter of James I., marries the dauphin of France, III. 553.
Maria, youngest sister of Edgar, marries Eustace, earl of Boulogne, II. 699.
dies, 706.
Marius, marries the daughter of Voada; Westmoreland named after him, I. 314.
sends to assist the Romans against Galdus, 406.
Marjory, daughter of king Robert Bruce, marries the lord steward of Scotland, III. 241.
Marling (Merlin), II. 221.
Martach, one of Fergus' nobles, receives the lands of Mar, Lochaber, &c., I. 39.
Martin, St., II. 23.

Martius, the Roman legate, sent into Britain by Theodosius, II. 9.
is slain by Gratiane, 26.
Matilda, sister of Edgar, marries Henry Beauclerk, II. 699.
called "the good queen," 699.
dies, 706.
Matilda, daughter of the preceding, marries the emperor Henry, II. 706.
returns to England after her husband's death, 710.
marries Godfrey, earl of Anjou, 710.
her rights defended by David I., 712.
comes to England against Stephen, 717.
Maule, family come into Scotland, II. 675.
Mauritius, abbot of Inchaffray, says mass before the battle of Bannockburn, III. 229.
Mawnis (Magnus), king of Norway, resigns the Isles to Alexander III. for payment of a yearly sum, III. 124.
his son, Hungo (Hannego), betrothed to Margaret, Alexander's daughter, *ib.*
Maximian, sent into Britain by Etheus (Etius), II. 53.
defeats the Scots and Picts at York, 58.
assumes the crown of Britain, 61.
marries Otilia (Othilia), youngest (*eldest*) daughter of Deonethus, 62.
makes peace with Eugenius II., 64.
and is crowned in London, 65.
subdues Armorica, and unsuccessfully lays siege to Radone (Rennes), *ib.*
which he afterwards takes, and makes Conan king of Brittany, 68.
Maximus, sent by Constantius into Britain, defeats the British, I. 600.
forms alliance with Hargustus, the king of the Picts, 619.
discomfited by Eugenius, 622.
who is, in turn, vanquished and slain, 635.
expels all the clergy from Scotland, 649.
holds a council at York, and divides Scotland between the British and the Picts, II. 4.
Maximus—*cont.*
is crowned emperor in London, 4.
successfully resists Valentinian, 5.
invades France and Germany, and is slain by Theodosius, 6.
Maxwell, family come into Scotland, II. 675.
May, the Isle of, the Scottish clergy take refuge there, and are martyred by the Danes, II. 449.
Maynus, youngest son of Fergus I., crowned at Berigone after the death of his uncle Feritharis, and flight of his elder brother Ferligus, I. 55.
his death, 57.
Meden, bishop, in Scotland, II. 190, 369.
Meldrum, name of, first introduced in Scotland, II. 664.
Melletus, St. (Mellitus), sent by pope Gregory, with St. Augustine, to preach the faith in England, II. 293.
Melrose abbey, pillaged by the English under Edward II., and horrible sacrilege committed, III. 254.
Menteith, earldom, first created, II. 664.
Menzies, name of, first introduced in Scotland, II. 664.
Mernacus (Mernancus), lord of Caithness, routs the Danes, II. 608.
Mernis (the Mearns), the district so called, named after Merninus, an officer in the army of Kenneth II., II. 415.
Metalleus (Metellius), king of Scots, in Spain, I. 22.
Metaselus (Nathasyll), king of Scots, in Ireland, I. 27.
Metellanus, nephew to Ederus, crowned after the death of Ewenus III., I. 168.
endeavours, but unsuccessfully, to abrogate the *mercheta mulierum*, 168.
sends a gold crown to Augustus Cæsar, 170.
our Saviour born in the tenth year of his reign, 171.
dies, *ib.*
Methven, the thane of, slays king Culenus for debauching his daughter, II. 535.

Modan, bishop, in Scotland, II, 190, 639.
Modred, son of Lothus, king of the Picts, II. 221.
goes, with his father-in law, Guallanus, and Eugenius, to assist Arthur, 237.
slain, 260.
Mogallus, nephew of Lugtatus, crowned, I. 424.
defeats the Romans under Lucius Antonius, 436.
his wicked character, 444.
is slain, 446.
Moloc, St., buried with St. Boniface in Rosemarky, II. 299.
a chapel at Mortlach dedicated in his honour, 598, 616.
Monanus, archdeacon of St. Andrews, martyred in the Isle of May, II. 449.
Montrose, besieged and destroyed by the Danes, II. 546.
Monymusk, the barony of, given to St. Andrews by Malcolm III., II. 680.
Moravians, the, come from Germany into Scotland; Morayshire named after them, I. 297.
Moray, earldom, first created, II. 664.
Mungo, St. (Kentigern), bishop of Glasgow, his meeting with St. Columba there, II. 270.
Murdo (Mordocus), nephew of Eugenius VII., succeeds his uncle, II. 331.
founds the abbey of Whithern, *ib.*
dies, *ib.*
Murdo, duke (Murdoch Stewart, earl of Fife and Menteith), governor of Scotland, his vacillating character and unruly sons, III. 517.
brings back prince James from France, 520.
beheaded with his sons, 525.
Mure, Elizabeth, first wife of Robert II., III. 390.
Murkthetus (Murketus), grandson of Gillus, ravages the Isles, is captured, and put to death by Cadallanus, I. 164.
Murray, John Randolph, earl of, defeats Edward Baliol at Annan, III. 299.
Murray, John Randolph, earl of,—*cont.*
goes to France to seek aid from Philip VI., 303.
returns, 323.
compels David, earl of Atholl, to swear fealty to David II., 324.
taken prisoner, 330.
Murray, Thomas Randell (Randolph), earl of, captures Edinburgh castle, III. 219.
his gallant behaviour at Bannockburn, 226.
recovers Berwick, 246.
made governor of Scotland during the authority of David II., 272.
his excellent laws, 273.
is poisoned by an English friar, 280.
Murthelagh (Mortlach), king Malcolm defeats the Danes there, II. 600.
builds a church in honour of St. Moloc, 616.
a bishop's seat, 616.
Myretoun, name of, first introduced in Scotland, II, 664.

N.

Narmyn (Nairne), the castle besieged by the Danes, II. 593.
and taken, 596.
Nathologus, lord of Argyle, his daughters violated by Ethorton, I. 508.
his speech to the lords, 512.
is chosen king, 514.
employs a man to slay Dorus, 515.
pursued by his lords for his tyranny, takes refuge in Morayshire, 518.
sends to consult a witch in Iona, 519.
is slain, 521.
Natolay, Natholoy (Nathaliodus), a person of low origin, made captain of the British, II. 198.
Nausica (Cæsius Nasica), enters Brigantia, I. 274.

Nealus, king of Achchaya (Achaia), I. 6.
Nectanus, king of the Picts, enters Scotland to revenge the death of his cousin Romacus, I. 602.
is slain, 607.
Nectanus, king of the Picts, brother of the preceding, defeated by the Scots, 609.
and slain, 610.
Ninian, St., builds the church of Whitherne in Gallia (Galloway), II. 23.
Nisbet, in the Merse, battle of, III. 479.
Nothatus, brother of Dornadilla, crowned during the nonage of his nephew Reuthar, I. 60.
his vicious character, 60.
slain by Dowalus, lord of Brigantia, 62.
Novantius, one of Fergus' nobles, receives the lands named after himself, Novantia, now Lorne and Cantyre, I. 39.

O.

Occa, son of Hengist, comes from Saxony with ten thousand men, II. 157.
defeated by the Scots and Picts, 167.
returns with his father to Saxony, 169.
defeated by Aurelius Ambrosius, 187.
returns from Saxony on hearing of his sickness, 193.
defeats Vter, king of the British, 199.
agree to divide Britain between them, 201.
vanquished in turn by Vter, through the miraculous aid of Germanus, and slain, 212.
Occa, nephew of the preceding, crowned, II. 214.
defeated by Arthur, 223.
and again, 233.
flees to Saxony, 234.
Octaveus, lord of Tegen, defeated by Traherus, I. 581.
breaks his engagement with the Scots and the Picts, 589.
Octaveus, lord of Tegen—*cont.*
is defeated by Traherus, and flies to Norway, 590.
returns after the death of Traherus, 592.
and becomes tributary to the Romans, 594.
dies, 601.
Octaveus, son of the preceding, crowned king of the British, II. 8.
becomes tributary to the Romans, 9.
Oden (Odo), earl of Kent, invades Northumberland, II. 676.
Odomarus, Odomeir of Valityne, (Aylmer de Valence), appointed governor of Scotland by Edward I., III. 194.
defeats Bruce, 203.
Odoneill (O'Donnell), prince of Ireland, sends the head of Donald Balloch to James I., III. 533.
Oenus, king of the British, expels the Scots and Picts, I. 74.
besieges and takes Berigone, 76.
Olifer, sir William, defends Stirling against Edward I., III. 190.
on its surrender is taken prisoner to England, 191.
Oliver, a Scotchman, admits the earl of Huntingdon into Acre, III. 50.
Ordulus (Ordulucium, now Berwick-upon-Tweed), ravaged by the Romans, I. 263.
who are slain by the Picts, 263.
Orliance (Orleans), the maiden of (Jeanne d'Arc), III. 515.
Organs, first introduced into Scotland by James I., III. 540.
Organus, accuses Edgar of treason, and is slain in single combat by a friend of the accused, II. 690.
Osbret, king of England, defeats and captures Donald, II. 432.
makes a coinage in Stirling, called thereafter Stirling money, and builds a bridge across the Forth there, 441.
is killed by the Danes, 456.

Osric, king of Northumberland, with his son-in-law, Eufred, renounces Christianity, II. 303.
is defeated in battle, and slays himself in prison, 305.
Ostorius (Ostorius Scapula), sent by Claudius into Britain, to succeed Plantius, I. 244.
defeats the British, 245.
and Caractacus, 250.
defeated by the Picts, 265.
dies, 267.
Oswald, brother of Eufred, made king of all Northumberland, II. 306.
his virtuous life, *ib.*
restores Christianity, *ib.*
defeated by Penda, king of the Mercians, and dies, 310.
Othila (Attila), king of the Huns, causes St. Ursula and her companions to be put to death, II. 70.
Otilia (Othilia), youngest (*eldest*) daughter of Deonethus, marries Maximian, II. 62.
Otholyn (Fifeshire), the lord's daughter marries Argadus, I. 452.
called Fife, after Fife Duff, a commander in the army of Kenneth II., II. 415.
Otterburn, battle of, III. 426.

P.

Paladinus (St. Palladius), sent by pope Celestine to Scotland, II. 100.
Paris, the university founded there by John and Clement, clerks, *temp.* Charlemagne, II. 356.
"Parliament, the Black," III. 250.
Pas-Alpyne, or Pitelpe, the place where king Alpin was beheaded, so called, II. 388.
Passingius (Pessentius), son of Hengist, comes with his brother Occa into Britain, II. 193.
Patrik (St. Patrick), sent by pope Celestine to Ireland, II. 100.
Pechtis (Picts), the, intermarry with the Scots, I. 30.
unite with them against the British, II. 74.
whom they conquer and make their tributaries, 98.
Peebles, part of the holy cross found there, and a house of Trinitarian friars (called erroneously by the author *White* friars) founded by Alexander III. to commemorate the event, III. 108.
Penda, king of the Merches (Mercians), defeats Oswald, king of Northumberland, II. 310.
baptized by Fynnan, 314.
Percy, Henry, earl of Northumberland, his army scared at Dunse by a singular device, III. 396.
Percy, Henry (Hotspur), encounters the earl of Douglas at Newcastle, III. 421.
made prisoner at Otterburn, 430.
with the earl of March defeats the Scots at Homildon, 481.
besieges Coklawis castle in vain, 484.
slain at the battle of Shrewsbury, 487.
Percy, Henry, son of Hotspur, comes with his grandfather to Scotland and resides with Walter Traill [Henry Wardlaw], bishop of St. Andrews, III. 488.
Perdix (Terdix), comes with Kenrik from Germany to assist Occa, II. 206.
Perthus, a noble individual, gives lands to Bartha, which is named after him Perth, III. 67.
Pertinax, sent into Britain, I. 475.
held in favour by king Lucius, *ib.*
returns to Rome, 476.
Petelius (Petilius Cerialis), the Roman legate, comes into Britain, I. 323.
dies in Trynovant, 325.
Petus (Pætus Cerialis), succeeds Suetonius in command, I. 293

Phelan (Fillan), St., miracle of his arm on the eve of Bannockburn, III. 228.
Phelidelff (Ptolemy Philidelphus), king of Egypt, sends into Scotland towards the formation of his cosmography, I. 88.
Philip (Pandulph), the pope's deacon, reconciles king John and his holiness, III. 72.
Philip, king of France, goes to the Holy Land, III. 47.
besieges Ptolomey (Acre), 48.
Philip VI., of France, receives David II. and his queen, III. 298.
sends an embassy to him in order to divert Edward from the siege of Calais, 362.
Picardy, formerly called Morina, I. 181.
Pitillo (Robert), called, on account of his victories in Gascony, the "*petit roi*," III. 517.
Planctius (Placidus), left by Heraclius in command of Britain, II. 42.
defeated, and chased to York, by Fergus, 43.
dies, 48.
Planctus, Plantius (Aulus Plantius), sent by Claudius Cæsar into Britain, with Cneius Sentius, I. 174.
defeats Guyderus, 175.
their hostilities are renewed, 183.
again defeats Guyderus, who is killed, 184.
appointed governor of Britain by Claudius, 188.
goes to Kent to suppress insubordination there, 196.
his letter to Claudius, complaining of the British, 215.
gives battle to Caractacus, and defeats him, 235.
takes Caracone, 236.
dies at Camelidone and interred there, 244.
Preston, family come into Scotland, II.675.
Ptolomon, Ptolomey (Acre), besieged by Richard I. and Philip, III. 48.

Q.

Qnwtus, *v.* Canutus.
Quhitterne (Whithern), in Galloway, the church there built by St. Ninian, II. 23.
abbey founded by king Murdo, 331.
Quincin (de Quincy), Roger, marries the eldest daughter of Allan, lord of Galloway, and is made constable of Scotland, III. 98.
Quintus Basian (Bassianus), the Roman legate, attacks Carentius, I. 564.
is defeated and slain, 567.

R.

Rabone (Raban), clerk, one of the embassy to Charlemagne, II. 354.
Radone (Rennes), besieged by Maximian, II. 65.
Ramsay, family come into Scotland, II. 675.
Ramsay, sir Alexander (of Dalhousie), made sheriff of Teviotdale, III. 357.
taken prisoner by William Douglas, and confined in the castle of Hermitage till his death, 359.
Rasenus, king of the Danes, defeated and slain by Eldred, king of Suffolk, II. 463.
Rattray, name of, first introduced in Scotland, II. 664.
Redman, Matthew, taken prisoner by Lyndesay, of Wauchope, III. 432.
Redulfus (Ralph Confrene), engages Cuming and Fraser at Roslin, and is discomfited, III. 188.
Reginald, first abbot of Arbroath, sent ambassador to pope Alexander III., III. 35.
Regulus, a Greek monk, brings the arm-bone of St. Andrew to Scotland, I. 614.
Remegius (Remigius), bishop, baptizes Clovis, II. 190.

Reutha, paternal uncle to Reuthar, crowned at Berigone, by reason of the non-age of his grand-nephew, Thereus, I. 86.
the first who caused sepulchral monuments to be erected, *ib.*
his laws, 87.
resigns in favour of Thereus, 90.

Reuthar, son of Dornadilla, crowned after the murder of his uncle Nothatus, by the influence of Dowalus, notwithstanding his non-age, I. 63.
marries the daughter of Gethus, king of the Picts, 96.
meets his father-in-law at Dingwall, 83.
engages in battle with Cecelius (Sisillius), king of the British, and vanquishes him, 84.
dies (B.C. 204), 86.

Richard, bishop of St. Andrews, sent as ambassador to Henry II. for the redemption of William the Lion, III. 29.

Richard I., succeeds to the throne, III. 46.
goes to the Holy Land, 47.
lands in Cyprus; besieges Acre, 48.
driven by a storm on the coast of Italy, and detained prisoner by the emperor Henry, 52.
returns from captivity, 55.
dies, 59.

Richard II., makes truce with Robert II., III. 404.
sends the duke of Lancaster with an army to ravage Scotland, 406.
invades it as far as Edinburgh, which he burns, with the church of St. Giles, 412.
marries Isabel, daughter of the king of France, 459.
deposed, 460.
said to have died, and been interred in Stirling, 488.

Robert, duke of Normandy, elected king of Jerusalem, resigns the crown to Godfrey, II. 698.

Robert II. (Stewart), crowned, III. 389.
truce between him and Richard II., 404.
dies at Dundonald, 443.

Robert III. (previously named John), crowned, III. 445.
creates his son David, duke of Rothsay, and his brother Robert, duke of Albany, being the first dukes made in Scotland, 453.
dies, 494.

Rocha, daughter of Rorichus, prince of Denmark, marries Fergus (Gothus,) son of Ethodeus, II. 17.

Rodorik, leader of the Moravians, joins Corbredus and Coronatus, I. 299.
is slain, 313.

Romacus, nephew to Carthlyntus, contends for the crown with his cousins, I. 595.
defeats Angustiane, and is crowned, 598.
is slain, 599.

Rome; *omnia venalia Romæ*, a well-known fact, III. 78.

Rorichus, a great lord of Denmark, his daughter marries the son of Ethodeus, and becomes mother of Fergus II., king of the Scots, II. 17.

Ross, earldom first created, II. 664.

Rothissay, son of Metaselus (Nathasyll), king of Scots, in Ireland, lands in Bute, which he names after himself; on death of his father returns to Ireland, and is there crowned, I. 27.

Rothsay, David, duke of, marries the daughter of the earl of Douglas, III. 461.
the question of his merits or demerits discussed, 473.
starved to death in Falkland, 477.
miracles wrought at his tomb in Lindores, 478.

Roxsana (Rowena), daughter of Hengist, comes to Britain, II. 143.
marries Vortigern, 158.
and is crowned in London, 159.
poisons Vortimer, 170.

S.

Saladin, invades the Holy Land, slays king Guido and Rannald (Romald) with his own hand, III. 38.

Salisbury, earl of, repelled at the siege of Dunbar, III. 342.

Salurth (Silurth), one of Fergus' nobles, receives the lands named after himself, Saluria (Siluria), now Ayr, Renfrew, &c., I. 39.

Sandilands, family come into Scotland, II. 675.

Satrehell (Satrahell), brother of Ethodeus, crowned, I. 484.
is slain, because of his vices, *ib.*

Saxons, come into Britain with Hengist, II. 133.
and with his wife, 143.
settle first in Londisia (Lindsey) on the Humber, 144.
after the death of Jurminrik, divide England into seven kingdoms, 280.

Schism, the great papal, III. 500.

Scota, daughter of Pharaoh, king of Egypt, marries Gathelus, I. 8.
the Scots named after her, 13.

Scotland, first divided into clans, after Rothissay became king of Ireland, I. 28.
idolatry first established in it, 56.
learning first introduced there, during the reign of king Josina, 93.
great scarcity there in the time of William the Lion, succeeded by a season of extraordinary abundance, III. 59.
great storm of snow and long frost in the same reign, 61.
great famine in the reign of Bruce, 218.
also during the temporary occupation by Edward Baliol, 343.

Scotland—*cont.*
great pestilence in the reign of David II., 373.
sundry physical marvels in the last year of his reign, 388.

Scott, Michael, flourishes, III. 135.

Scotus Duns, called *Scotus subtilis*, flourishes, III. 388.

Scrymgeour, name bestowed upon Alexander Caron, the standard-bearer of Malcolm III., II. 681.
from whom the family of Scrymgeour, constables of Dundee, is descended, 681.
farther rewarded by Alexander I., 704.

Seluria, now called Montrose, besieged and taken by the Danes, II. 546.

Serwyne (Sarum, Salisbury), the bishop of, [Hubert], goes with Richard I. to the Holy Land, III. 47.

Setoun, name of, first introduced in Scotland, II. 664.

Severus, the emperor, comes to Britain, I. 490.
leaves his son Geta to be governor, 493.
defeated by Fulgentius, 496.
dies at York, 500.

Severus, bishop, brought by Vter to reconvert the British, II. 205.

Seytoun, Sir Alexander, made governor of Berwick, III. 300.
gives his son Alexander as hostage to Edward III., 304.
who hangs him, 308.

Shaw, name of, first introduced in Scotland, II. 664.

Silistene (St. Celestine), pope, sends Paladinus (St. Palladius) to Scotland, and St. Patrick to Ireland, II. 100.

Sinclair, William, bishop of Dunkeld, defeats a set of English invaders, III. 245.
called "king Robert's own bishop" thereafter, 246.

Solwatheus, son of Eugenius VIII., succeeds Fergus III., II. 337.
catches cold while hunting, and disabled by gout and rheumatism for the rest of his life, 337.
dies, 340.
Soulis, family come into Scotland, II. 675.
Soullis, the lord, governor of Berwick, arrested for treason, III. 248.
Spalding, an Englishman, enables Randolph, earl of Murray, to recover Berwick, III. 246.
Spectre, appears at the marriage of Alexander III., III. 134.
Spontana, daughter of Garnardus, king of the Picts, marries Eugenius VII., II. 327.
murdered by mistake, *ib.*
St. Andrews, cathedral accidentally burnt, III. 398.
university founded, 497.
cathedral completed by James I., 538.
council held there, 544.
St. Johnstoun (Perth), a general council of the clergy held there, III. 101.
captured by Edward Baliol, 297.
retaken by Keith and others, 298.
the charterhouse founded there by James I., 546.
Stanemure, the Re-Cross erected there, to mark the boundaries of the two kingdoms, II. 677.
Stevin, erle of Bolone (Stephen, earl of Boulogne), aspires to and receives the throne of England, II. 711.
demands allegiance from David I., which is refused, 712.
his army defeated at Allerton, 712.
peace between him and David at Roxburgh, 715.
Stewart (Walter), lord Stewart of Scotland, marries Marjory, daughter to king Robert Bruce, III. 241.
Stirling, Sir John, besieges Lochleven castle, III. 316.
obliged to raise the siege, 319.
Stolbrandus, bishop, martyred in the Isle of May, II. 449.
Storm, great, all over England and Scotland, at the close of the reign of Malcolm Canmore, II. 688.
Strathearn, name of, first introduced in Scotland, II. 664.
Strathearn, Patrick Graham, earl of, murdered by John Drummond, III. 498.
Striuiling (Stirling), Osbert coins the Sterling money there, and builds a bridge over the Forth, II. 421.
Strynus (Chrinus), king of Picts, sends an embassy to Maynus for the purpose of renewing alliance between the Scots and the Picts, I. 55.
Suard (Siward), earl of Northumberland, uncle to Malcolm III., takes his part, II. 675.
Sueno, second son of the king of Denmark, made king of Norway, II. 624.
invades Scotland, and discomfits Duncan's army at Culross, 628.
prepares to besiege Perth, but, by a pleasant device of Banquho, his army is almost entirely killed, and himself with difficuly saved, 633.
Swein (Sueno), king of Denmark, deprived of his crown, II. 588.
by aid of the Scots recovers his kingdom, 588.
invades England and vanquishes king Eldred, 590.
his tyranny and oppression, *ib.*
lays siege to the castle of Nairn, and takes it, 596.
again invades Scotland with a large navy, 601.
burns Brechin, 602.
Swetonius (Paulinus Suetonius), succeeds Waranus in command of the Romans, I. 289.
goes to France to subdue the rebellion there, 290.
and is succeeded by Petus, 293.
returns to Britain, 307.
and vanquishes the confederated forces of Voiada, Corbredus, and Coronatus, 313.

Symmerleid (Somerled), lord of Argyle, rebels; is defeated by the earl of Angus, and flies to Ireland, III. 4.
returns, is again defeated, and hanged, 14.
his son rebels, and is defeated, 101.
Symon Brak (Brek), sent for to Spain to reign over Ireland, comes there, bringing with him the marble stone, whereon he is crowned, 697 B.C., I. 26.

T.

Tabellis (Trabellius), sent into Britain, I. 467.
favoured by Lucius, king of the British, 468.
Terebell, Mark (Marcus Trebellius), appointed treasurer of Britain by Claudius Cæsar, I. 188.
Thaales (Thaaras), king of Picts, I. 57.
Thaalus, one of Fergus' nobles, receives the lands named after himself, Tharla (Thalia), now Aboyne, Buchan, &c., I. 39.
Thanas (Thanaus), a noble of Brigantia, ambassador to Ireland, recommends Symon Brak (Brek) as successor to Hemecus after the death of that king, I. 25.
Thelargus, king of the Picts, forms an alliance with Carthlyntus, king of Scots, I. 540.
Theobald, brother of Edelfred, king of Northumberland, slain, II. 287.
Thereus, son of Reuthar, crowned king of the Scots, on the resignation of his grand-uncle Reutha, I. 90.
his wicked character, 91.
dies at York, *ib.*
Tholome (Ptolomæus), son of Metellius, king of Scots, in Spain, I. 23.
Thomas, St., (à Becket), martyred, III. 27.
his bones translated, 92.
Thuvyn, Tuyn castle (Doncaster?), the Saxons settle there, II. 144.
Toncet, justiciary of Scotland, murdered, II. 245.
Torgotus (Turgot), prior, and bishop of St. Andrews, writes the life of queen Margaret; induces Malcolm III. to build the church of Dunfermline, II. 684.
Touris, family come into Scotland, II. 675.
Traherus, sent into Britain by Constantine I. 581.
defeats Octavius, *ib.*
is worsted by Fyncormacus, 586.
and flees from Britain, 588.
returns and conquers Octavius, 590.
is slain, 591.
Traill, Walter (mistake for Wardlaw), bishop of St. Andrews, entertains Henry Percy, III. 488.
and James, prince of Scotland, 490.
Trebelleus (Trebellianus), lieutenant of Agricola, I. 392.
Trynowairt, Trynowant (London), Julius Cæsar received there in triumph, I. 154.
Turgot, bishop of St. Andrews, referred to, I. 4.
Turstan (Thurstan), bishop of York, arranges a truce with David, II. 715.
Twynam, violently seizes and confines the official of Glasgow, III. 285.

U.

Urban (II.), pope, grants to queen Margaret the privilege of her descendants being anointed, II. 699.

V.

Valgarus, governor of Sweden, sends Edward and Edwin to the care of Salomon, king of Hungary, II. 659.

Vespasian, comes into Britain with Claudius Cæsar, I. 186.
sent again there, 216.
engages the armies of Caractacus and Arveragus, and defeats them, 221.
lays siege to Camelidone, and takes it, 230.
finds therein a royal crown and splendid sword, 231.
builds a temple there in honour of Claudius and Victory, which was subsequently called Arthur's howe (Arthur's Ooon), 232.
his letter to Caractacus, 237.
goes to the Isle of Man, 240.
to Kent, and to Rome, 241.
Vicomagia (Stirlingshire), invaded by Agricola, I. 349.
Victorius (Victorinus), the Roman legate, sent to York by Theodosius, II. 9.
compels the Picts to use the Roman laws instead of their own, 10.
forbids them to elect another sovereign after the death of Hargustus, but which they do notwithstanding, 12.
besieges and takes Camelidon, 13.
sends their king, Drustus, to Rome, and reduces them to slavery, 14.
engages with the allied Picts and Scots, when after great slaughter on both sides, the combatants are separated by a tremendous hail-storm, 35.
orders the wall between Abercorn and the Clyde to be repaired, the workmen on which are slain and dispersed by Gryme (Graham), 37.
assumes the crown of Britain, 41.
is delivered to Heraclius, and by him sent to Rome, where he is beheaded, 42.
Victorynus (Aulus Victorinus), appointed legate in room of Lucius Antonius, I. 442.
Vnispan (Vnipan), king of the Picts, joins Mogallus against the Romans, I. 430.
Vren, sir John, earl of Valentyne, (Visme, earl of Valentinois), admiral of France, comes to Scotland, III. 409.
Vrsola, the duches of Dionethus (St. Ursula, daughter of Dioneth), with eleven thousand virgins, martyred at Cologne by Othila (Attila), II. 70.
Vter, son of Constantine, crowned king of the British after the death of his brother Aurelius Ambrosius, II. 198.
defeated by Occa, 199.
divides Britain with him, 201.
takes the wife of Gothlois from him, whom he causes to be put to death, and begets Arthur on her, 203.
causes the British lords to swear they will make Arthur king after his death, 204.
defeats and slays Occa by miracle of Germanus, 212.
is defeated by Occa's son, 218.
and is treacherously poisoned, 219.

W.

Walentyne (Valentinian), the Roman emperor, attacks Maximus without success, and is compelled to make peace with him, II. 5.
sends Cestius to Britain after the death of Planctius (Placidus), 28.
sends Gallio (Revennas) to assist the British against the confederated Scots and Picts, 75.
Wallace, family come into Scotland, II. 675.
Wallace, sir William, his strength and valour, III. 161.
takes the castles of Dundee, Dunottar, and others, 163.
defeats Cressingham at Stirling, 165.
ravages Northumberland as far as Newcastle, 167.
defeated at Falkirk, 178.
slays Bryan de Jaye, 179.
his remonstrance with Bruce, 181.

Wallace, sir William—*cont.*
is betrayed, and delivered to Edward, who causes him to be put to death, 200.
Wallis (lord Welles), combat between him and David, earl of Crawfurd, III. 455.
Walter, son of Fleance, comes to Scotland, and is made steward thereof by Malcolm III., II. 679.
puts down the insurrection of MacGlawus in Galloway, *ib.*
all the lands in Cuninghame, now called Stewarton, bestowed upon him for reward, 680.
Wardlaw, family come into Scotland, II. 675.
Wardlaw, Walter, bishop of Glasgow, sent as ambassador to Charles VI., of France, III. 400.
Wark, castle captured, and lost by treason, III. 499.
Waroch (Varacht), one of Fergus' nobles, receives the lands named after him Wares, now Moray, I. 38.
Wawane (Waugh), name of, first introduced in Scotland, II. 664.
Weranus (Veranius), succeeds Aulus Didius in command of the Romans in Britain, I. 287.
dies, 289.
Weremund (Veremundus), referred to, I. 4.
Westmaria (Westmoreland), so called after Marius, I. 314.
William, grandson of David I., created earl of Huntingdon, II. 722.
succeeds to the throne on the death of his brother Malcolm, III. 16.
called the Lion, 16.
does homage to Henry II.; accompanies him to Normandy, 18.
suppresses insurgency and misdemeanors on his return to Scotland, 19.
taken prisoner (at Alnwick), and conveyed to Normandy, 25.
is redeemed, and returns to Scotland, 30.
William, grandson of David I.—*cont.*
founds the abbey of Arbroath, 35.
sends an embassy to pope Alexander (III.), 35.
who bestows upon him the golden rose, 36.
marries Emengarde, daughter of the earl of Beaumont, 36.
suppresses the rebellion of Makwilliam (Macalzein) and Makbrene (Macbean), in Ross, 39.
his interview with Gilchrist near Arbroath, 42.
makes his brother David earl of Huntingdon, and sends him with Richard I. to the Holy Land, 47.
visits Richard I. on his return from captivity, 56.
is taken ill while in England, 57.
receives a sword from the pope [Innocent III.], 59.
appoints Saturday to be kept as a holiday, 60.
does homage to king John, *ib.*
his daughters betrothed to John's sons, 63.
performs a miraculous cure on a deaf, blind, dumb, and deformed girl at York, 65.
erects Lismore into a bishopric, *ib.*
his infant son, John, drowned in an inundation at Perth, 66.
rebuilds Perth farther from its original site, 67.
dies, and is interred in Arbroath, 73.
William Bastard, duke of Normandy (the Conqueror), his daughter marries Harold, II. 671.
is crowned after the defeat and death of the latter, 672.
sends an army against Malcolm, 677.
peace made between them, *ib.*
dies, 683.
William Rufus, succeeds to the crown, II. 683.
his injuries to the church, 684.
invades Northumberland, 685.

Witch, a, in Forres, detected in the act of roasting an image of wax, intended to destroy king Duffus, II. 515.
Woada (Voada), sister to Caractacus, repudiated by her husband Arveragus, I. 193.
and imprisoned, 194.
grossly injured by the Romans, 294.
her speech to the Albions, 302.
defeated by Suetonius, and kills herself, 313.
Wodicia (Boadicea), youngest daughter of Woada, attacks the Romans, I. 332.
besieges Epiacum, and is captured, 333.
and slain, 334.
Wodinus (Vodinus), bishop of London, slain by Hengist, II. 160.
Wonders, great, happen in Albion, I. 292, 390.
Wonders in the heavens after the murder of king Duffus, II. 526.
Wortigerne (Vortigern), made governor of Britain, I. 125.
causes its king, Constantius, to be murdered, 126.
is crowned in his stead, because of the youth of Aurelius Ambrosius, brother to Constantius, 127.
Wortigerne—*cont.*
assisted by Hengist from Saxony, 133.
repudiates his wife, and marries Roxsana, daughter of Hengist, 158.
deprived of his crown and imprisoned in Wales, 163.
is restored, 170.
treacherously captured by Hengist, and banished to Wales, 178.
where, being besieged by Aurelius Ambrosius, he is burnt to death with his wife and family, 181.
Wortimer (Vortimer), son of Vortigern, with Hengist, gives battle to the kings of Scots and Picts, II. 148.
sought to be slain by Hengist, 160.
crowned on the deposition of his father, 163.
defeats Hengist, 168.
is poisoned by Roxsana, 170.

Y.

Ybert (Hibert), son of Metellius, king of Scots, in Spain, I. 23.

ERRATA.

VOLUME I.

In page 18, line 602, *for* . . . ters *read* [An]cers.
„ 21, line 699, *for* huit *read* hint.
„ 43, line 1465 (margin), *for* f. 1. *read* f. 9.
„ 61, line 2057, *for* langer *read* langar.
„ 74, line 2509, *for* trewlie *read* cleirlie.
„ 130, line 4362, *for* Lost *read* Left.
„ 131, line 4385, insert comma at end of line.
„ 131, line 4386, *dele* comma after Epiacum.
„ 171, line 5609, *for* choisit *read* cloisit.
„ 233, line 7500, *for* not *read* nocht.
„ 302, line 9570, *for* maik *read* waik.
„ 587, line 18,240, *for* only *read* ony.
„ 652, line 20,123, *for* [a] *read* [ane].

VOLUME II.

„ 192, heading of chapter, *for* AMBROSUIS *read* AMBROSIUS.
„ 577, heading of chapter, insert comma after "CROWNING."

LONDON:
Printed by GEORGE E. EYRE and WILLIAM SPOTTISWOODE,
Printers to the Queen's most Excellent Majesty.
For Her Majesty's Stationery Office.

(7)

THE CHRONICLES AND MEMORIALS

OF

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

DURING THE MIDDLE AGES.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHORITY OF HER MAJESTY'S TREASURY, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MASTER OF THE ROLLS.

---

1. The Chronicle of England, by John Capgrave. *Edited by* the Rev. F. C. Hingeston, M.A., of Exeter College, Oxford.

2. Chronicon Monasterii de Abingdon. Vols. I. and II. *Edited by* the Rev. J. Stevenson, M.A., of University College, Durham, and Vicar of Leighton Buzzard.

3. Lives of Edward the Confessor. I.—La Estoire de Seint Aedward le Rei. II.—Vita Beati Edvardi Regis et Confessoris. III.—Vita Æduuardi Regis qui apud Westmonasterium requiescit. *Edited by* H. R. Luard, M.A., Fellow and Assistant Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge.

4. Monumenta Franciscana; scilicet, I.—Thomas de Eccleston de Adventu Fratrum Minorum in Angliam. II.—Adæ de Marisco Epistolæ. III.—Registrum Fratrum Minorum Londoniæ. *Edited by* J. S. Brewer, M.A., Professor of English Literature, King's College, London, and Reader at the Rolls.

5. Fasciculi Zizaniorum Magistri Johannis Wyclif cum Tritico. Ascribed to Thomas Netter, of Walden, Provincial of the Carmelite Order in England, and Confessor to King Henry the Fifth. *Edited by* the Rev. W. W. Shirley, M.A., Tutor and late Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford.

6. The Buik of the Croniclis of Scotland; or, A Metrical Version of the History of Hector Boece; by William Stewart. Vols. I., II., and III. *Edited by* W. B. Turnbull, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law.

7. Johannis Capgrave Liber de Illustribus Henricis. *Edited by* the Rev. F. C. Hingeston, M.A., of Exeter College, Oxford.

8. Historia Monasterii S. Augustini Cantuariensis, by Thomas of Elmham, formerly Monk and Treasurer of that Foundation. *Edited by* C. Hardwick, M.A., Fellow of St. Catharine's Hall, and Christian Advocate in the University of Cambridge.

9. Eulogium (Historiarum sive Temporis), Chronicon ab Orbe condito usque ad Annum Domini 1366; a Monacho quodam Malmesbiriensi exaratum. Vol. I. *Edited by* F. S. Haydon, Esq., B.A.

IN THE PRESS:

The Represser of over much Blaming of the Clergy. By Reginald Pecock, sometime Bishop of Chichester. *Edited by* C. Babington, B.D., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

Ricardi de Cirencestria Speculum Historiale de Gestis Regum Angliæ. (A.D. 447—1066.) *Edited by* J. E. B. Mayor, M.A., Fellow and Assistant Tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge.

Memorials of King Henry the Seventh: Bernardi Andreæ Tholosatis de Vita Regis Henrici Septimi Historia; necnon alia quædam ad eundem Regem spectantia. *Edited by* J. Gairdner, Esq.

Memorials of Henry the Fifth. I.—Vita Henrici Quinti, Roberto Redmanno auctore. II.—Versus Rhythmici in laudem Regis Henrici Quinti. III.—Elmhami Liber Metricus de Henrico V. *Edited by* C. A. Cole, Esq.

Memoriales Londonienses; scilicet Liber Albus et Liber Custumarum in archivis Guyhaldæ asservati. *Edited by* H. T. Riley, Esq., B.A., Barrister-at-Law.

The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. *Edited by* B. Thorpe, Esq.

Le Livere de Reis de Brittanie. *Edited by* J. Glover, M.A., Chaplain of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Chronica Johannis de Oxenedes. *Edited by* Sir H. Ellis, K.H.

Recueil des Croniques et anchiennes Istories de la Grant Bretaigne a present nomme Engleterre, par Jehan de Waurin. *Edited by* W. Hardy, Esq.

The Wars of the Danes in Ireland: written in the Irish language. *Edited by* the Rev. Dr. Todd, Librarian of the University of Dublin.

The "Opus Tertium" and "Opus Minus" of Roger Bacon. *Edited by* the Rev. J. S. Brewer, Professor of English Literature, King's College, London, and Reader at the Rolls.

Descriptive Catalogue of Manuscripts relating to the Early History of Great Britain. *Edited by* T. Duffus Hardy, Esq.

IN PROGRESS:

Bartholomæi de Cotton, Monachi Norwicensis, Historia Anglicana (A.D. 449—1295). *Edited by* H. R. Luard, M.A., Fellow and Assistant Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Historia Minor Matthæi Paris. *Edited by* Sir F. Madden, K.H., Chief of the MS. Department of the British Museum.

The Brut y Tywysogion ; or, The Chronicle of the Princes of Wales, and the Annales Cambriæ. *Edited by* the Rev. J. Williams, ap Ithel.

A Collection of Political Poems from the Accession of Edward III. to the Reign of Henry VIII. *Edited by* T. Wright, Esq., M.A.

A Collection of Royal and Historical Letters during the Reigns of Henry IV., Henry V., and Henry VI. *Edited by* the Rev. F. C. Hingeston, M.A., of Exeter College, Oxford.

Eulogium (Historiarum sive Temporis), Chronicon ab Orbe condito usque ad Annum Domini 1366 ; a Monacho quodam Malmesbiriensi exaratum. Vol. II. *Edited by* F. S. Haydon, Esq., B.A.

November 1858.

CROYDON PUBLIC LIBRARIES CENTRAL